Game of Love.

(Duet)

Lyric by EDGAR SMITH.

Music by MAURICE LEVI.

Moderato.

There are many kinds of girls and they have just as many arts, And there I suppose as maids grow older they to fewer lovers bow, And in-

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Playing in the game of love the saw is rather keen, For six-
sweet sixteen is twenty then will lovers prove a bore. And will

am-pic, there's the bashful bud of sweet sixteen,
any will or wilt her when she's twenty four?

Refrain.

If you ask her if she loves you, She will
If you ask, then, if she loves you, With a

look up so and sigh, And let you read the
smile serene and sad, She'll say wed - lock for
answer in her downcast eye. But if women is a worn-out sad, There is

she was strictly honest. And would tell the truth to some thing or other. That the world needs her to

you. She... loves a lot of fellow, but she'll love you as a brother if you try and love you, too. If you too, think that she will do. If you do.

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