I Won't Be Home 'Till Late Dear

Words and Music by JOS. SANTLEY.

Allegro Moderato.

(He) You've made me happy since you've promised
(she) Now if you ever try that, I will

that you'd be my wife. (she) I'm happy too
(show you what I'd do; (he) What will you do, dear?

(He) I hadn't dared to hope that you would share with me your life;
good enough for goose is good enough for gander too!

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(38e) My whole life through. (36e) Suppose, dear, when we're married, I should
(36e) Right you are, dear! (36e) Some night when you come home to dinner,

often come home late? (36e) Suppose, dear, with a rolling pin I'd
Wife—y won't be there, (36e) I'll be so angry, dearest, I will

meet you at the gate? (36e) Suppose, dear, o'er the telephone I'd
rave and tear my hair; (36e) Then while you rage about the house, the

of fer an excuse? (36e) Now honey dear I'd not stand such abuse,
telephone will ring (36e) And o'er the wires in teasing tones you'll say.

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REFRAIN.

I won't be home 'till late, dear, I'm sorry as can be — But a

dear old college chum of mine, Is here to visit me; — I'm

going to take him out, dear, our village sights to see; — Oh! I

won't be home 'till late, dear, So don't wait up for me. — I me.