

Njegus : He wasn't there, either.
ZETA : Well then—his mistress . . .
Njegus : Which one, your Excellency ?
ZETA : You should have tried *all* of them.
Njegus : That would have taken much too long.
ZETA : Yes, I suppose it would. (*Pacing up and down.*) This is a fine state of affairs !
Once in a lifetime the Fatherland needs him—and he can't be found.
Njegus : Oh, but I *have* found him.
ZETA (*turning quickly*) : Why didn't you say so ? Where ?
Njegus : At Maxim's—with the girls. (*Raising his eyes.*) What faces, your Excellency !
What figures ! What . . . (*Catching ZETA's eye.*) What a view from the balcony !
ZETA : Yes—well, I'll thank you to keep your mind on your work, Njegus. Did you give him my message ?
Njegus : Yes, Excellency. I said the Fatherland needed him, and would he come to the Embassy at once.
ZETA : Then why isn't he here ?
Njegus : Because, Excellency, he has his head under a tap.
ZETA : Under a tap ? What the devil for ?
Njegus : To sober up. He'll be here in a quarter of an hour.
ZETA : Good ! See that I'm informed the moment he arrives—I must give him his instructions. The whole future of the Fatherland depends on him ! (*Exit, down L.*)

(*The music of No. 4—"SO MANY MEN ADMIRE ME"—begins.*)

(*As the music starts, the MEN, including ST. BRIOCHE and CASCADA, come hurrying on from upstage L. They are in a state of excited expectation, and gesticulating towards the entrance upstage R.*)
Njegus (*spoken over Introduction*) : Now what ?
ST. B. : It's Madame Glavari—she's arrived !
CASCADA : Twenty millions !
MEN (*ad lib.*) : Twenty millions !
Njegus : What a consolation for the loss of an elderly husband . . . No wonder they call her "The Merry Widow" ! (*Exit downstage R.*)
MEN (*ad lib.*) : Madame Glavari ! . . . Here she is—the Merry Widow ! It's the Merry Widow !—etc.

(*The MEN form a welcoming line, all turned towards the upstage entrance R., and with arms outstretched towards it.*)
ANNA appears, and comes downstage to C., with the MEN grouping themselves admiringly around her.)

No. 4 . . . "SO MANY MEN ADMIRE ME"

(ANNA and MALE ENSEMBLE)

ANNA (*singing*) : Ah ! . . .

MEN (*singing*) : Madame !

We've never seen

Beauty and charm

Quite so serene !

Honestly, Madame,

There has never been

Charm

Quite so serene !

ANNA : Really, you're all too hat'ring by far—

(*Protests from the MEN.*)
Oh yes, indeed, sirs, you are !

Madame Glavari, believe us, it's true :
No one, we swear, compares with you !

Men : Madame, it's true :

There's no one like you !

ANNA : So many men admire me—

It's really too absurd !

They tell me they desire me—

I don't believe a word !

I know they haven't really

A yearning for romance ;

I'm well aware they're merely

Men : . . . "Oh, no !"

Oh, yes !

Why be dismayed ?

Come now, confess,

Don't be afraid !

Aren't there a million—several million—
Reasons why these attentions are paid ?

Men : Ah ! . . .

Madame !

We are distressed—

Filled with alarm !

We must protest !

Really, Madame !

What do you suggest ?

St. B. : Come !

We must protest !

ANNA : You may protest until heaven fall—
You don't deceive me at all !