

BY THE **HONEYSUCKLE VINE**

WORDS AND MUSIC BY **BUD DeSYLVA & AL JOLSON**



*Successfully Introduced
by
AL JOLSON
in
"SINBAD"
at the
Winter Garden
New York*

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T. B. HARMS
AND
FRANCIS DAY & HUNTER
NEW YORK

By The Honey-suckle Vine

By BUD DE SYLVA
and AL JOLSON

Piano

Moderato

I've got a sweet-ie
The lit-tle birds are

Till ready

wait-ing for me,—
hum-ming a tune,—

By the hon-ey-suck-le
By the hon-ey-suck-le

vine,
vine,

And ver-y short-ly, I'm go-ing to be,
And I'll be on that train pret-ty soon;—

Be - low the Mas - on - Dix - on Line, — In the bow - er where we
That takes me to that gal of mine, — I have writ - ten her a

said good - bye, — She'll be wait - ing for her boy; — And
note that read, — "Hon - ey, I am on my way!" — And

I would like to bet that I — near - ly pass a - way with joy. —
of - ten to my - self, I've said: — "It - 'll be a hap - py day." —

rall.

Refrain *p-f*

When I'm met by the pet, That I nev - er could for - get,
When I'm met by the pet, That I nev - er could for - get,

By the hon - ey - suck - le vine, _____ She'll be
 By the hon - ey - suck - le vine, _____ She'll be

there, Oh! so fair, With a rib - bon in her hair,
 there, Oh! so fair, With a rib - bon in her hair,

By the hon - ey - suck - le vine, _____ The hon - ey
 By the hon - ey - suck - le vine, _____ The hon - ey

bees are wild a - bout her, They fol - low my sweet -
 bees are wild a - bout her, They fol - low my sweet -

- heart, ——— Be- cause her lips are sweet as hon - ey - suck - le, The
 - heart, ——— Be- cause her lips are sweet as hon - ey - suck - le, The

Bees can't tell them a - part. — We will stand, hand in hand, While I
 Bees can't tell them a - part. — We will stand, hand in hand, While I

tell her what I've planned By the hon - ey - suck - le vine,
 tell her what I've planned By the hon - ey - suck - le vine,

Then she will name that day di - vine, ——— When she'll be
 Then she will name that day di - vine, ——— When she'll be

mine, And I know that I owe her an o-cean of bliss,
mine, And I know that I owe her an o-cean of bliss,

She's gon-na see how her sweet-ie can kiss, When I'm
Wait and see the "Eng-lish" I put on a kiss— When I'm

met by the pet, That I nev-er could for-get,
met by the pet, That I nev-er could for-get,

By the hon-ey-suck-le vine. When I'm vine.—
By the hon-ey-suck-le vine. When I'm vine.—