Bless Your Ever Loving Little Heart.

Lyric by
STANLEY MURPHY.

Music by
HENRY I. MARSHALL.

Moderato.

Honey the Spring-time is coming, Honey the Parson is waiting.

Flowers will soon be in bloom, Soon all the bees gwine to
In the old church on the hill, I'm gwine to bring pretty

hum'neath the trees, And the Whip-poor-will'll croon his mel low tune;
flowers and a ring, And I know my heart is gwine to stop right still;

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Honey the birds will be mating, Maymoon will soon start to shine,
And when the service is over, I've got a cottage for two,

Honey don't be hesitating Come to me my little honey mine,
Honey we'll soon be in clover, All thro' life I'm going to sing to you,

Chorus.
Lord bless your little heart, hon', I love you good-ness

knows just like the summer sunshine,

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Loves the tender little rose, I love you, I'm longing for you

Honey I sigh when we're apart, I'm crazy 'bout you

Can't live without you Bless you ever loving, Your ev-er ev-er ev-er loving,

Bless you ev-er lovin' lovin' heart.