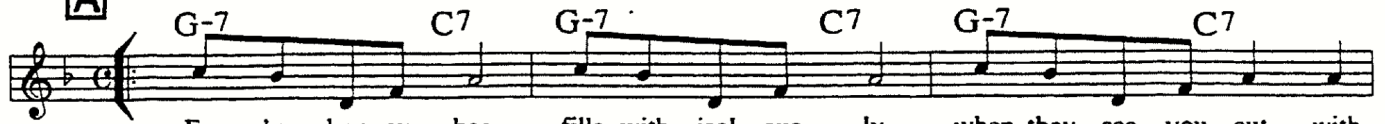


HONEYSUCKLE ROSE

353

Waller/Razaf 1929

A



Ev - 'ry hon - ey bee, fills with jeal - ous - ly, when they see you out with
When you're pass - in' by, flow - ers droop and sigh, and I know the rea - son
When I'm tak - in' sips from your tast - y lips, seems the hon - ey fair - ly

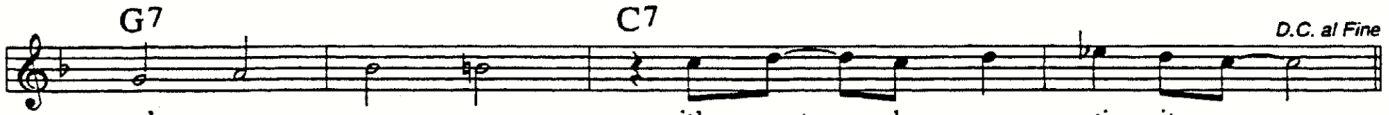


me, I don't blame them, good - ness knows, Hon - ey - suc - kle Rose.
why, you're much sweet - er,
drips, you're con - fec - tion,

B



Don' buy sug - ar, you just have to touch my cup,



you're my sug - ar, it's sweet when you stir it up.