

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

The Queen of Beauty.

Mann, Erika

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THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY

(A nurse enters, carrying instruments)

Ach, my dear, walk carefully.
Bow your head, and bend your knee.
For, dear nurse, in those sharp knives
Lie so many people's lives,
All their hopes depend on me.

Refrain:

I am the Queen of Beauty,
In the truest sense, I mean.
I operate and imitate,
Manipulate and corrugate,
I make 'em curved, I make 'em straight-
I am the Beauty Queen.

Ladies who want to be equipped
With features smaller or enlarged,
Come hither! All that's wrong is shipped,
And what's too fat will be massaged.

(Bowing to client)

Ah, Countess- come to have a whack?
Yes, it's a lovely day indeed.

Now please turn over on your back..

My, what a wild life you must lead.

****(You know this lady that I mention-

But ach, to gossip is a shame..

To never talk is my intention-

(hisses) Mrs Teufelsdröckh is her name!)

The other day a client shouted,

"My mouth is awful.. what a life!

Can you do a thing about it?"

So, I took my trusty knife-

After I had operated

She ran to a glass to see.

And that lady was elated!

It was small as it could be.

(Whispers)

Secret! First I started cuttin',
Then with tweezers nipped right in,
Lifted up her belly-button,
Put it where her mouth had been.
Now her smile is just a dimple,
And she doesn't need to frown..
The other mouth? Well, that was simple-
I just put it further down.

I am, etc.

Upstairs, there's a chap named Herman,
Though he's changed it now to Basel.
He was the 'forgotten German';-
I must go and fix his schnozzle.
Though he had a priest baptize him,
Though he bought a family tree,
He was hanging to a limb,
And he had to come to me.
"Look", he cried, "my nose aint lawful-
Wont you try to make it littler?
Though I think it aint so awful,
"Not the type," Says Mr Hitler.X
Not an agent will insure me-
What an awful risk I'm carryin'.
You're the Beauty Queen, so cure me..
Wont you make my schnozzle Aryan? "
~~Then I took his nose and and sliced it,~~
Then I took his nose and and sliced it,
And to right and left it dropped.
Then I whacked and hacked and spliced it-
Half an afternoon I chopped.
With a piece of ear I matched it,
Just to make it straight, you know.
Then I grabbed his lip and patched it--
it's a lovely Cupid's bow!
Then the extra bone and skin,
When the rest was nicely placed,
I massaged into his chin-
For I hate to make a waste!

Now to every passing Nazi,
Hermann looks just hotsy-totsy!

Refrain: For I, etc.

honey southern

do wake us at eleven

I must to Frankie by one p.m.

this is a tired, virtuous

artite off to

bed with J.P. Marguerite
(not a Bachelor)