If all the Little Angels are as Sweet as You
I want to Die

Words by
Wm. A. DOWNS.

Music by
ERNIE ERDMAN.

Moderato.

Vamp

Last night I dreamed such a funny dream, Oh,
big blue eyes were the dreamy kind, Oh,

Hon-ey it was nice Just like a dove I seemed to float above,
Hon-ey how they rolled She played and played the angels serenade, Up-

know I was in Paradise Dog-gone 'twas great for near the
on a harp all made of gold She had such charms I drew her
gold-en gate, I saw an an-gel just like you— When I a
    to my arms, But when I looked my Queen had flown— Those big gates
    woke at dawn, my an-gel was gone. Now what I say is strange but true.
    o-pened wide, then she flew in-side, And left me out there all a-lone.

Chorus.

If all the lit-tle an-gels are as sweet as you I want to

die,— I'll get a pair of wings, and join the crowd that sings. a-

If all the little Angels etc 3
way up in the sky, I feel that I should kneel and

say my prayers, I know I'd make a record climbing golden stairs,

Glory, Glory Hal-le-lu-iah If all the little angels are as

sweet as you I want to die. If