

Pretty as a Picture [ˈpɹɪ.t̩.i æz ʌ ˈpɪk.tʃə]

From the operetta *Sweethearts* (baritone)

Text by *Robert Bache Smith* (1875-1951) [Am]

Set by *Victor Herbert* (1859-1924) [Am]

It doesn't matter what is done
[ɪt ˈdʌz.ənt ˈmæt.ə ˌwɒt ɪz dʌn]

By Nature for a pretty one,
[baɪ ˈneɪ.tʃə fɔɹ ʌ ˈpɹɪ.t̩.i wʌn]

She's never satisfied
Till she her hand has tried;
A touch of rouge applied with skill
Will make her more like Nature still;
Her cheeks, a shell-like pink,
Are all her own, we think,
And as this goddess goes her way,
She chuckles as she hears us say:

"She's pretty as a picture,
Blooming as a rose,
Grace in ev'ry movement,
Charm in ev'ry pose."
Ha! Ha! O clever little woman,
We all understand
That Nature cannot make you
What you can do by hand."

When Nature draws the picture true,
The woman adds a line or two;
She steals the color scheme
Of peaches mixed with cream,
When Nature's done the best she could...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

