



ARTIST COPY

HONEY ROSE

Words by
Wm TRACEY and HARRY TOBIASMusic by
MACEO PINKARD

Andante

VOICE (Descriptively)

L.H.

rit.

f. M. a tempo

Sleep - y lit - tle Ba - by in his
Sleep - y lit - tle Ba - by just asbed of snow - y white,
tired as can be,Mam - my teach - ing him his ev' - ning pray's,
Wait - in' for his night - ly lull - a - by,Bows his lit - tle head, When his pray'r is said, Rolls his big blue eyes, Mam - my soft - ly sighs;
Mam - my hums a - while, To her ang - el chile, Gives him one big kiss, Then she whis - pers this:

REFRAIN

a tempo

Go to sleep, lit - tle sweet Hon - ey Rose, Way down

deep In her heart Mam - my knows, That the Ang - els will

watch while you're sleep - - ing, Hide your head 'cause the Sand - man is

peep - - ing, There's no rose, A - ny sweeter that grows, From your

head to the tips of your toes, Shut your eyes and don't you cry, You're a

prize that gold can't buy 'Cause you're Mam - my's lit - tle Hon - ey Rose. Go to sfz