8-OCT 30

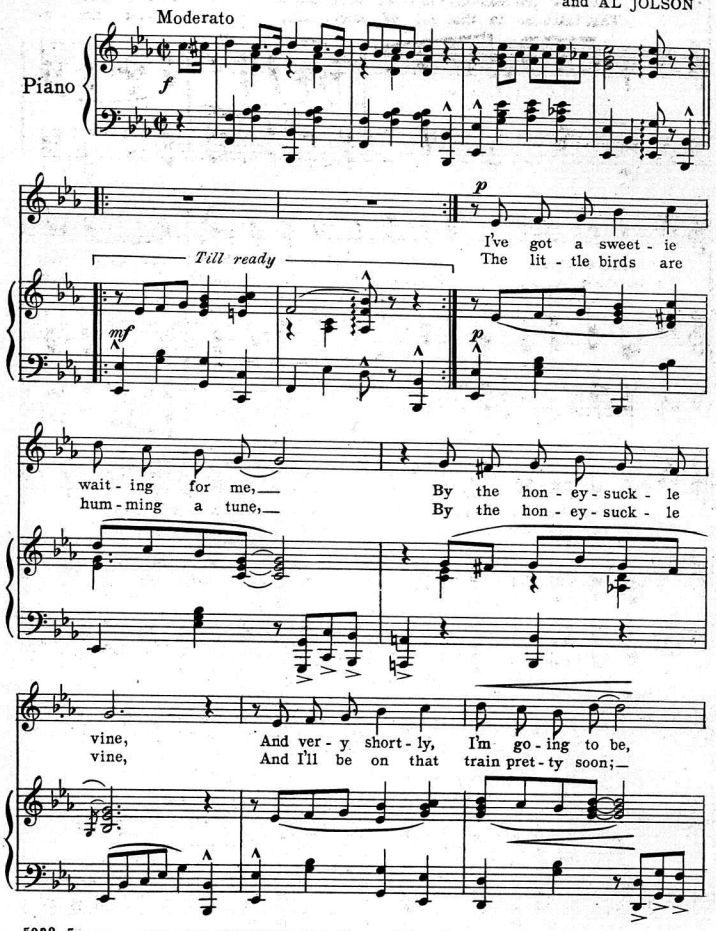
BY THE HONEYSUCKLE VINE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BUD DeSYLVA & AL JOLSON

NO

By The Honey-suckle Vine

By BUD DE SYLVA
and AL JOLSON



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Be-low the Mas-on-Dix-on Line, In the bow-er where we
That takes me to that gal of mine, I have writ-ten her a

said good-bye, She'll be wait-ing for her boy; And
note that read, "Hon-ey, I am on my way!" And

rall.

I would like to bet that I near-ly pass a-way with joy.
of-ten to my-self, I've said: "It-'ll be a hap-py day."

rall.

Refrain

p-f

When I'm met by the pet, That I nev-er could for-get,
When I'm met by the pet, That I nev-er could for-get,

