Love's Own Kiss

From the Musical Farce 'High Jinks' by Rudolf Friml

Words by Otto Hauerbach

Tempo di Valse

Sylvia

1. Feelings all unknown, what can they be?
2. Pretty little fancies come and go.

Suddenly to start
Like a butterfly
My poor heart
By: Like a bird
At last set free?
How it calls to me
The while: Bring they good or ill

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me... Can it be the fragrant breath of Spring? Or the wooing
Shall I follow o'er mead and field, Plucking blossoms

pow'r. Of some flow'r. That has taught my soul to sing,
Gay. On my way, And to love's allurements yield,

Ah, has taught my soul to sing? Some thing of
Ah, to love's allurements yield? Some thing of

joy or pain, Like a sun that smiles through rain?
mad ness vain. Born of thoughts I must restrain
While your voice seems calling me, Calling, enthralling, me.
Your dear eyes beholding me, Your dear arms enfolding me.
Your lips caressing mine, Pressing, possessing mine, Burning with bliss: This must be Love's Own

Kiss. While Kiss.
SOMETHING SEEMS TINGLE-INGLEING.

The Delightful Song with a Melody you can't forget. Let some one start it on the piano or orchestra; Watch all who hear it and see how quickly they catch the magic of its tuneful melody. It is warranted to set singers singing and dancers dancing—any time, any place, anywhere. The quaint story expressed in the lyrics tells of a wonderful perfume from a rare flower of Tibet; whoever inhales it feels its mystic power in a strange sensation of "TINGLE-INGLE-INGLEING," which sets everybody laughing and dancing in a manner infectious and magical. This is cleverly and delightfully portrayed by Mr. H. Workman, supported by the whole Company in J. C. Williamson’s Ltd. production of the Highly Successful Musical Parce, "HIGH JINKS." Try this Sample Page of

T. all the balm-y air is laden With rich and rare perfume. One very died of chronic cach-in-na-tion, Just laughed himself to death. His soul

Little drop placed so, One tiny little whiff, and lo!

came this wondrous flow'r, Who breathes it, feels its mystic pow'r:

Refrain


 queer, Here in your ear, Near-er and near-er and near-er and

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