IF YOU MUST MAKE EYES AT SOMEONE

(WON'T YOU PLEASE MAKE EYES AT ME)



WORDS BY
LEO WOOD &
MATT WOODWARD.

MUSIC BY
LEO
EDWARDS

AS ORIGINALLY SUNG IN
"THE GAY WHITE WAY" – AT THE CASINO THEATRE
NEW YORK.
BY MISS LAURA GUERITE.

MANAGEMENT OF
THE SHUBERT BROS

60¢

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GUS EDWARDS, most popular of all American composers of "the Songs of the People," who has won fame and distinction as a writer of popular melodies of the better class, and who stands alone in this particular style of heart melodies, such as **"SCHOOL DAYS," "I CAN'T TELL WHY I LOVE YOU, BUT I DO," "COULD YOU BE TRUE TO EYES OF BLUE," "I LOVE ONLY ONE GIRL IN THIS WIDE, WIDE WORLD," "I MISS YOU IN A THOUSAND DIFFERENT WAYS,"** Etc., Etc., has again hit the popular fancy with a beautiful and very melodious ballad from the pen of his talented younger brother, Leo Edwards, entitled: **"THAT'S WHAT THE ROSE SAID TO ME,"** (issued for both high and low voice) which will undoubtedly find a ready place in every home. A charming poem, wedded to a delightful melody.

That's What The Rose Said To Me.

Lyric by
B. F. BARNETT.

Music by
LEO EDWARDS.

REFRAIN.



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If You Must Make Eyes At Someone Won't You Please Make Eyes At Me.

Words by
LEO WOOD and MATT WOODWARD.

Music by
LEO EDWARDS.

Moderato.



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says "Each maid we meet You smile at rath - er sweet." He
says "It's time to dine;" He an - swers "Ba - by mine! You're
L.H.
L.H.
an - swers "It re - lieves the pain To look down at her feet;" "I'm not
meat to me and sweet to me And I am feel - ing fine;" But a
poco meno.
jeal - ous" mur - murs she "But in fu - ture wink at me."
year or two e - lapse, And he says "D'you know those chaps?"
CHORUS.
"If you must make eyes at some one Won't you please make eyes at
"If you must make eyes at some one Won't you please make eyes at
mp=mf


me? I may not be a beau - ty, But you've
me? I may not be a beau - ty, But I'm
just as much to see;" Catch that same girl in the
still your hus - band, see!" Catch that same man in the
rall. pp
a tempo.
morn - ing With no mar - cel waves a - dorn - ing, Then you'll
morn - ing When to break - fast he comes yawn - ing, And you'll
1.
2.
find she's not so pret ty, As she's paint-ed up to be. If you be.
find he's not the fig ure That he's pad-ded up to be. If you be.
poco cres - cen - do.
nf

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Won't you be my Baby Boy?

Lyric by
J. CLARENCE HARVEY.

Music by
GUS EDWARDS.

Allegro moderato.

CHORUS.



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