

LOUISE

(Whiting)

Moderato

Ev-'ry lit-tle (breeze seems to whis-per "Lou-ise." Birds in the trees— seem to
 beat that I feel in my heart, Seems to re-peat, — What I
 twit-ter "Lou-ise." Each lit-tle (rose Tells me it knows I love you, love you.
 felt at the start, sigh that I
 dore you, Lou-ise. Just to see and hear you Brings joy I nev-er
 knew. But to be so near you, Thrills me through and through.
 An-y-one can see why I want-ed your kiss, — It had to be — But the
 won-der is this:— Can it be true, — some-one like you Could love me, Lou-ise?

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