

SM1006

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# When You Steal A Kiss,-Or Two.

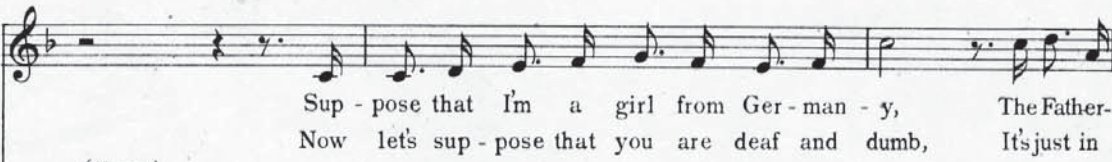
(Making Love.)

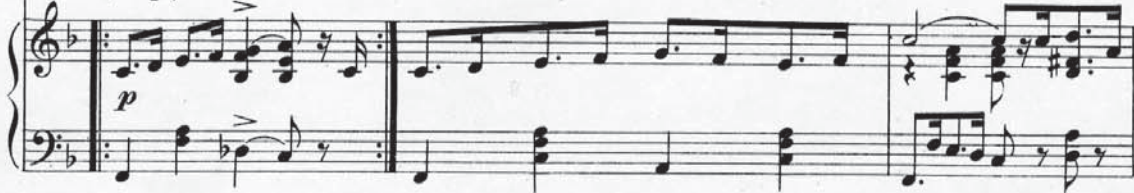
Words and Music by  
KENNETH S. CLARK.

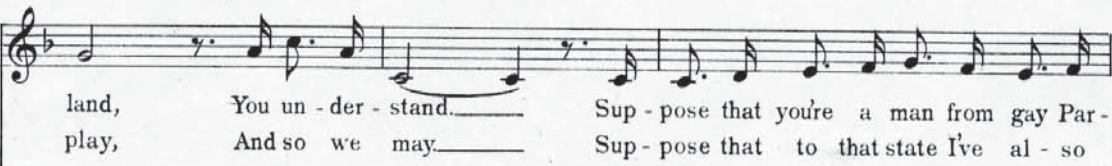
Moderato.

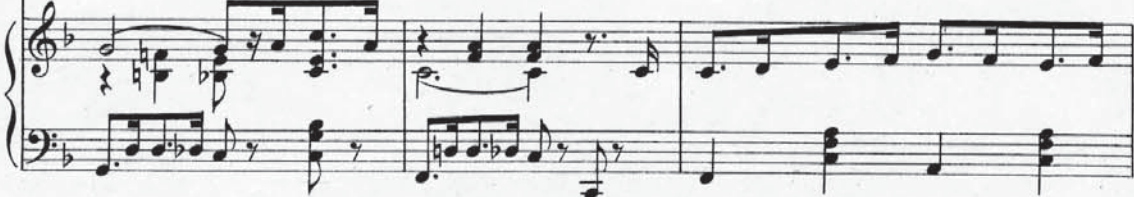
VOICE. 

PIANO. 



*(Vamp.)* 





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ie; Home of Ro-mance, In Sun-ny France, But  
 come, Can't speak or hear, Oh dear! Oh dear! You've

I don't know a word of your "Fran-cais", And Ger-man too Is Greek to  
 nev-er learned that fin-ger-speak-ing game, And like wise I Have passed it

you. Do you think that you can find a way to  
 by. Do you think that you can tell me just the

(Spoken.)  
 say that you love me? Why cer-tain-ly!  
 same that you'll be true? Of course, you do!

CHORUS.

Words are not the on-ly thing When you are ma - king love, Your

*p-f*

eyes are al - ways whis - per - ing, "Come be my tur - tle dove."

Ev - 'ry time you take her hand, She knows your love is true; And

lips are on - ly need - ed When you steal a kiss or two. two.

(Kiss.) *f*