Don't Blame Me For Lovin' You.

Moderato.

Chas. K. Harris.

Can't you see my heart is almost
Open wide your window, see the

break-in',
moon-shine,
Just for you my little honey gal,
And the stars are twinklin' far above,

I'm outside a wait-in',
What's the use of hidin',
Try and stop your hat-in',
Come with me out rid-in'.

Copyright MMXI by Chas. K. Harris.
Rights For Mechanical Instruments Reserved.
International Copyright Secured.
And come out and meet your lovin' pal;
And I'll show you how much I can love;
I just wish I had the world to give you,
Can't you see I'm lonesome for you honey,
I would lay it gladly at your feet,
Then perhaps you'll listen.
And your eyes would glisten.
Then I'd spend my last shilling.
And perhaps you'd call me honey sweet.
If you'll only come out very soon.
Who knows dear.

Don't Blame Me, etc. 3
Refrain.

Don't blame me for lovin' you dear, Don't blame me for huggin' you dear,

When you're round my heart's a palpitatin' very queer. My honey

Don't blame me when I'm a sigh-in', Don't blame me when I'm a cry-in',

If they tell you I'm just dy-in', Don't blame me.