

SM 1055

2

Frieda.

Lyric by
M. E. ROURKE.

Music by
JEROME D. KERN.

Introduction.

p

8va

8va

8va

8va

Fine.

Copyright MCMVIII by Jerome D. Kern.

International Copyright Secured.

Tempo di Minuetto.

Frie-da, the beer maid would have all of you know, Sirs, I'm o-ver-joyed to
Though I am quite in - no - cent, I can per-cieve, Sirs, Maid-ens must all be -

wel-come you here, And though I'm de-light-ed, when you flat-ter me so, Sirs,
ware of men's art, So prove to me first you will not try to de - ceive, Sirs,

Flat - ter - y won't pay for your beer.
Smiles could not heal my bro - ken heart. MEN.
Don't be un - kind to us we
Frie - da be - lieve us when we

Frieda. 6

First you must drink Then you will
Just like all Saxe Nier-stein-er

hum-bly im-plore you, First we must drink
swear we're en-rap-tured, Just like all Saxe

pay.
men,

Then we will pay with a kiss just to show how we a-dore you,
Nier-stein-er men, All our hearts by your beau-ty are cap-tured

That would be nice, per-haps you may, If you'll a-
I un-der-stand, Tell me a-gain, Can it be

gree, Not to for - got - me
love? Swear you're in earn - est

We'll pay our - fling,
That's what we mean,

rit.

That's why we sing _____ Sing _____
You are a queen. _____ queen. _____

rall.

Frie - da _____ I on - ly need a _____ sweet smile from

p

your beaming eyes, Blue as the skies, I'll i-dol-ize and tru-ly prize you,

Frie - da I think you need a young man like

me, and I hope you'll a-gree I am just your size (MEN.) If you a-gree we will i-dol-ize you just

Gen-tle men you see. I am in your hands

Frie - da I on - ly need a sweet smile from

You know too Your com-mands which were not to i - dol - ize me
 your beaming eyes, Blue as the skies, I'll i - dol - ize and - tru - ly prize you

But es-cort me where I am go - ing to.
 Frie - da I think you need a young man like

Gen - tle - men your du - ty do. *D. S. al Fine.*
 me; And I hope you'll a - gree I am just your size. *D. S. al Fine.*