Won't You Give Me A Chance To Love You?

Lyric by
JOE GOODWIN

Music by
JIMMY V. MONACO

Moderato

All of the poor have a chance to grow rich,
All of the weak to grow strong,

All of the bad had a chance to be good,
Right from the day they were born,

Most ev'ry one under the sun Has a chance to be right, when they're wrong;
I got mine too, when I met you, And my chance came to me at love's dawn;

Ev'ry one, dear, has a chance you'll agree,
If you but knew, that your heart's been my shrine, You'd whisper, "yes! sweet-heart mine:"

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This Composition may also be had for your Talking Machine or Player Piano.

Also Published for
Band . . . 25¢
Orchestra . . . 25¢
Male Quartette . 1st
CHORUS

The rain gives the flowers a chance to grow, The night gives the moon a chance to shine, There are chances for all, For the great and the small, Is there no chance for this heart of mine? The sky, way up high, gives the sunlight a chance. We're glad, when it comes shining through. And the Lord up above gave us our chance to love. Won't you give me a chance to love you? The you?