Words by
GEO. A. NORTON

MELANCHOLY

Music by
ERNIE BURNETT

Dedicated to Miss Maybelle Watson of Berkley, Calif.

Slow with feeling

Come, sweetheart mine, Don’t sit and pine, Tell me of the cares that make you
Birds in the trees, Whispering breeze, Should not fail to lull you into

feel so blue. What have I done?
peaceful dreams. So tell me why

Answer me, Hon’, Have I ever said an unkind
Sadly you sigh, Sitting at the window where the

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Ev'-ry cloud must have a sil-ver lin-ing,

Wait un-til the sun shines through,

Smile, my hon-ey dear, while I kiss a-way each tear, Or

else I shall be mel-an-choly too. Now won't you too.