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HONEY I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU

Darkey Refrain

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

LEONA FONTAINEBLEAU JEROME.

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HONEY, I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU!

DARKEY REFRAIN.

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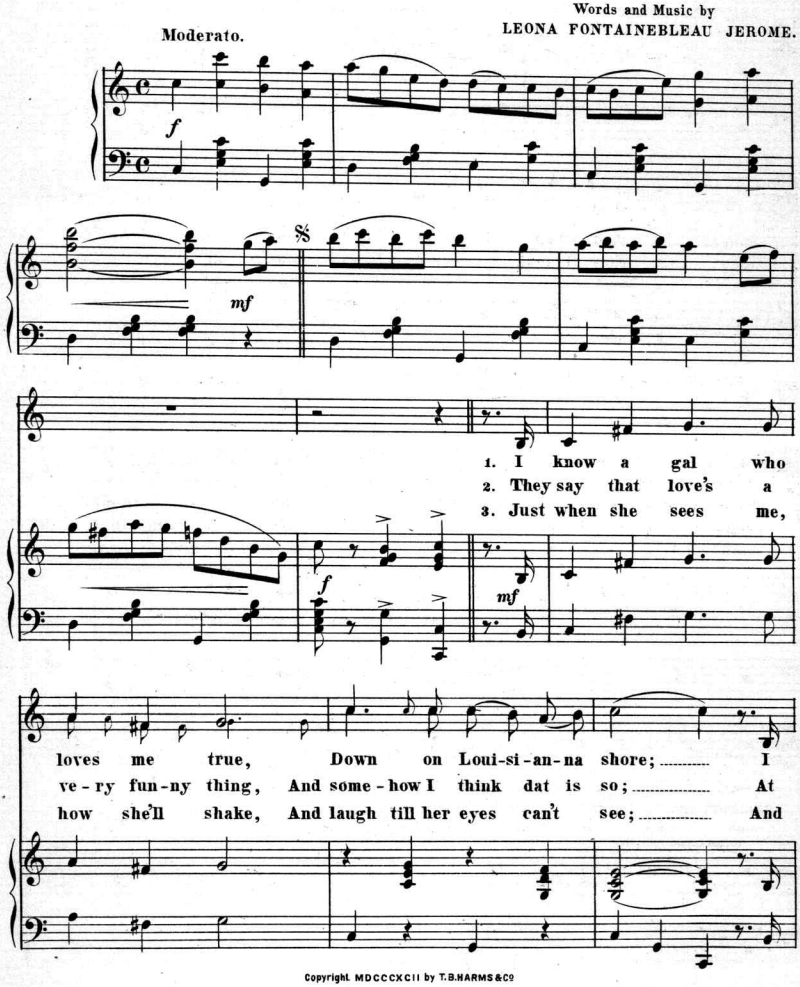
LEONA FONTAINEBLEAU JEROME.



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think of her most ev - 'ry day, And I loves her more and
first your heart jumps like a coon, And then it goes mighty
say, "Go 'way you sass - y coon, And yer stop yer foolin' now wid

more..... And when I left her how she cried, "Now
slow..... Now Hannah is a gal dat's got lots of sense, And I've
me!"..... Yes, I know dat wench like I knows my - self, And I

Honey, don't you leave me long!"..... So now I is gwine to
been in dis world pret-ty long;..... So I'll place those orange blos - soms
know dat she loves me strong;..... So now I'se gwine back to

see..... dat gal, And sing her this lit - tle song:.....
straight up-on her brow, While I sing her this lit - tle song:.....
see dat gal, And sing her this lit - tle song:.....

CHORUS.

Honey, honey, Ise 'll never leave you, Caze I love you till my heart is

mf (2d. time f)

sore; ..... { For you're der one I chose, You're my tu-lip and my rose, And I'se
For you're der one I choose, Caze yer drive a-way der blues, And I'se

1. 2.

nev - er gwine to leave yer no more. more. .....

f

D.S.

Lively.

Last time only.

f *f*

HOUNSLOW N.Y.

Be sure and try these two Songs on your Piano.

I'LL KEEP THESE LETTERS FOR HER SAKE.

Words by JULIAN HOLMES. Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Moderato con express.

mf *rall.*

I'll keep these let - ters for her sake, and treas - ure them with care, A

p

rall. *a tempo.*

sto - ry of the days gone by they tell;..... I oft - en read them o'er and o'er, with

rall. *a tempo.*

rall. *a tempo.*

re - col - lec - tions rare, While mem - 'ry on the past will sad - ly dwell..... 'Twas

rall. *a tempo.*

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WE'VE NOT MET IN YEARS.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Andante con express. *rit.*

mf

They sat by the win - dow, rich in their love, That most di - vine bless - ing that

p

comes from a - bove; Scarce wed - ded a fort - night, with sor - row un - known, They

rall. *a tempo.*

quar - rel'd, and she left him there all a - lone. Long years have passed since his

rall. *a tempo.*

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