Hearts Win, You Lose.

Andante moderato. by ANDREW B. STERLING.

Voice.

Two lads stood face to face one night within a mansion grand, And
The lad who sought to win for love then sadly turned to go. Just

one of them was saying with a sneer, You love the peerless Made-line and
then the maiden entered at the door, Don't leave me now she softly said in

seek her heart and hand. 'Tis only for her wealth that I am here; Now
acents sweet and low, I'd like to tell your friend here something more; She
I propose we draw the cards, the one who draws a heart, will
turned to him who sought her wealth, as he stood smiling there, and

stay to win the maiden fair, the other must depart; the
said pick up the heart you've won, the game was fair and square; but

lad who loved her drew a spade, and sadly turned away, while
mine belongs to him who lost, and he's the one I'll wed. then

he who loved her for her wealth, drew hearts and turned to say;
he who loved her took her hand, and to the other said:

Hearts Won &c. = 3.
CHORUS.
Tempo di Valse. moderato.

"Hearts win, you lose," the maiden belongs to me."

I've won her fairly and squarely tonight; and mine she will always be;

Good-bye, don't sigh, some other one you can choose. For

I've drawn the heart, shake hands and well part. "Hearts win to-night, you lose." — lose."