

OH! MY LADY

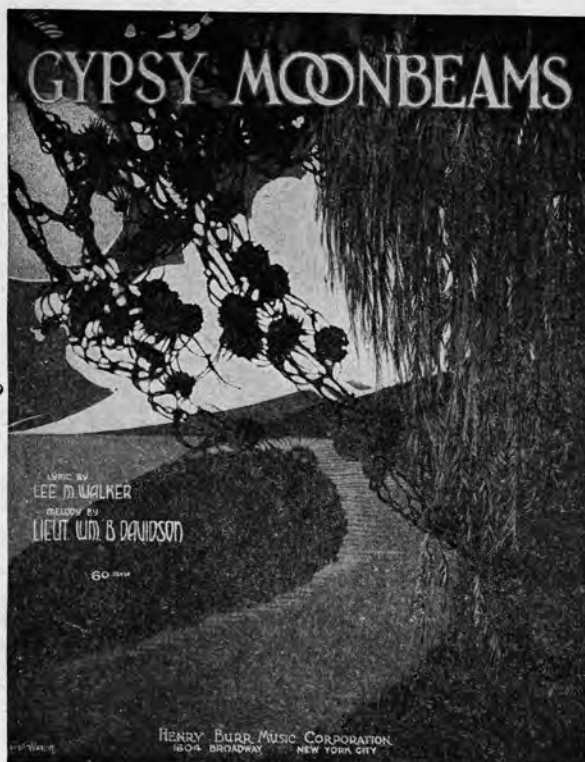
(Won't You Listen To My Serenade)

by Ray Perkins



HENRY BURR MUSIC CORPORATION

1604 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY



Gypsy Moonbeams

Restless, Roaming Moonbeams
Fairly Scamper Thru this
Marvelous Melody

LIEUT. WM. B. DAVIDSON

—AND—

LEE M. WALKER

Offer this Most Beautiful of Songs to You
BETTER GET IT NOW!

REFRAIN

(tenderly)

Oh! come my love and spoon 'neath the Gyp - sy moon, where the drow - sy bree - zes

blow! And as I whis - per love 'neath the stars a - bove,

snea - ky sil - ver moon - beams steal in - to your hair; And where the

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Oh! My Lady

(Won't You Listen To My Serenade)

by Ray Perkins

Not too fast



Vamp

In the moon - light gen - tle breez - es blow
How I wish that I knew how to play



Whip - oor - will is call - ing from a - far, _____ 'Neath your win - dow
mus - ic that would be as sweet as you, _____ How I wish that



where the ros - es grow, can't you hear me play my old gui - tar? _____
I knew words to say, all the things that I've been long - ing to. _____



Stars a-bove— all know I love you so, that's the on-ly rea-son why they shine,—
'Tho I kept— on sing-ing night and day, I could nev-er tell how much I long,—

rit.
all the flowers nod-ding to and fro are keep-ing time to this mel-o - dy of mine.—
just to show the love that's stored a-way, down in my heart, as I sing this lit - tle song.—

Chorus

Oh! my la - dy, my lov - in' la - dy-love won't you lis - ten to my ser - e - nade.—

Pine trees sigh - in', with me they're cry - in' cause you

have - nt heard a tune I've played ——— Well, the bull-frog's chirp-in' and the

crick-ets too,- try - in' hard to help me as I'm sing - in' to you,

rit.

Oh! my la - dy, my lov - in' la - dy - love, won't you lis - ten to my ser - e - nade

Yes lis - ten to my ser - e - nade.



HONEY-MOON

By Far the Sweetest and Most
Unusual Lullaby of the Day

—BY—

The Brilliant Writer

CHARLEY STRAIGHT

A Soft, Mother Croon That Just Breathes
Love, Drowsiness and Dreams. Hear
It, and You Will Want it.

REFRAIN
Moderato semplice

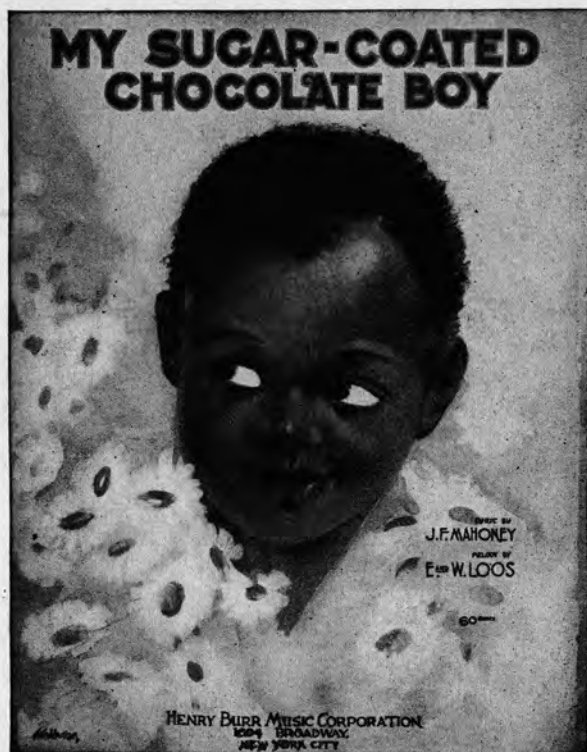
Hon-ey-moon, watch ba-by dear, — Sing a lit-tle love-song

soft and clear, In the sky so blue, — say "Peek-a - boo," And

ba-by will know that you're near, — When all the stars have gone to

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MY SUGAR-COATED CHOCOLATE BOY

Everybody Loves a Pickaninny Song
Here's One With a Melody That is
"Sweet as Honey"

— BY —

E. and W. LOOS

Singable—Playable—Loveable

YOU CAN'T HELP LIKING IT

Chorus

Hon-ey, don't cry if they don't play with you: — It breaks my

heart to see you pine, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine. You know the

good Lord loves the dark - - ies, too, He draws no col - or

p.f.

poco rit.

H. B. 15s - 3

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