

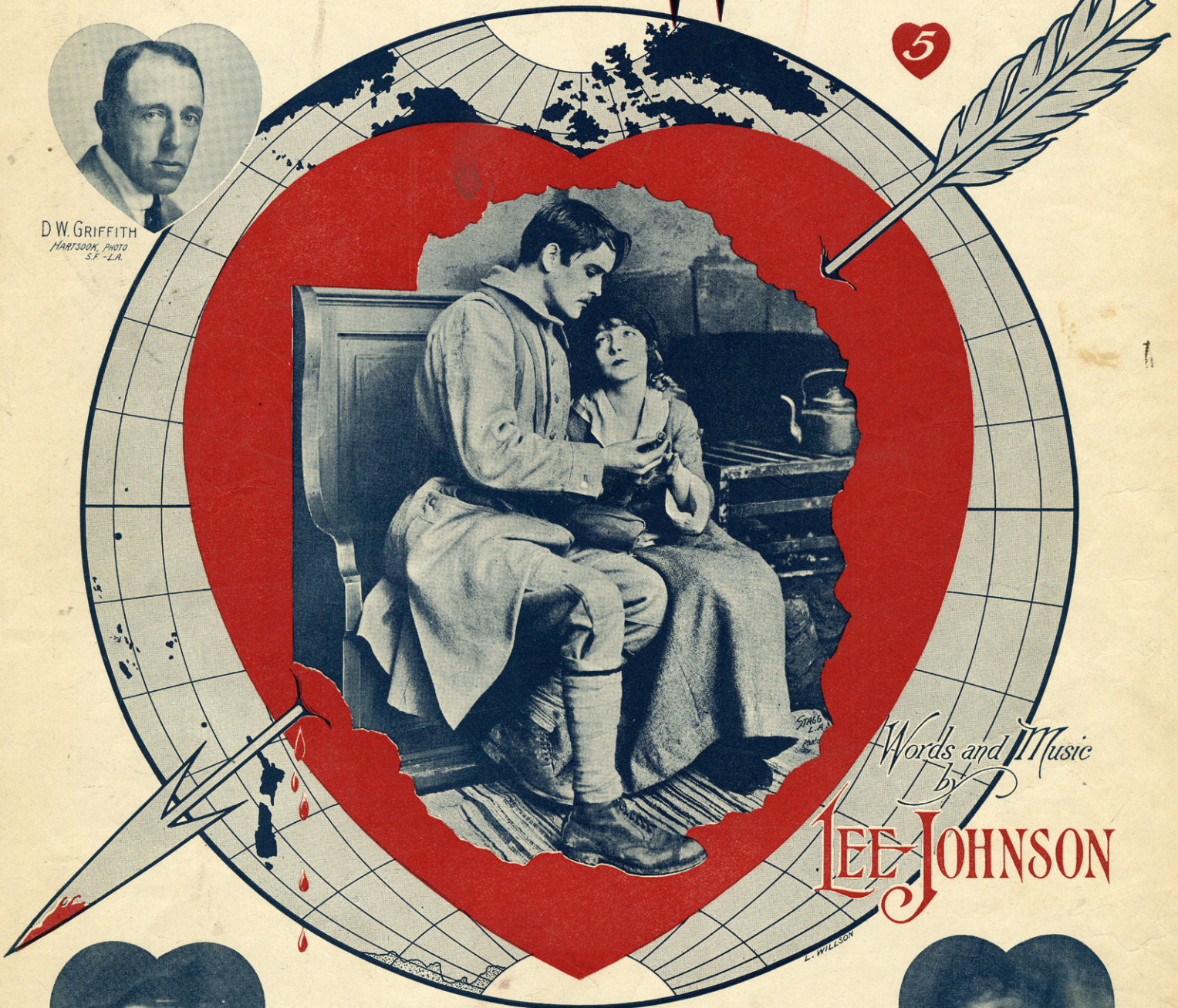
Respectfully Dedicated to the Super-Genius of the Film - D. W. GRIFFITH

# HEARTS OF THE WORLD

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D.W. GRIFFITH  
HARTSOOK PHOTO  
S.F. - L.A.



Words and Music  
by  
**LEE JOHNSON**



ROBERT HARRON  
HOOVER ART STUDIOS, L.A., PHOTO



LILLIAN GISH  
HOOVER ART STUDIOS, L.A., PHOTO

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# Hearts Of The World

The tears of the world are falling,  
The eyes of the world are red:  
The voice of the world is calling:  
But the ears of the world are dead.

Words and Music by LEE JOHNSON

Composer of (The New Bully,  
My Honolulu Lady, etc.)

Modto

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The piece starts with a treble clef and a bass clef. The right hand features a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure, followed by chords and melodic lines. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *fz*.

voice

vamp

I'll tell you — the sweet-est sto-ry; — A sto-ry — of Love and  
Two mothers — of France are sigh-ing; — They wait day — by day in

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The right hand plays chords and the left hand plays a simple bass line. Dynamics include *p*.

