

Dedicated To Mae Murray

FASCINATION

Lyric by
A. FRANCIS
and S. GREENE

Melody by
LOUIS SILVERS

Moderato

When you meet girls most at-trac-tive, And your heart does not grow ac-tive, You may think for

none of them you'll yearn. You have al-most made your mind up,

That you nev-er will be signedup, Till you meet a cer-tain one and find —

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CHORUS

There's a wond'-rous fas - cin - a - tion, In the love - ly eyes that
glance With a mys - tie in - vi - ta - tion To the realm of fair ro -
mance. There's a deep - er fas - cin - a - tion In the sweet an - tie - i -
pa - tion Of kiss - ing lips that are ten - der, Lips that sur - ren - der,
Lips that speak of love. There's a flood of an - i - ma - tion

When you hold her lit - tle hand. And a feel-ing of e -
 la - tion — That you can-not un-der - stand. And then be -
 fore you can tell — You find you're un - der a spell —
 of that mag - ic fas - cin - a - tion — That's known as
 love. There's a wond - rous fas - cin - love.