



WILL ROSSITER "GOOD-LUCK" SONGS Bring You "Good-luck"

JUST FOR TO-NIGHT.

Words and Music by GEO. L. COBB.
Composer of "Bring Me Back My Lovin' Honey Boy," etc.

Moderato.

1. Oh, hon - ey, I'm so sad and blue, I cry and sigh the long night through;
2. I won - der if you'll ev - er know, Just how I've cried and miss'd you so,

I can't eat, I can't sleep, Since you have been a - way, And there's so much to say,
Want you here, Want you near, Say you'll come back to me, Oh, hon - ey! can't you see?

I won - der if I'm right or wrong, I've tho't a - bout you all day long,
I want your love, and noth - ing more, Just love me as you did be - fore,

Kissed your pic - ture and it made me long for you, Hon - ey, just for to - night.
Let me hear you say you'll nev - er leave me, dear, Hon - ey, just for to - night.

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

Just for to - night, I want you on - ly,... Just for to - night, I long for

you,.... Why did you leave me,.... Why did you grieve me,.... Can't you be-

have me?... My heart is true..... I - can't for - get,.... The things you


told me,.... I miss your smile and kisses too, So hon - ey, hear my plea, Oh, lis - ten

to my plea, I want the love you took a - way, brought back to me, Just for to-

night,.... Just for to - night,.... Just for to - night,.....

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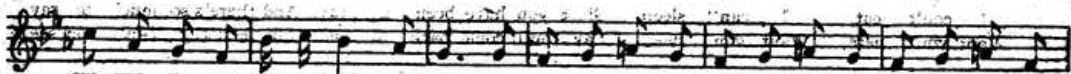
Down at the Barbecue.

Words and Music by
ROGER LEWIS and HENRI HERDMAN.
Written of "I Think I'll Go Out on a Limb," etc.

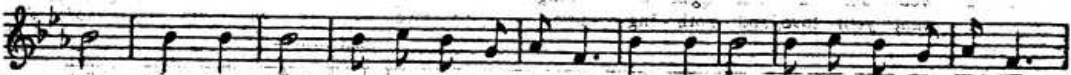
Not too fast.



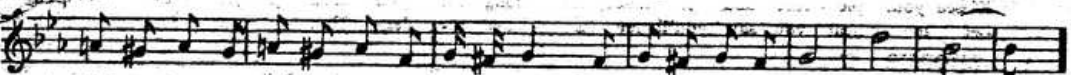
Toot, toot, toot, hear that whistle screeching, Toot, toot, toot, hear the Preacher preaching, Talking to the
Hon', Hon', Hon', see the crowd that's go-in' Hon', Hon', Hon', see the "class" they're ahowing, Ev'rybody's



con-gre-ga-tion, tell-ing them to-day, There's goin' to be a Bar-be-cue a few miles down the
hap-py, why there's not a one who's sad, And dressed in lots of col-ors that the rain-how mav-er



bay; Hon', Hon', Hon', dress up, make a show-ing, Run, run, run, boat will soon be go-in',
had, Come, come, come, hear that band a-play-in', Look, look, look, ev'-ry-bod-y's away-in',



Bring a-long my old ban-jo and Hon-ey dear, we're goin' to go and oh! oh! oh!
This town is no place for you, so, we'll go to the Bar-be-cue, and oo, oo, oo,

CHORUS.



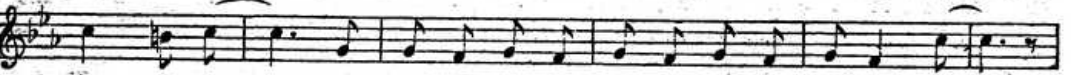
Down at the Bar-be-cue, down' at the Bar-be-cue, Ev'-ry-bod-y's



go-in', Hon-ey, so are you, Oh, you crowd in Dix-ie, we'll be with you al-right,



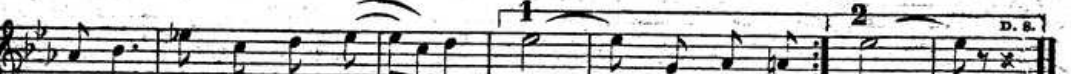
Have e-nough to eat, we've got a big ap-pe-tite, Oh! oh! you 'Pos-sum stew, what we won't



do to you; There won't be an-y left at all, when we get thro',



All the old songs we'll be sing-ing, Hear us har-mon-is-ing while the moon is



ris-ing: Down at the Bar-be-cue. . . Down at the cue. . .

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