

Because You're You

HENRY BLOSSOM
Molto moderato

VICTOR HERBERT

BERTHA

GOVERNOR

Love is a queer lit-tle el - fin sprite, Blest with the dead - li - est aim!

BERTHA

Shooting his ar - rows to left and right, Bagging the rar - est game.

BERTHA

GOVERNOR

BERTHA

Fill-ing our hearts with a glad sur-prise, Al-most too good to be true! And

GOVERNOR

rit.

still can you tell me why do you love me? On - ly be - cause you are you, dear!

poco rit.

REFRAIN.

Not that you are fair, dear, Not that you are true. Not your gold-en
GOVERNOR.

Not that I am fair, dear, Not that I am true.

Slower.

hair, dear, Not your eyes of blue. When we ask the rea - son,

Not my gold-en hair dear, Not my eyes of blue. . . When we ask the

Words are all too few! So I know I love you, dear, be - cause you're you.

rea - son, Words are all too few! I love you, dear, because you're you.

rit.