

THE LAUGHING SONG

Composed by Johann Strauss II
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English Translation by Christopher Hassall

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Allegro Vivace (♩ = c.63)

G G/D D7/F# D7 G D7/F# G/F

f

C/E Gmaj7/D A7/C# Dsus4 D7 N.C. Am N.C. D N.C.

6

pp

Meno mosso (♩ = 160)

12 G G/D D7/F# D7

1. My dear Mar - quis, why must you be so

(Verse 2: see block lyric)

p

16 D7/F# D7 G G/D

loathe to use your eyes?

20 G G/D D7/F# D7

when you stop and stare, take a lot more care, and

24 G D7 G

close - ly scrut - in - ize. My

28 Em A7/E D/F#

finger - ers, my ankle - les, my feet Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. are

32 Dm G7/D C/E

shape - ly and trim and pet - ite Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Both

36 *A7/C#* *Dsus4* *A7/E* *Edim* rit. a tempo

ac - cent and in - flec - tion show pol - ish to per - fec - tion. Such

40 *G/D* *D7* *D7(b9)* *G*

grac - es are the trac - es of our old é - lite. Such

44 *G/D* *D9* *D7* *G*

grac - es are the trac - es of our old é - lite. I

48 *B7/D#* *D#dim* *Em*

mar - - vel how a man like you could

52 D7/F#

G

N.C.

fail to see my blood was blue!_____

a tempo

56 C

G/D

Gmaj7/D

What a fun - ny Ha, ha, ha! si - tu - a - tion! Ha, ha, ha!

60 D7/F#

D7

G

rit.
N.C.

What a start - ling Ha, ha, ha! re - ve - la - tion! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

a tempo

64 C

G/D

Gmaj7/D

What a fun - ny Ha, ha, ha! sit - u - a - tion! Ha, ha, ha!

68

B7/D# Em D7/F# G N.C. E7/G# rit.

Ha! Ha!

tr

cresc. *f*

1.

72 A/G N.C. D7/F# G N.C. Edim G/D D7

Ha! Mar - quis, oh what a wag you

3

a tempo

76 G D7/G G N.C. F#7 Bm N.C. G#dim

are!

80 A A7 D N.C. Am N.C. D N.C.

pp

2.
86 G N.C. Edim G/D N.C. C#dim G/D N.C.

Ha! (ha)

90 Em G/D N.C.

(ha)

94 Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha!

a tempo (♩ = 196)

G G/D D7/F# D7

98

Ha! _____

f (*f*)

103 G D7/F# G/F C/E Gmaj7/D A7/C# Dsus4 N.C. D7 G N.C.

Verse 2:

Profiles, they say,
Give the game away,
When formed with classic grace.

If the head on view
Isn't much to you,
Then who can't face thine face?

What evidence more can there be? Ha ha ha ha ha.
I sing at soirées without fee, ha ha ha ha ha ha,
Bestowing my attention
With lofty condescension.
Such graces are the traces of a pedigree.
Such graces are the traces of a pedigree.

All's one to you now, I'm afraid,
Because you love a parlour maid.

What a funny, ha ha ha etc.