Presented by WERBA & LUESCHER
with CHRISTIE MACDONALD in the cast

SWEETHEARTS

Comic Opera in Two Acts

BOOK BY HARRY B. SMITH & FRED. DE GRESAC
LYRICS BY ROBERT B. SMITH

Music By

VICTOR HERBERT

VOCAL SCORE 2.00 net

PUBLISHED SEPARATELY

FOR VOICE AND PIANO

Sweethearts. (Sylvia) High
Every Lover must Meet his Fate. (Prince) High (or Medium)
Mother Goose. (Sylvia) High (or Medium)
The Cricket on the Hearth. (Sylvia) High (or Medium)
The Ivy and the Oak. (Sylvia) High
There is Magic in a Smile. (Liane) High
Jeannette and Her Little Wooden Shoes. (Liane) High (or Medium)
Pretty as a Picture. (Van Tromp) Medium

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FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO

Entr'acte 50 cents

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Every Lover Must Meet His Fate

Prince and Chorus

Lyrics by Robert B. Smith

From the Comic Opera "Sweethearts," by Victor Herbert

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face.  Girls fair as the rar-est of flow-ers,

Girls all ver-y charm-ing to see,  I've woo'd in the fair-est of

bow-ers:  Still you find me  Hap-pl-y free.

Meno  While my heart is my own,  And love I de-ny,
Più meno

Still, when I am alone,
For love do I sigh.

molto sentito

But ev'ry lover Must meet his fate,
So for that hour My heart will

molto espressivo

wait. As all surrender (Who would defy?) To tempting

rit. più rit. ten.

kisses tender, So will I, will II!
SWEETHEARTS
Comic Opera in Two Acts

Lyrics by ROBERT B. SMITH

Mother Goose

From the Comic Opera "Sweethearts" by Victor Herbert

Dear old, queer old Moth-er-Goose, We gathered a boot yew. Out-y huntsalewinks lock

In your good stori-book, What would all the kittens do with out yew? Poor ol'cure old

Sweethearts

From the Comic Opera "Sweethearts" by Victor Herbert

Sweethearts make love their very own, Sweethearts can live so

lone - lone, For them the eyes where love - light lies do see the

gates to Par - a - dust. All oth-er love is doomed to fade, It is like sun shine veiled in shade, such joys of life as

The Cricket on the Hearth

Lyrics by Robert B. Smith

Tempo di Valse lento

Lead far a-way Where we could be quite a - lone, Breathing the

sun-shine of love all the day, In a sweet home of our own

Lead, and I'll follow where ever you go, You are my one guid-ing

The Ivy and the Oak

Lyrics by Robert B. Smith

"Cling to me" said the old Oak

Tree. And it held out a guid ing arm.

In the shade of my boughs you'll be free from harm... And there to