I Called You My Sweetheart

Lyrics by
GRANT CLARKE
and
HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by
JAMES V. MONACO

Valse Moderato

1. I look at you, That's all I do, Then think of Heaven above,
   2. Just like the morn, When it is born, Out of the darkness you came,

You're like the flower of Paradise, Given to me, just to love;
Bringing the sunshine along with you, That should be part of your name;

Tho' it's a secret that you never knew, Here's how the angels made you:
Heaven knew well, what the angels could do, Just think of how they made you:

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CHORUS

They took the stars Out of the blue, dear, Gave them to you, dear, for eyes,

They picked a rose, Covered with dew, dear, Then made those cheeks, I prize;

They made your hair from the bright golden rod, Gave you your soul as a present from God,

They said to me, "What shall we call her?" So I called you my sweet-heart.