

(SONG #22 “I’LL SEE YOU IN C-U-B-A.”)

words and music by Irving Berlin

from Chip Deffaa’s THE IRVING BERLIN STORY (Libretto, new music, new words, and all arrangements ©
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DOROTHY.

WE’RE ON OUR WAY TO
CUBA—
THAT’S WHERE WE’RE GOING.
CUBA—
THAT’S WHERE WE’LL STAY.

A MAN OF 20.

CUBA,
WHERE WINE IS FLOWING
AND WHERE DARK-EYED STELLAS
LIGHT THEIR FELLERS’ PANATELLAS.

DOROTHY.

CUBA,
WHERE ALL IS HAPPY;

A MAN OF 20.

CUBA,
WHERE ALL IS GAY.

DOROTHY and A MAN OF 20.

WHY DON’T YOU PLAN A WONDERFUL TRIP
TO HAVANA? HOP ON A SHIP

AND WE’LL SEE YOU IN C-U-B-A.

*(The music of the verse is now used as underscoring. And while the music of the verse plays—
followed by a vamp if needed--Irving speaks.)*

IRVING. *(Speaking over underscoring.)* We had first-class accommodations in Havana. The hotel treated us like honored guests. Whenever we stepped into the dining room, the orchestra began playing “Alexander’s Ragtime Band” in my honor. But something was wrong. Dorothy caught some sort of fever, as did other guests we met; she took to her bed, weak, delirious. The hotel doctor told us it was nothing to worry about—she just needed a bit of rest. But the orchestra leader, who respected me, confided there was some kind of a plague going around—an especially virulent strain of typhoid. Many were getting seriously ill... But some bigwigs were trying to suppress the news of this outbreak, because they didn’t want to hurt the tourist trade.

A CUBAN CHORUS.

COME ON ALONG TO
CUBA—
WHERE ALL IS HAPPY;
CUBA,
WHERE ALL IS GAY.
WHY DON’T YOU PLAN A WONDERFUL TRIP
TO HAVANA? HOP ON A SHIP
AND WE’LL SEE YOU IN C-U-B-A.