

IT'S A SIN

25

Arr. by LOU LEAMAN

By
FRED ROSE and
ZEB TURNER

Moderato

mf

Melody

T T It's a sin, my dar-lin', how I love you— Be-cause I know our love can nev-er
sin to hide be-hind this heart-ache, To make be-lieve that I've found some-one

B B

be. It's a sin to keep this mem-ry of you— When si-lence proves that you've for-got-ten
new. It's a sin to say that I don't miss you— When peo-ple know I'm still in love with
nev-er be.
some-one new.

p *mf*

me, for-got-ten me. The dream I built for us has tum-bled, Each prom-ise
you, in love with you. I'm sure you're hap-py with an-oth-er Who shares the

p *mf*

brok-en like my heart. It's a sin, my dar-lin', how I love you—
love I could-n't win. Why pre-tend that I can live with-out you—

rit. *f* *mf* *molto rit.*

— So much in love and yet so far a-part. Mm, — It's a sin, that it's a sin.
— When deep in-side I know that it's a *molto rit.*

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