When The Music Starts To Play.

Words by PAUL WEST.  
Music by GUS EDWARDS.

Valse.

When a lover's timid, as lovers are, they say, If a maid be
toughened to Cupid's golden dart, Though a maid's ad-
clever she'll quickly find a way, By a sly suggestion to
vanishes idly on your heart, Though when you're together you
make him pop the question, Her heart aglow is longing so to hear,
talk about the weather And never spoon while shines the moon above;

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Let her gently lead him where music fills the air, 
Ravishing the senses with melody so rare,
Music soft and mellow of slender your arm begins to steal,
Then you know what bliss is, and violin or cello entrancing to the ear.
Keeping time with kisses, you sing the song of love.

CHORUS.
Valse Lento.

When the music starts to play, In a dreamy doz-y

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way — With your sweet-heart by your side — Over
seas of joy you'll glide. Then your fears all pass a-way.

And you just can't help but say; "Oh! I love you! How I
love you!" When the music starts to play. play.

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