

## JALOUSIE

Gade/Bloom 1925

A

Jeal-ous - y, — night and day you tor-ture me, — I some-times won-der,  
 if this spell that I'm un-der — can on - ly be a mel - o - dy. — For I know no  
 one but me — has won your heart — but, when the mus - ic starts, — my peace de -  
 parts. From the mo - ment they play that lan - gour - ous strain and we sur -  
 ren - der to all — its charm once a - gain, this jeal - ous - y  
 that tor-tures me is ec-sta-cy, mys-ter-y, pain. — We

B

dance to a tan - go of love, — your heart beats with mine as we  
 fear that the mus - ic will end, — and shat - ter the spell it may  
 sway. — Your eyes gives the ans - wer I'm dream - ing of, — that soft word your  
 lend, —  
 cruel lips will nev - er say, — I to make me be - lieve, when your  
 eyes just de - ceive, and it's on - ly the tan - go you love. —