

# I Lubs You, My Honey - song lyrics

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I LUBS YOU, MY HONEY.

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Words by Hal Homiston. Music by William Loraine.

Sal was mah honey when we was little nigs;  
We used to chase all de chickens an' de pigs;  
When we got bigger, I says, "Sally, I lube you."  
Now we's married an' got a babby, too;  
We nebber 'tought ob de happiness in store;  
I had mah Sal an' I didn't cur' fo' mo',  
But in de eb'nin when dat sma' boy I dun see,  
I know 'xactly, he's our babby.

Chorus.

I lubs you, honey, I do, I do;

Nebber fought I could lab no one but you;

Wid joy I'se nearly wild, 'kase I'se got to lub dat child,

He's our babby pickaninny.

Jes' how it happened, I am blind, deaf and dumb;  
Blest if I know whar dat little coon come from;  
I'd be'n a-workin' 'way down in de cotton fiel',  
Came to dinner an' heard dat babby squeel;  
Old Aunt Malinda, she said it was a boy,  
And dat it was a big choc'late drop o' joy;  
She brought de chile out so dat I could plainly see  
It looked like me, 'twas our babby.- Chorus.

I lubs mail honey from her head to her toes,  
Jes' all I tink ob her why nobody knows,  
She'e be'n mah better half las' June 'twas jes' a year;  
Now dis babby's dun come to interfere,  
But he's among us an' crept into mah heart;  
Don't know what I'd do if we should have to part;  
If our good Lord dun takes him, dis nig he'll die, too,  
Climb to heaben wid our babby.-Chorus.