The Eyes Of The World.

Words by
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Music by
Arthur Lange.

Moderato.

Piano.

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furled. Not for me; can't you see I am
seems. Loving time, loving clime, where the

longing for a land night and day; For a place on the face of this
ro-nes are in bloom all the while! Let us fly, you and I, on our

world of ours where we both can hide a-way.
hon-ey-moon, to that far en-chant-ed Isle.

Chorus.

The eyes of the world, Won't you take me from the eyes of the world?
You know that I want to be, want to be free;

Take me to a lonely island far o'er the sea. We can live there alone.

We can start a little kingdom of our own, Where we can love all the day,

far far away, Far from the eyes of the world... The world...

poco a poco rit.

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