

Tom Lehrer, Alma

Last December 13th, there appeared in the newspapers the juiciest, spiciest, raciest obituary that h
One of the leading composers of the day: Gustav Mahler, composer of Das Lied von der Erde and
The loveliest girl in Vienna

Was Alma, the smartest as well.

Once you picked her up on your antenna,

You'd never be free of her spell.

Her lovers were many and varied,

From the day she began her -- beguine.

There were three famous ones whom she married,

And God knows how many between.

Alma, tell us!

All modern women are jealous.

Which of your magical wands

Got you Gustav and Walter and Franz?

The first one she married was Mahler,

Whose buddies all knew him as Gustav.

And each time he saw her he'd holler:

"Ach, that is the fraulein I moost have!"

Their marriage, however, was murder.

He'd scream to the heavens above,

"I'm writing Das Lied von der Erde,

And she only wants to make love!"

Alma, tell us!

All modern women are jealous.

You should have a statue in bronze

For bagging Gustav and Walter and Franz.

While married to Gus, she met Gropius,

And soon she was swinging with Walter.

Gus died, and her tear drops were copious.

She cried all the way to the altar.

But he would work late at the Bauhaus,

And only came home now and then.

She said, "What am I running? A chow house?

It's time to change parters again."

Alma, tell us!

All modern women are jealous.

Though you didn't even use Ponds,

You got Gustav and Walter and Franz.

While married to Walt she'd met Werfel,

And he too was caught in her net.

He married her, but he was carefell,

'Cause Alma was no Bernadette.

And that is the story of Alma,

Who knew how to receive and to give.

The body that reached her embalma'

Was one that had known how to live.

Alma, tell us!

How can they help being jealous?

Ducks always envy the swans

Who get Gustav and Walter,

you never did falter,

With Gustav and Walter and Franz.

I know some people feel that marriage as an institution is dying out, but I disagree and the point wa

Speaking of love, one problem that recurs more and more frequently these days in books, and play