

سید فاضل
11



COHAN & HARRIS Present:
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY:
THE RED WIDOW

BOOK & LYRICS BY
CHANNING POLLOCK & RENNOLD WOLF
MUSIC BY
CHAS. J. GEBEST



I'LL NEVER LOOK AT A PRETTY GIRL AGAIN	60
IN SOCIETY IT'S ALWAYS DRESS PARADE	60
— NEVER MIND SINGING, JUST DANCE, MY DEAR	60
THERE IS NO HARM IN THAT!	60
YOU CAN'T PAY THE LANDLORD WITH LOVE	60
I LOVE LOVE	60
JUST FOR YOU	60
NIHILISTS, THE	60
WE WILL GO, GO, TO GO-GO	60
DINNER	60
WHEN WOMAN IS THE QUESTION	60
SELECTION	1.00
WALTZES	75
SCORE	2.00

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Never Mind Singing, Just Dance, My Dear.

Lyric by
CHANNING POLLOCK
and
RENNOLD WOLF.

Music by
CHAS. J. GEBEST

Tempo di Valse.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked *mf*. It features a waltz-like melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

When I went on the stage my own voice was my rage, But they start-ed me
 When my poor un-cle died, I was asked to pro - vide The mu - sic for

The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by a melody in the right hand. The piano accompaniment is marked *p* and provides harmonic support.

out in the cho - rus; With a spear in my hand, Just to
 his fun - ral ser - vice. I de - cid - ed to sing An old

The vocal line continues with a melody in the right hand. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

dance and to stand In a cos - tume ex - ceed - ing - ly por - ous. One fine
 Meth - od - ist thing That I learned in the choir at Port Jer - vis. When the

The vocal line concludes with a melody in the right hand. The piano accompaniment concludes with harmonic support.

night to the show came some peo - ple I know. When I saw them I
par - son had said fi - nal words o'er the dead, I — brushed all the

wheeled straight a - bout; And trilled for my friends a Puc -
mourn - ers a - side; And be - gan in stac - ca - to my

ci - ni ca - den - za. The — or - ches - tra lead - er yelled out:
great ob - bli - ga - to. From the cas - ket the corpse sprang and cried:

CHORUS.

"Nev - er mind sing - ing; just dance, my dear; dance, my dear; dance, my dear. You

p-f

know you're no Car-men and no Mar-gue - rite; So stick to high notes that you

reach with your feet. They man-i - cure voi - ces in France, my dear, but the

man to cure yours does not live. — With your lar-ynx don't take such a chance, my

1 dear. Save your voice and just dance, my dear." 2 dear." —