Carissima.

Tempo di Valse brillante.

Oh, hark to the sound of the music and laughter that fills the air; The red wine is flowing and glasses are clinking every where. Come now, Carissima, they're calling to you and to me, Oh come, raise your glass, my dear one, and drink to our love so free. Soft

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Never Mind Singing, Just Dance, My Dear.

Lyric by
CHANNING POLLOCK
and
RENNOLD WOLF.

Tempo di Valse.

When I went on the stage, my own voice was my rage. But they started me
When my poor uncle died, I was asked to provide The music for

out in the chorus; With a spear in my hand, Just to
his funeral service. I decided to sing An old

dance and to stand In a costume exceedingly porous. One fine
Methodist thing That I learned in the choir at Port Jervis. When the

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night to the show came some people I know. When I saw them I
parson had said final words o'er the dead, I brushed all the
wheeled straight about; And trilled for my friends a Puc-
mourners aside; And began in stac·ca·to my

ci·ni·ca·den·za. The orches·tra lead·er yelled out:
great ob·bil·ga·to. From the cas·ket the corpse sprung and cried:

CHORUS.

"Nev·er mind sing·ing, just dance, my dear; dance, my dear; dance, my dear. You
know you're no Carmen and no Marguerite; So stick to high notes that you
reach with your feet. They manicure voices in France, my dear, but the
man to cure yours does not live. With your larynx don't take such a chance, my
dear. Save your voice and just dance, my dear.