Sweethearts, Wives and Good Fellows.

Lyric by
Robert B. Smith.

Music by
Bruno Granichstaedten.

Andante.

When life seems a bore and the days drag along, When you can't pursue a road but it ends all wrong, If you'll
mix with good fellows and leave care behind you, Re-

more will never find you. Join a jolly crowd,

Where the laughter's loud, drowning all thoughts not so merry,

Drain a glass or two (more, if it suits you) Leave nothing there but the
gay; Where the life is turning
night into day. There my friends may find me,

leaving care behind me, Leading some fair charm-er through the

mazes of the dance. Finding fasc-i-na-tion
in a fond flirtation, living in the ecstacy of
colla voce

some romance. What's the use of pinning when friends are

true,

And the silver lining always in

view?

Down with melancholy, Worry is a folly,
Life is what we make it, So let's make it worth the while.

Go where it is bright-est, Where the hearts are light-est,

Where your friends are wait-ing To re-ceive you with a smile.

Valse lente.

Sweet-hearts and wives and good fel-lows, True as the A-zure a-
bove,
Hearts with a friendship that mellow,
Warmed in the
sunshine of love,
Smiles that you always remember,
Kisses too sweet and too few,
A life that seems like the
fairest dreams, That is the life for you.