Oh, You Lovely Ladies!

Sextet

Lyrics by
Matthew Woodward

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Tempo di Marcia

Life's a joke, a jest, a jumble!

All

One long vaudeville act! Free-for-all, a rough-and-tumble! That's a positive fact!

All

Married life has lots of sorrow. Not forgetting the fun! Husbands aren't allowed to roam.

Olaf

But to the city and back home. Car-fares from their wives they borrow. Martyrs everyone!

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Then why on earth don't we all keep single? And why with dear ladies do we mingle? Maybe it is just because we need some parents and in-laws. Perhaps the truth, if you insist, is simply 'cause we can't resist!

'Tis sure they corral us in their drag-net, Attract us like fifty horse-power mag-net!
When we're married we complain, Married life gives us a pain! Get divorce, and then of course we

promptly marry again! Without pretty ladies, Life, I'm afraid, is profitless and vain!

Oh, you lovely ladies, 'Spite of all we men may

say, Tho' at times we doubt you, Yet with
out you We'd pine away!

- ows, wives, and maids, Poor, or dressed in wealthy

    sempre staccato

    cresc.

    Hear the truth in chorus, We, your

    cresc.

    cresc.

    fond adorers, Bask in your beautiful smile!
Dear-est la-dies, Near-est la-dies, Neat-est la-dies, Sweet-est la-dies,

You can com-pen-sate us with your fas-ci-nat-ing smile.

Oh, you love-ly la-dies, 'Spite of

all we men may say, Tho' at times we doubt you.
Yet without you We'd pine away!

Widow, wives and maids, Poor, or dressed in wealthy

semper staccato

Hear the truth in chorus, We, your

fond adorers, Bask in your beautiful smile.