

SM 248

# LORETTA.

Words by HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

**Andantino.** **Con espressione**

The po-ets may sing Of blos-soms of Spring And  
sing of brown eyes, Some can-not disguise Their

all that the Springtime en-hances, — While oth-ers may praise In var-i-ous ways The  
pref-erence for gyp-sy-like black, — They say that because Of na-ture's old laws Of

charms of the old-en ro-man-ces; Still oth-ers at-tune Of ros-es in June Or  
love the blue eyes have a lack; — How lit-tle they know Who prate to you so, My

stars that look down from a - bove me, But I come out strong When I sing you a song In  
faith in them ev - er is shak - en, In vi - o - let eyes The real love light lies, When

*poco rit*

praise of a girl who will love me; And all will a - gree that the  
they to the true love a - wak - en; Per - haps you are right and we're

*poco rit* *pp*

best of all songs is in praise of the girl that we love, we love. Lo -  
much too po - lite To in - sin - u - ate you can be wrong, be wrong. Lo -

*rit* *poco a poco* *rit*

**Tempo di Valse moderato.**

ret-ta, Lo - ret-ta In my a - ri - et - ta I of - fer the love of my heart, Lo -

*p*

ret-ta, Lo-ret-ta This life's a bur-let-ta And you play the he-ro-ine's part. Who

ev-er can get a girl like my Lo-ret-ta Will find life one long draught of wine, But

*poco ritard*

few ev-er met a maid like my Lo-ret-ta: Sweetheart of mine. Lo-

*f*

ret-ta, Lo-ret-ta In my a-ri-et-ta I of-fer the love of my heart,

*f*

Lo - ret - ta, Lo - ret - ta This life's a bur - let - ta And you play the he - ro - ine's

part. Who ev - er can get a girl like my Lo - ret - ta Will find life one long draught of

wine, But few ev - er met a maid like my Lo - ret - ta: Sweetheart of

1 mine. 2. Some mine.

*p* *poco rit* *Chorus*