

POPULAR SONGS

BY
CHASE
TREVATHAN
COMPOSER OF
MAY IRWIN'S
BULLY SONG.
GRAPPY DANCE.
THE HOO SONG.
EVERYBODY
KNOWS MY
NAME.

MUSICAL SUPPLEMENT

TO THE
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EDITED
BY
REYNOLD
DE KOEY

SUNG BY
MAY IRWIN

IN THE SWELL MRS. FITZSWELL.

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MAY IRWIN.

HONEY ON MY LIPS.

Words and Music by CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.

Allegretto moderato.

Allegretto moderato

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

1. De sun - light shines for de
2. When de soft wind blows thro de
3. De sun peeps o - ver de
4. De win - ter storms be -

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part consists of simple chords and moving lines in both hands.

corn-field coon. De star-light cuts no fig - gah, But de
ap - ple trees. It makes a tune - ful song; But its
ba you De owl he say good night; I
gin to come. An' de frost is in de ground.

The second system continues the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part continues with simple harmonic support.



moon-light shin - in a - round my love Is what gets nex to dis
 noth-in' to de-mus - ic of my true love's feet, When she comes trip - pin' a -
 wait for my true love to o - pen her eyes, Den I know its broad day -
 Some - how noth - er don' git so cold, When my true love's a -

CHORUS



nig - gah: Sing - in'
 long: Sing - in'
 light: Sing - in'
 roun: Sing - in'

Hon ey on er my lips I love yo'



Hon - ey de bus - y bee sips Sweet as de peach blooms

up a - bove yo' Hon - ey on er my lips.

5

When I git de corn all in de cr:b
 An' de bacon in de rind
 Don' make no difference 'bout all de rest,
 Wid my true love's hand in mine,
 Singin',—

6

De red-bird sings his sweetest song
 When Miss Red-Bird is near him
 But de mockin'-bird jus' stretch his throat
 For my true love to hear him,
 Singin',—