

Who Cares

Messrs. Shubert

PRESENT

Love O' Mike

THE NEW COMEDY WITH MUSIC

By
Jerome D. Kern

LYRICS BY

Harry B. Smith

Vocal

I Wonder Why	-	-	-	-	.60
It Can't Be Done	-	-	-	-	.60
We'll See	-	-	-	-	.60
Who Cares	-	-	-	-	.60
Drift With Me	-	-	-	-	.60

T. B. HARMS
AND
FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER
NEW YORK

Who Cares?

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Allegretto.

VOICE. 

(Peggy.) Clev - er girls will nev - er ask a
(Bruce.) Clev - er men en - deav - or not to

Piano. *(Pedale.)*  *pp* *p scherzando.*

lov - er "Have you ev - er loved be - fore?"
know if girls have ev - er loved be - fore.

con sentimento. 

Scherzando.

One should know the chance is, he's had fan-cies and ro - man-cies
Sil - ly jeal - ous Questions, In - nu - en - does and sug - ges - tions



Con sentimento. *poco accel.*

By the score He has
Are a bore. Clev - er

poco accel.

8va

sung that same old song. Long be - fore she
men pre - fer the sense Born of some ex -

a tempo.

came a - long. You've had prac - tise I can
pe - ri - ence. Fair is ev - 'ry bud that

tell that's why you make love so well.
grows, Fair too is the full bloom rose.

Refrain. Slow.

Who cares — if you loved oth - ers be - fore me. —
 Who cares — if oth - ers kissed you be - fore me. —

— What mat - ters it when or where or how —
 — For I would have done the same I vow —

— When you — tell me you fond-ly a - dore me —
 — When you — tell me you fond-ly a - dore me —

I am con - tent if you love me now —
 I am con - tent if I kiss you now —

appassionata.

First love — may be a pret-ty sto - ry
First love — may be a fan-cy ten - der

Last love — is e'er a crown-ing glo - ry Who cares —
Last love — the heart's su-preme sur - ren - der. Who cares —

— if you re - mem-ber a first love — if on - ly
— if you re - mem-ber a first kiss — if on - ly

I know your last love's mine.
I call your last kiss mine.

L.H.

ONE OF THE SENSATIONAL SONG SUCCESSES OF THE
NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

"VERY GOOD EDDIE"

BABES IN THE WOOD

Words by
JEROME KERN
and
SCHUYLER GREENE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Refrain. *p-mf*

Give me — your hand, here where — we stand,
Give me — your hand, I un — der — stand,

We're off — to Slum-ber-land, —
We're off — to Slum-ber-land, —

Come, dry — your eyes; I'll sym — pa — thize
With you, I'll go al — though — we've no

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