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Name(s): Herbert, Victor 1859-1924
Smith, Robert B.

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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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Jeannette and Her Little Wooden Shoes

Lyrics by
Robert B. Smith

From the Comic Opera
"Sweethearts" by
Victor Herbert

Allegretto molto moderato

Voice

Piano

1. The
2. The

live - ly Jean - nette, Far famed for fri - vol - i - ty, A
King's son and heir Found her quite a - dor - a - ble, Pa

spright - ly co - quette Who lived just for jol - li - ty, Had
thought the af - fair Ex - treme - ly de - plor - a - ble; One

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plen - ty of suit - ors, had on - ly to
cold win - ter night, when the town was a -

choose: And be - ing a Dutch girl, she wore wood - en
sleep, The two stole a - way, though the snow was quite

shoes. When she stole out at night all the town knew the
deep. The King cried: "Pur - sue them! Which way did they

news, When they heard the pit - pat - ter of her wood - en
go?" The guards and the court - iers they ran to and

shoes.— Then the lads, half a - sleep, oh how jeal - ous they'd
fro;— And he might be pur - su - ing those two lov - ers

get, And they'd say to them - selves, "Who is out with Jean - nette?"
yet, But those wood - en shoe - tracks in the snow spell'd Jean - nette!

poco rit. *a tempo*

Clip clop clop! Clip clop clop! O - ver the tiles. Her
Clip clop clop! Clip clop clop! There in the snow Her

feet were pe - tite, But you heard her for miles,— With her
feet so pe - tite, Showed them which way to go,— With her

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Mother Goose

Lyrics by Robert B. Smith From the Comic Opera "Sweethearts" by Victor Herbert

Molto moderato

Dear old, queer old Mother Goose, We gather a - bout you, Outly heads love to look
 In your great sto-ry book: What would all the kiddies do with - out you? Fair old, rare old
 morn - ing days, The quick - ly you per - ish, But we find morn - ing

pp piano rit. *al tempo* *pp piano rit.* *al tempo*

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The Cricket on the Hearth

Lyrics by Robert B. Smith From the Comic Opera "Sweethearts" by Victor Herbert

Tempo di Valse lento

Sybil It's like to go to some
 land far a - way Where we could be quite a - lone, Something the
 we think of love all the day, In a small home of our own.
 Lead, and I'll fol - low wher - ev - er you go, You are my one guid - ing -

pp piano rit. *pp dolcissimo*

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Sweethearts

Lyrics by Robert B. Smith From the Comic Opera "Sweethearts" by Victor Herbert

Moderato

Sweet - hearts make love their ver - y own, Sweet - hearts can live on
 love a - lone, For them the eyes where love - light lies O - pen the
 gates to Par - a - dise! All oth - er love is doomed to fade,
 It is like sun shine veiled in shade, Such joys of life as

pp piano a poco di tempo *pp piano a poco in tempo* *poco rit.* *poco animato a*

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The Ivy and the Oak

Lyrics by Robert B. Smith From the Comic Opera "Sweethearts" by Victor Herbert

Allievo moderato

"Cling to me!" said the old Oak,
 Tree, And I held out a gold ing - am -
 in the shade of my boughs you'll be
 free from harm! And there to -

pp piano *pp piano*

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