

THE LA SALLE OPERA HOUSE, (INC.)  
PUTS FORTH THE MUSICAL COMEDY

HARRY ASKIN, Mgr.

# LOUISIANA LOU

BOOK and LYRICS BY

FREDERICK  
DONAGHEY

AND

ADDISON  
BURKHARDT



BACH MUSIC CO.,  
PIANOS, ORGANS  
— AND —  
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE



MUSIC BY  
MINN.  
BEN M.  
JEROME

PRODUCED IN  
LA SALLE OPERA HOUSE  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Staged by  
FRANK SMITHSON



## LIST OF SONGS

My Rose of the Ghetto.....	.60
Louisiana Lou.....	.60
If Love Be Madness.....	.60
How Much Am I Bid.....	.60
I Think You Think Too Much About Too Many.....	.60
When Paddy Goes A-Courtin'.....	.60
The Joys And The Glooms.....	.60
The Puritan Prance.....	.60
Jumping Jack.....	.60
It's Not For Me.....	.60
Wouldn't That Tickle You.....	.60

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STAMER

3

# If Love Be Madness.

Lyric by  
DONAGHEY & BURKHARDT.

Music by  
BEN M. JEROME.

Tempo di Valse.

*mf* *fz* *fz*

The days are bright yet all I see, Are just your eyes di -  
In days gone by I'd won - der why. The rich had lost their

vine, ——— Tho' song and laugh - ter fill the air, I  
all, ——— And Em - per - ors gave up their crowns To

hear no voice save thine. ——— What is this feel - ing blind - ing  
heed the sir - en's call. ——— But now 'tis plain, — I see why

3  
Louisiana Lou.

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me? To things I know, yet fail to see? What is this sweet— sen-  
Kings, In Cu-pids hands—are help-less things, When I look in—your

sa - tion? This feel-ing of— e - la - tion? Why does my  
eyes, dear Trans-plan-ted from—the skies, dear, I wish I

brain a - whirl - ing go? Why does my heart beat so? —  
were a mon - arch too I'd share my throne with you. —

*rit.*

Refrain. (Valse lento.)

If love be mad-ness, then I'm in - sane! Yes 'tis plain,

*mf* *fz*

I'm in - sane! I've naughtelse save you, dear, on the brain

Moon - time, — morn and moon - time. — My case is hope-less I

can't ex - plain: Can't ex - plain this sweet pain! If love be

mad-ness, then I'm in - sane, A - bout you! you! you! —

If Love Be Madness.3 Louisiana Lou.

# Popular Favorites By The Most Popular Composers.

I Want to Buy a Little Bit of Love.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

I want to buy a lit-tle bit of love, A lit-tle ti-ny bit; My Ma-ma's 'way up in the sky a-bove, 'way up a-bove. You see, I

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Don't Give Me Diamonds, All I Want Is You.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

CHORUS. *Valse moderato.*

"Don't give me dia-monds, all I want is you;... I want your love, dear, I want you to be true;... Pre-cious jew-els,

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It's The Same Old Me.

Words by ARTHUR GILLESPIE.

(But Not The Same Old Girl.)

Music by TERRY SHERMAN.

REFRAIN.

It's the same old sum-mer's night, It's the same old sum-mer breeze, It's the same old moon a shin-ing Thro' the same old sway-ing trees, It's the

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Dear Heart Of Mine.

Lyric by HARRY D. KERR.

Music by PAUL RUBENS.

REFRAIN. *Maestoso.*

Dear heart of mine, My heart is thine, More than life's ev-ry plea-sure; Your love a-lone I trea-sure. For you I pine, Fond heart di-vine,

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My Sweetheart's Favorite Waltz.

Lyric by ARTHUR GILLESPIE.

Music by TERRY SHERMAN.

REFRAIN. *Slowly.*

'Twas my sweetheart's fav-or-ite waltz, fav-or-ite waltz, fav-or-ite waltz, Af-ter the ball is o-ver seems to re-call, gold-en days,...

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Star Of My Dreams Shine On.

Lyric by ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Music by JOHN T. HALL.

REFRAIN. *Moderato.*

Star of my dreams, shine on,..... Tho' ev-ry hope seems vain,.... Star of my dreams, shine on..... Bring back Love's day, a-gain!...

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Nobody Knows, Nobody Cares.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

No-bod-y knows when I am lone-ly, No-bod-y cares if my heart breaks; No-bod-y knows when tears are fall-ing, Fall-ing per-haps for

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In The City Where Nobody Cares.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

REFRAIN.

She came to the cit-y where no-bod-y cares, As thousands have wandered be-fore.... And it's there she will stay, till they lay her a-

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Give An Imitation Of Me.

By BLANCHE MERRILL.

REFRAIN.

And give an im-i-ta-tion of me,..... Give an im-i-ta-tion of me,..... Rusk a-round the stage and fuz-zle up your hair,

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Wait Till We Gather In The Golden Corn.

Lyric by SAM L. LEWIS.

Music by LEO BENNETT.

CHORUS.

Wait till we gath-er in the gold-en corn, gold-en dawn, gold-en morn, You'll find me wait-ing on the mos-sy lawn, With a har-vest of

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