Love, Here Is My Heart!

(Mon Coeur Est Pour Toi)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

SONG
(Mezzo or Baritone)

Music by
LAO SILESU

Andante Lento

I have
gather'd my heart as a rose,
As a rose from the mid-summer gar - den; And my

love at the heart of it glows,
And its breath is a pray'r for your par - don!

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REFRAIN

Love, here is my heart, One rose for your hair; Yours if you keep it to-day,

Yours if you throw it a-way! Whether you now tear it a-part, Or choose it to wear.

Something to kiss or to kill, As you will, Here is my heart!

Love, here is my heart, One rose for your hair;
Yours if you keep it to-day,
Yours if you throw it away!
Whether you now tear it apart,
Or choose it to wear,

Something to kiss or to kill,
As you will, Here is my heart!
I have spoken my heart in a song. In a

game of the nightingale's trilling, For she sang to me all the night

long, Till my heart with her passion was thrilling!

REFRAIN

Love, here is my heart, One tender refrain; Yours if you echo the tune,

L.H.

3283-6
Yours if you tire of it soon; Whether you laugh, as you depart, or hear it again.

Something to listen to yet, or forget, Here is my heart!

Love, here is my heart, one tender refrain;

Yours if you echo the tune, yours if you tire of it soon; Whether you
laugh, as you de-part,
Or hear it a-gain,

Some-thing to listen to yet,
Or for-get, Here is my heart!

Love, here is my heart!

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LOVE, HERE IS MY HEART.
(MON COEUR EST POUR TOI)

I have gathered my heart as a rose,
As a rose from the midsummer garden;
And my love at the heart of it glows,
And its breath is a prayer for your pardon!

Love, here is my heart,
One rose for your hair;
Yours if you keep it to-day,
Yours if you throw it away!

Whether you now tear it apart
Or choose it to wear—
Something to kiss or to kill,
As you will,

Here is my heart!

I have spoken my heart in a song,
In a song of the nightingale's trilling,
For she sang to me all the night long,
Till my heart with her passion was thrilling!

Love, here is my heart,
One tender refrain;
Yours if you echo the tune,
Yours if you tire of it soon—

Whether you laugh, as you depart,
Or hear it again—
Something to listen to yet,
Or forget,

Here is my heart!  

Adrian Ross.