

The Wizard of Oz

LYRICS BY
L. FRANK BAUM
MUSIC BY
PAUL TIETJENS

Poppy Song	50
When We Get What's A'comin' To Us	50
The Traveler and the Pie	50
When You Love, Love, Love	50
The Scarecrow	50
The Guardian of The Gate (Bass Song)	50
Love is Love	50
The Witch Behind The Moon (Weslyn-Albert)	50
I'll Be Your Honey in The Springtime (Harry Freeman)	50
She Really Didn't Mind The Thing At All (Slavin-Mann)	50
It Happens Every Day (Baum-Mann)	50
The Different Ways of Making Love (Baum-Mann)	50
Just a Simple Girl From the Prairie	50

INSTRUMENTAL

Selection	1.00	Waltzes	75
March	50	Lancers	50
When You Love, Love, Love, Schottische	50		

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON
MINNEAPOLIS SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO

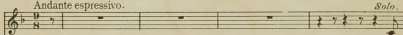
When You Love, Love, Love!

Nick, Dorothy and Scarecrow.

Words by
L. FRANK BAUM.

Music by
PAUL TIETJENS.

Andante espressivo. *Solo.*

Voice. 

1. Oh,
2. I've

Piano. *mf* 

loves the thing that po-ets sing— Their sweetest lays re-gard-ing;— And
heard it said that love is fed— On gifts of cost-ly treas-ure;— But

p 

none say nay— to love's gay sway, Which wounds when not re-ward-ing— Naught
it's so nice— I'm sure the price No lov-er cares to meas-ure— All



can al-lure the heart so sure. As one swift dart from Cu-pid, And
oth-er things are quite for-got. When once your heart is cap-tured; You

none, I know, would dodge his bow. Un-less ex-ceed-ing stu-pid. 'Tis
guess if you're a-live or not, So mad-ly you're en-rap-tured! Yet

love that makes the world go 'round. And makes our lives worth liv-ing. We
though of love you gai-ly sing. 'Twill turn your heart quite ston-y. To

p

all are lost till love is found. Its rare en-joy-ments giv-ing.
end the whirl and find your girl. In seek-ing al-i-mo-ny.

Listesso tempo.

When you love, love, love in mad de -

mf *p*

- lir - ium When to love, love, love that's quite sin - cere you come There is

noth - ing so di - vine There is noth - ing half so fine As the

TRIO.

glad - ness of your mad - ness When you love, love, love! When you

mf

love, love, love in mad de - lir - ium When to

love, love, love that's quite sin - cere you come There is

noth - ing so di - vine, There is noth - ing half so fine As the

criso.

mad - ness of your glad - ness When you love, love, love!