Don't You Think That You Could Care For Me?

Words by PORTER BROWNE.  
Music by THEODORE MORSE.

Moderato:

On a si- lent sum-mer eve-ning by a soft-ly sing-ing stream, There sat a
On an-oth-er sum-mer eve-ning by the soft-ly sing-ing stream, The maid-en

man and a maid, She looked at him in-vit-ing-ly and
sat not a lone. And in her eyes there was a gay, mis-

then she said, "You seem as if you were a bit a fraud." The
chievous, lit-tle gleam, And mis-chief too, was in her tone. But
fellow did not answer her but kept his bashful gaze. Up
suddenly the fellow turned and clasped her in his arms. The

on the singing river at his side, Then the maid-en grow-ing bold-er leaned a-
maid-en gave a startled little cry. And to his heart he press’d her and he

gainst his bashful shoulder and to him she softly sighed,
fon-dled and car-essed her, As she sang with pleading sigh,

CHORUS.

"Don’t you think that you could care for me? Have you not some love to spare for

Don’t You Think That You Could Care For Me?
me? Can't you find within your heart, just a tiny little part, that will

bid you do and dare for me? Don't you think that if you really tried, you could

be contented by my side? Don't you think that with me you, could con-

sent to bill and coo? Don't you think that you could care for me?

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