PROFESSIONAL COPY.

Warning! This Copy is intended for the use of PROFESSIONAL SINGERS ONLY, and any one found selling or exposing it for sale is liable to a fine or imprisonment, or both, and will be prosecuted under the copyright law by THE PUBLISHER.

SOUTHERN DREAMS

Words by
CHARLES L. BROWNE

(SLOW MELODY WALTZ)

Music by
GEORGE HAMILTON GREENE

Ma hon-ey hon: ma lit-tle one, Come lay your head on ma breast, And I will croon, a drow-sy tune, Till you're at rest.

De lit-tle Dick-ey birds in the trees, Are rock-in' in de cool eve-nin'breeze, Jus'like I'm rock-in' you.

Your life has jus' be-gun, lit-tle boy, A lot of things will come to an- noy, I pray de Lord to

you on maknees, Ma lit-tle hon-ey hon: Oh can't you hear, de gob-lins near, You bet-ter

fill yours with joy, Ma lit-tle hon-ey hon: And when you leave, oh how I'll grieve, And yet I'll

close your bright eyes, De eve-nin' star shines out a-far, In summer skies. De angels always watch from a-bove,

want you to go. For fortune lies 'neath oth- er skies, As we all know. But be ma ba-by just for to-night.
Chorus

Hindu Rose

You caught me, and taught me, All that you knew — You had me

doing all that Hindoos can do — Sweet cook-ie Hindu Rose

Oh! La-dy!

Buddha knows — I treated, you cheated, then beat it,

You took me, and shook me, forsook me,

Good-night! Hindu Rose —

So long! Hindu Rose —

Hindu Rose —

Hindu Rose —

Hindu Rose.