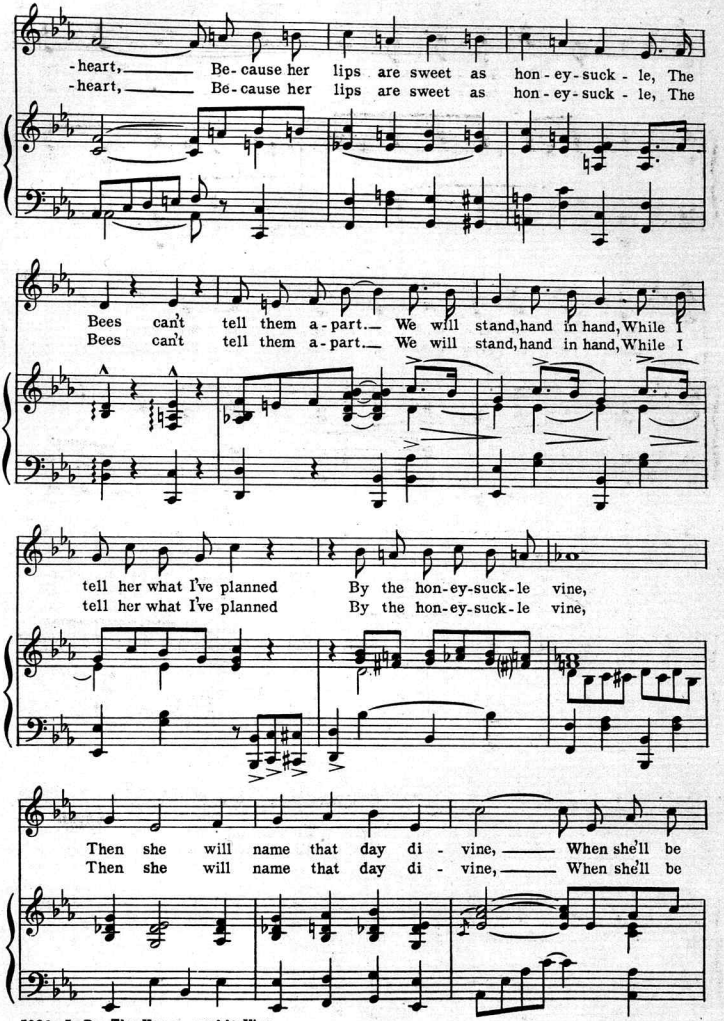
p-f

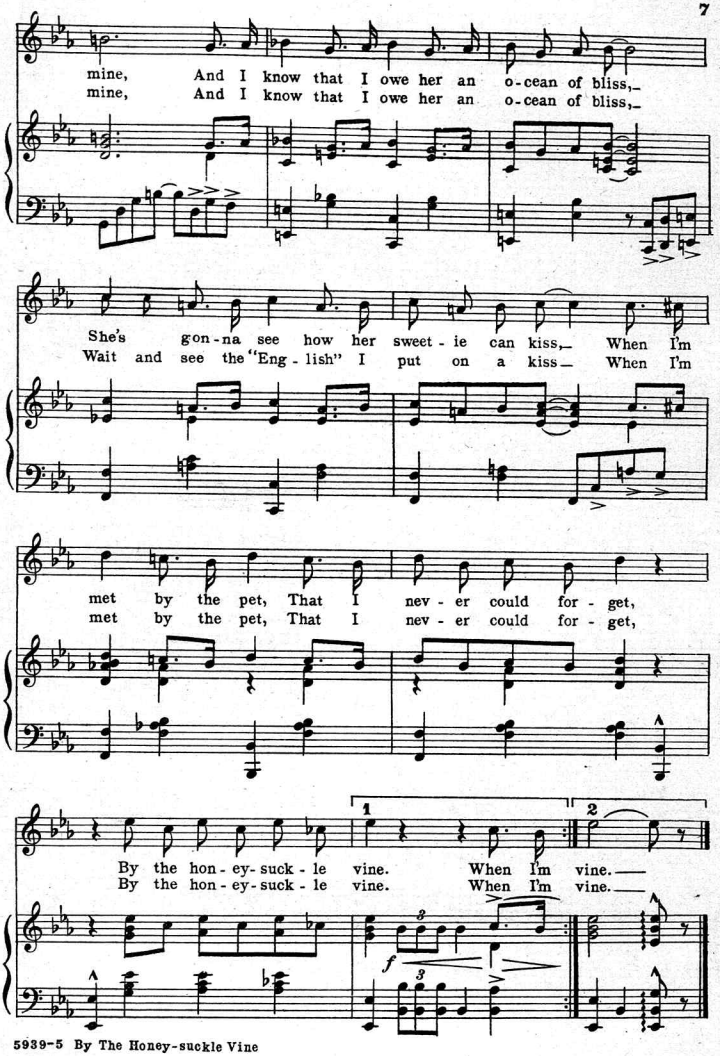
By the hon - ey - suck - le vine, She'll be
By the hon - ey - suck - le vine, She'll be

there, Oh! so fair, With a rib - bon in her hair,
there, Oh! so fair, With a rib - bon in her hair,

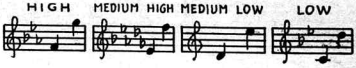
By the hon - ey - suck - le vine, The hon - ey
By the hon - ey - suck - le vine, The hon - ey

bees are wild a - bout her, They fol - low my sweet -
bees are wild a - bout her, They fol - low my sweet -


-heart, Be-cause her lips are sweet as hon-ey-suck-le, The
-heart, Be-cause her lips are sweet as hon-ey-suck-le, The
Bees can't tell them a-part. We will stand, hand in hand, While I
Bees can't tell them a-part. We will stand, hand in hand, While I
tell her what I've planned By the hon-ey-suck-le vine,
tell her what I've planned By the hon-ey-suck-le vine,
Then she will name that day di-vine, When she'll be
Then she will name that day di-vine, When she'll be


mine, And I know that I owe her an o-cean of bliss,
mine, And I know that I owe her an o-cean of bliss,
She's gon-na see how her sweet-ie can kiss, When I'm
Wait and see the "Eng-lish" I put on a kiss When I'm
met by the pet, That I nev-er could for-get,
met by the pet, That I nev-er could for-get,
By the hon-ey-suck-le vine. When I'm vine.
By the hon-ey-suck-le vine. When I'm vine.
1
2
f

YEARNING



Words by
SIDNEY CARTER

Music by
NEIL MORÈT

Andante espressivo

Piano

p *rit*

dolce

p

There's a sad - ness in the tone Of the wood-bird's song,

p *a tempo*

All the glad - ness, dear, has flown While for you I long.

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