JOE WEBER
PRESENTS
A ROMANTIC COMIC OPERA
::
HEARTS OF ERIN
::
Book and Lyrics by
HENRY BLOSSOM
MUSIC BY
VICTOR HERBERT
Price $2.50 net.

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JOE WEBER
Presents
A Romantic Comic Opera
in Three Acts

HEARTS OF ERIN

Book and Lyrics by
HENRY BLOSSOM

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Staged by FRED G. LATHAM

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN BARRY O'DAY ........................................... Vernon Stiles
SIR "REGGIE" STRIBLING ........................................ Algernon Greig
DINNY DOYLE ....................................................... Scott Welsh
LANTY HACKETT ................................................... Harry Crosby
"HUMPY" GROGAN .................................................. John B. Cooke
SHAUN DHU ........................................................... Greek Evans
MICKEY O'BRIEN .................................................... Joseph Dillon
COLONEL LESTER .................................................. Edward Martindel
BIDDY FLYNN ........................................................ Josie Claflin
ROSIE FLYNN ........................................................ Louise Allen
LADY MAUDE ESTERBROOKE ....................................... Olga Roller
EILEEN MULVANEY ................................................ Grace Breen
MARIE Her maid .................................................... Paulette Antoine
MYLES A footman .................................................. Thomas Mann
PETER The Piper .................................................... Francis X. Hennessy

Fishermen, Redcoats, Smugglers, Guests, Tenantry,
Servants, etc, etc.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR ............................................... Arthur Kautzenbach
GENERAL MANAGER ............................................... W. H. Oviatt

—— Locale ——

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At the Sign of the Black Bull — Morning

ACT II
Interior of the Castle — Afternoon

ACT III
Gardens of the Castle — Evening
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IN THIS SCORE I HAVE NOT MADE USE OF ANY TRADITIONAL IRISH AIRS, BUT HAVE ENDEavored, TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY, TO WRITE ALL "IRISH" NUMBERS IN THE CHARACTERISTIC SPIRIT OF THE MUSIC OF MY NATIVE COUNTRY—Ireland.

VICTOR HERBERT.
Tempo di Marcia

[Tympani]

rit.  ff
Opening Act I

No. 1

Allegro molto moderato misterioso
Free Trade And A Misty Moon

No 2

Shaun and Smuggler's Chorus

Moderato e molto marcato

While ships may sail the seal—

While heaven sends us a misty moon—

man of us is free—

Sure,
If France and Spain have some-thin' we can use,
why not take it as a gra-cious boon?

So, free of tax or du-ty.

Faith,'twould be un-gra-cious to re-fuse!

We...
Allegro moderato

Then drink to the mist o'er the moon!

fetch a-shore our boot-y! to the mist!

Och, here's the night that's black with rain, And wind and wave! The
thicker the better! For when the sun comes out again, there's none the wiser at all!

On silks and brandy; on snuff and tay, 'Tis devil a penny we
have to pay! Come then! "Caide, mil-le fail-te Fill up and we'll drink a-

(Shouted)

roon! Tra-loo! Tra-loo! Free trade and a mist-y moon!"
My Little Irish Rose

Moderato

Although I'm young and very small,
But though with "blarney" they are free!

I've no fear of men at all! I just laugh and tease and chaff,
And they don't whisper "marry me!" Yet I let them smile and get them

say "Aw, now go on wid you!" They all try to steal a kiss,
all to think they've won my heart! Some day, though, I'll chance to find,
But when that has gone a-miss, Each one cries and lies and sighs, "I—"
One who's of a different kind, One who'll say, "Now, name the day that

love you so, my Irish Rose!"
you'll be mine, my Irish Rose!"

Rosie! You're named for the flow'r that's just-ly famed for more of
sweetness and of loveliness Than any bud that blows! But,
sure, there's a thorn in my heart when you are scorning it! For
'tis your love I'm dreaming of, My little Irish Rose!
Entrance Of Humpy Grogan

No. 4

Lento misterioso

\[ \text{Musical notation image} \]
No. 5
Cupid, The Cunnin' Paudeen
Barry

Moderato e molto rubato

Of course ye have heard of the Roman saints Like A-
Now, Cupid was up to all sorts of tricks, Because

poco rit. a tempo

pol-lo and Ven-us and Jun-o, And Mars and Jove, And the
he was that cun-nin', re-mem-ber! He found it sport of the

poco animato

heathen drove, Whose morals were, arrah, well, you know!
rarest sort When he could match May with Decem-ber.
Sure, but the cut-est of all of them Was the aun-nin' Paun-deen they called Prince he would mar-ry to peasy-ant girl, And in-deed, the de-light of his

Tempo I

"Cu-plid!" When he shot his darts In-to ac-ching hearts, They life was To play his jokes up-on hap-less folks Who

fell in love! Some say he still is liv-in' And is fell in love! Yet it must be re-lat-ed In re-

p a tempo
Waiting for me and you! And if ever a chance he is
guard to this sly little elf. That though half of the world he has

Giv' in', He'll pierce all our hearts through and through. Whether he lives or is
matted, He's never been married himself. Doubt if you will that he's

dead and gone There is only one thing I am sure of: That soon or late, When we
liv' in' still, But there's one thing, at least, I am sure of: That soon or late, When we

meet our fate, We fall in love!
No. 6

Finale Act I

Cue: "Hanging as well"

Moderato

From:

P sempre cresc.

1 (Dinny enters with basket of eggs)

Piu mosso

P sempre cresc.

2 (smashes eggs on Grogan’s head)
Allegro Agitato (Shouts are heard off stage)

Piu mosso
Entrance of Lady Maude etc.etc.

Maude

This is most outrageous! Is there no one here!

Allegro Moderato

Sees Barry and stops in sudden amazement

Barry poco rall (offers his hand)

Your Ladyship! Permit me!
You! In Ireland?

M. (up stage)

M.

MARIE (up stage)
calling "Oh, Mademoiselle, she faint!"

B.

why!

(Maude to Barry excitedly)

M.

My niece, Eileen!

Barry starts up stage
Andante espressivo

\( \text{(Harp)} \)

\( \text{pp BARRY} \)

How wonderful!

How sweet and Oh! so fair!
there!

Oh look! She's

in his arms so safe, safe from a

lims! A charming charming pair.

pair.
Tempo giusto

A Woman (to Barry)

Tempo giusto

And who are you that's so bold with your tongue?

(A Man)

1st Tenor

And so free with your stick?

(sva...)

(bowing)

with pleasure!

Wait a

Yes, tell us, tell us.
I'm back here to work for the Day!

cause!

Are you
with me?

It looks

Yes, we are!

never so bright

That's the spirit I love --- for the

To a man we will fight.

(shouted)
Allegro Marziale

17

Glad triumphant hour! May the tyrant's pow'r

Now and forevermore be broken! Hearts in sorrow tried,

Beat with loyal pride, Mind our slogan "Erin Slan-tho-gal Go Bragh!"