War; — Of France with — her Crown of Glo-ry — the Soul of France that we a-  
vain; — For some where — two hearts are ly - ing — be - neath the fields of old Cham-

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line. The right hand plays chords and the left hand plays a simple bass line. Dynamics include *p*.

dore. — Two hearts o — ver there were happy; — two hearts o — ver there were glad; — 'Till  
paigne. — But that's just — one sim - ple sto-ry, — to winds of — the Heav'n's un-furled; — Their

Piano accompaniment for the third vocal line. The right hand plays chords and the left hand plays a simple bass line. Dynamics include *p*.

France called her sons to the front with the guns, Then two hearts of the world were sad. —  
lives they both gave, that dear France they might save, Those two brave hearts' of the world. —

Piano accompaniment for the final vocal line. The right hand plays chords and the left hand plays a simple bass line. Dynamics include *rit.* and *a tempo*.

CHORUS.  
*con espressione*

Hearts of the world were ach - ing; Hearts of the world they

*p-f*

sighed; He fought with his heart break - ing; fought where count - less

her - oes died. She was his Red Cross Sweet - heart; on the

bat - tle field she toiled; And for Free-dom, France and God a -

*marcato*

*marcato*

bove, gave their lives for the Hearts of the world. world.

*rit poco a poco*

*rit poco a poco*

*a tempo*

*f*

THE CROWNING TRIUMPH OF A SUPER-GENIUS.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S "HEART'S OF THE WORLD"



THE SWEETEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD.

STAGED AFTER 18 MONTHS ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS' OF FRANCE.

A PARABLE OF GLORIOUS FRANCE.

Two "Hearts of the World" over there loved with a love that knew no evil—a love born on the Wings of Virtue;—a love that glowed with the steadfast light of the Beautiful Star of Bethlehem.

The Girl was a Child of France; with the Divine courage of a Joan of Arc. The Boy was a Son of the Great Sister Republic across the sea.

The father of the Boy, and the father of the Girl were artists—painters of the beautiful in nature; but the most wonderful picture the Boy's own mind could conceive was that which a great love had painted in his heart—of an altar, where the sweet Child of France became the Bride of his Heart.

But alas! the voice of the Wedding Bells was stilled by the Bells of Fate.

One day came the thunder of the Hun's great guns, following in the wake of cruel desolation and Hunnish barbarity.

The Child of France and her loved one were parted—the Boy to the trenches to fight, and if necessary, to die for the Land of his Child of France. Bravely the Boy fought—side by side with the valiant Sons of France. The Girl—oh, how she suffered—poor little bleeding heart of France. Day after day, battle after

battle, her soul knew no rest. Night after night, in her agony born of grief, the Girl, draped with her child-made wedding veil, vainly searched the death sprayed fields of No Man's Land, and returned in the gray of the Groaning Dawn. The Hope in her heart was dying, but the Love in her heart was strong; and one night when the tired guns grew faint, the Girl found her Love lying on the shell-torn fields, where the Dew of the Soil was Red. Did he die? Mon Dieu! Non! He lived—the Boy of her heart;—he lived to fulfill her dreams.

Once more she draped her brave little shoulders with the blossomed wedding veil—no more to search the blood-soaked wastes of No Man's Land, but to stand beside him at the Altar of Love and Glory.

Oh, men! Women! Children! What a wonderful story. Men! Women! Children of the world! If you would know the real Heart of the Hun, see this wonderful pictured story of the "Hearts of the World", enacted "over there" where the Rivers are Running Red with the Blood of Brave Men giving their Lives that Humanity might Live; where the Fields are Carpeted with the Dead and Dying, but where a God of Love, in Supreme Command of the Army of Retribution is Moving on to Victory.

Respectfully dedicated Theda Bara, America's fascinating vampire queen.

WHEN THAT VAMPIRE ROLLED HER VAMPY EYES AT ME

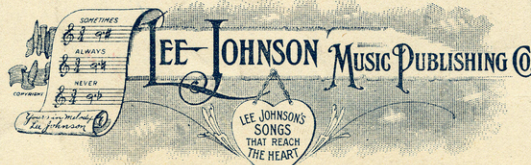
Words & Music by LEE JOHNSON  
 Composer of "New Billy", "Kiddaree", "The Vampire's Song", etc.

CHORUS

When that van-pire rolled her van-py eyes at me  
 When her legs were  
 dressed in a  
 cul-de-se  
 Now a cur-ma's love-van-pire I gave to you,  
 But a vampire's love my

Hearts of the World, tho' great be thy pain;  
 Hearts of the World, 'tis not all in vain;  
 Hearts of the World, fear not cruel Hun;  
 Hearts of the World, God's Just Will be done.

—By Lee Johnson.



On To Berlin

Words by J. C. CRISLER  
 Music by LEE JOHNSON

CHORUS

On to Ber-lin boys with your tank and plane  
 O-ver the top-of-a-wall at them a-  
 gain O-ver the trenches and over the Rhine,  
 No-hod-y home on the Hind-en-burg-er  
 line, Will hang a sign-up on the Kai-ser's tent,  
 To point out the way that old Bill  
 west, Then will cost the Kai-ser and his kin,  
 We can see his finish he's al-most in Andwell

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 "MURM'RING IN THE PINES" A beautiful ballad just published, suitable for concert or home.  
 Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

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