

1900

I Love You, Honey Love You Deed I Do

Geo. A. Nichols

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I LOVE YOU, HONEY LOVE YOU DEED I DO.



WRITTEN BY
CARROLL FLEMING
MUSIC BY
GEO. A. NICHOLS

PUBLISHED BY
SHAPIRO, BERNSTEIN & VON TILZER
NEW YORK, 45 WEST 28th ST. CHICAGO, 53 DEARBORN ST.

"I Love You, Honey, Love You 'Deed I Do."

Words by CARROLL FLEMING.

Music by GEO. A. NICHOLS.

Andante moderato.

Piano.

Voice.

1. In a sha - dy grove of ma - ples stands a mod - est lit - tle home, Where
 2. I've been sav - ing all my mon - ey, and I went the oth - er day, To the

dwells the dear - est treas - ure with her moth - er all a - lone, And
 lit - tle red - brick court - house where the lawy - er peo - ple stay, And I

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I'm her near - est neigh - bor just a - cross the old mill stream, I
lift - ed off the mort - gage from that mod - est lit - tle farm, I

call my place "Lov's A - cre" cause I dreamed that in a dream, — I
thought that be - ing neighbors she would know I meant no harm, — There

ain't got much to give her, tho' I'm work - ing might - y hard, Just some
ain't no use for fen - ces now, be - tween my place and hers; And I'll

corn and 'ta - ters grow - ing, and a sun - flow' in the yard, I
burn them up to cel - e - brate when the great e - vent oc - curs; For

know she real-ly likes me for she waits down by the spring, At
com-ing home that eve-ning when I stopped down by the spring, I

sun-down ev - 'ry eve - ning, just to hear me soft - ly sing.
got there just in time to hear my own dear sweet-heart sing.

REFRAIN.

I love you, hon - ey, love you, 'deed I do, And

L. H.

R. H.

Il basso marcato.

all the time I think of none but you, ——— I

R. H.

long to name the day, and hear your sweet lips say, I love you, hon-ey, love you, 'deed I

do. I love you, hon-ey, love you, 'deed I do, And

L. H.

R. H.

all the time I think of none but you, I long to name the day, and

R. H.

L. H.

hear your sweet lips say, I love you, hon-ey, love you, 'deed I do.

rit.

rit.

HER NAME IS ROSE.

Words by IRENE FRANKLIN.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

CHORUS.

And her name is Rose, *graceful Rose,* charming Rose, I know she's the fairest, the sweetest and rarest of flowers that grow. Ev'ry wind that blows, Whispers Rose, On ly Rose, My heart is whist'ling over the hills, And her name is Rose, And her name is Rose.

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TD LEAVE MA HAPPY HOME FOR YOU.

Words by WILL A. HEELAN.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Chorus.

I'd leave ma happy home for you, on, on, on, on, You're de nic'est man I ev'er knew, on, on, on, on, If you take me, and just break me in de bus'ness too, on, I'd leave ma happy home for you, on, on, on, on, on.

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Marching to the Music of the Band.

Words by Wm. RICHARD GOODALL.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

CHORUS.

Just see them March - ing to the mu - sic of the band - It sound - so sweet, See the soldiers all in line, Dressed in uni - forms so fine, And as they march - a - long the street - The music sound - so sweet and grand - With a rum - tum - tum - tum, And the beating of the drum, Marching to the music of the band, Just see them band.

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WHERE THE SWEET MAGNOLIAS BLOOM.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

CHORUS.

Now the sun-beams kiss the hill tops and the birds sing just as gay, But my heart is sad and lone - ly, For my thoughts are far a - way, And I long to be with mother, in that old log - cab - in room, Way down South in dear old Georgia, where the sweet mag - no - lias bloom.

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DUSKY DUDES.

CAKE - WALK.

by JEAN SCHWARTZ.

PIANO.

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I aint a-goin' to weep no more.

Words by GEO. TOTTEN SMITH.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Chorus.

I ain't a-goin' to weep no more, because my ba - by tells me that she loves me sore, And I love her too, 'd'ed I do, Through and through, I'll be true, I will be happy all my life, Because my ba - by told me that she'd be my wife, And I love her more - Than

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A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

CHORUS.

She's on - ly a bird in a gild - ed cage, A beau - ti - ful sight to see, You may think she's hap - py and free from care, She's not, though she seems to be, 'Tis sad when you think of her wast - ed life, For youth can - not mate with age, And her beau - ty was

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I WON'T BE AN ACTOR NO MORE.

Words and Music by GEORGE M. COHAN.

CHORUS.

No, I won't be an actor no more, And I wish I had said so be - fore, I was the star, might as well have been a sup - er, They ne - ver paid wa - ges with that min - i - stre troupe, No trav - el - ing a round for me, I'm a gwine to set - tle down you see, On the - at - ri - cal bus - i - ness

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The Sentinel Asleep.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

REFRAIN.

O sen - ti - nel! brave sen - ti - nel! Where are his thoughts to night, Per - chance, he dreams of child - hood's home, And scenes of old de - light, But soon he'll hear the call "to arms!" And then he'll wake to weep, In

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