

My lit - - tle pret - - ty one, My pret - - ty ho - - ney one,

She is a joy - - ly one, And gen - - tle as . . . can be.
joy - - ous

rall.

With a beck she comes a - non, With a wink she will be gone.

a tempo

No doubt she is a - lone of all that e - - ver I see.

rall.