The Voice of Love!

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH

Music by
CARL WOESS

Moderato

Come to me! Come to me! Calls every bird to its mate.

Roses in bloom Give their perfume Wooded by the sunbeams for

which the night long they wait. Come to me! Come to me!

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That is the coo of the dove. One heart only.

Is so lonely. It is the voice of love.

Love—often lingers for a day, Love—often flatters to be-

tray. Hearts that are ever free are bright—er, Hearts inno-cent of
love are light - er, But where's the heart that knows no yearn - ing?

Where is the heart that's never turning

Lured by the voice of love.

Come to me! Come to me!

Calls ev'ry bird to its mate.
Roses in bloom Give their perfume Wooed by the sunbeams for which the night long they wait. Come to me! Come to me! That is the coo of the dove. One heart only, is so lonely. It is the voice of love.