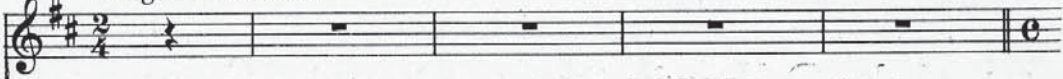



Looking for the Love-light in your Eyes.

Words by
JOHN P. HARRINGTON.

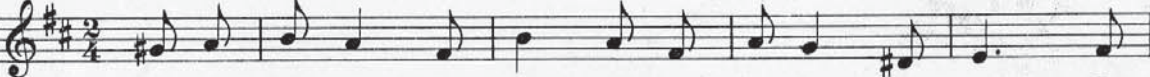
Music by
ORLANDO POWELL.

Allegro moderato.


Voice. 

Piano. 





I'm a lone lit - tle thing with no beau to my string; I
Oh, you naught - y young chap! I could give you a slap! Now
Oh, I say, there's a prize, mak - ing "Kiss-me - quick" eyes! We



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might pr'aps get left on the shelf; _____ So ex -
 why don't you an - swer me, pray? _____ I
 should make a cou - ple of spoons. _____ What

cuse me for speak - ing, a spouse I am seek - ing, A
 think you're just hor - rid, to wrin - kle your fore - head, And
 say? he's an old 'un, still he's a bold 'un, Old

girl *must* look af - ter her - self! _____ Oh,
 then turn your blue eyes a - way! _____ All
 fid - dles play jol - ly good tunes; _____ I'm

there's a nice boy, there! He, with the cur - ly hair.
 right! Sulk! I don't care! Ah! there's a pet - lamb, there.
 not a - fraid! no fear! Do love me, don't you, dear.

CHORUS.

You are the boy that I would die for! You are the

boy that I a - dore! ——— You are the sort of boy I've

dreamt a-bout for months, You are the boy I'm look-ing for! — You are the

boy to make me hap - py! Would-n't you like to win this

prize? — Don't be an-gry, there's a dar-ling, Can't you see I'm on-ly looking, for the

love - light in your eyes! You are the eyes!

1. 2. *D.S.*