LONESOME.

Words by JOE ROSEY.

Music by ALBERT VON TILZER.

Bill's away, he left the
"Bill, come home, don't leave me

other day, I'm so lonesome, I
all alone, Ev'ry time I

tell you what is more, My heart is feel-ing might-y sore, Re-caus-e he
think a-bout you, Bill, There's such a fun-ny lit-tle chill That comes a-

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never left his home before And I must write to him this
creeping o'er me against my will, Now, can't you see, how lonesome

very night Just to kind o' jog his mind. The
I must be? Bil-ly, if you stay a-way from

girl he left be hind ain't feel ing right.
me an-o-ther day, you'll sure lose me.

Chorus.

I'm so lonesome, I've been wait-ing long for you

Lonesome 3.
Some one tell me what I really ought to

do (Oh can't you see that) I'm so lonesome, lonesome,
(Spoken or sung ad lib.)

still I wouldn't feel so blue,

knew, dear, you were kind o' lonesome too.

Lonesome.