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If It Wasn't For You.

Words by Geo. Whiting and Paul Cunningham.

Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Till Ready.

Don't start to cry, don't ask me why;
Who lives up stairs, who lives up stairs,

Soon I'll be upon my way. There's no need asking
Take a run upstairs and see the man who married

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me to stay, What did you do? What did you do?
you and me, old Par-son Brown, Old Par-son Brown,

Not a thing for me but I did ev'-ry thing for you,
Go right up and tell him that I dare him to come down,

When I think of all the beaux who followed me a-bout, I
He's the one who spoke those words 'Love, Hon-or and Obey' They

must have lost my eye sight on the day I picked you out,
don't sound big but still 'they put me where I am to-day.

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I had a dozen beaux hanging around,
Wher-
bought a ma-chine but you left me at home,
Don't

ever I walked they just worshipped the ground,
think that I think you went riding a lone,
Don't

May be I wouldn't be hearing this sound,
(PA!
think that I couldn't have one of my own,

IIf it wasn't for you.
PA! If it wasn't for you.

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