Honor Bright, I Loves Yer Right, Old Pal.

Words by 
EDGAR SELDEN. 

Music by 
MELVILLE J. GIDEON. 

Andante sostenuto. 

Listen, Honey, while I makes a 
Rec-ker-lect when I wuz sick with 

whis-per, 
fe-ver? 

Some-thin' in me sys-tem must come out. 
Not a soul came near me, on-ly you. 

Ain't no stall, fer I don't keep no sta-ble, 
Mem-ber how yer held me mitt-ter cheer me?
Youse the one dat all me spiels about.
When you'd gone, I tell yer, I wuz blue.

Ever since when we wuz kids together,
Honey, you sure knows dis ain't no string in;
No one's had me La-bel, on-ly
Wot der sun-shine is, yer are to you.

Ain't yer on? Get hep now to me chatter,
On der lev-el, I'm no good wid-out yer;

Pass me up fer fair, if dis ain't true.
It's fer keeps wit youse I wants ter be.
CHORUS.

Hon-or Bright, I loves yer right, I do, Pal.

Gee! I'm think-in' of yer night and day.

Cross me heart, there ain't no-body like yer,

I'm dead lonesome when you are a-way.
There ain't nothin' phony 'bout me soft talk,

No-body can knock yer, boy or gal.

Look into me eyes, an' what yer see ther'ell, put yer wise. Honor

Bright, I loves yer right, old Pal.  Pal.