Ev'ry Little Bit Helps.

Words by GEORGE WHITING.

Music by FRED. FISCHER.

Moderato.

1. A dus - ky coon, who
   came to spoon, his la - dy love from morn till noon. It
   seemed some - how, they nev - er could a - gree;

2. Said she "I've heard your tales of woe, I think it time for you to go, Just
   put that lov - in' gag up on the shelf,"

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I've had enough of you,—I've had enough of you,—Ev'ry Little Bit Helps.

She'd say, 'I've had enough of you,—I've had enough of you,—Ev'ry Little Bit Helps.'

She replied, 'What shall I do,—What shall I do,—Ev'ry Little Bit Helps.'

So I can make, a

hit with you,—You know I love you only for your—Ev'ry Little Bit Helps.

Don't try to hand that lovely talk to me.

He said, "Hon' don't be cross, bye, I'll let you be the boss."
CHORUS.

Give me just one loving smile, Ev'ry little bit helps.

Let me hold your hand a while, Ev'ry little bit helps.

Now and then a gentle squeeze, So my ach-ing heart won't freeze.

Love me just a tiny bit please, Ev'ry lit-tle bit helps.

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