

Ev'ry Little Bit Helps.

Words by
GEORGE WHITING.

Music by
FRED. FISCHER.

Moderato.

till ready.

1. A dus - ky coon, — who
2. Said she "I've heard — your

came to spoon, his la - dy love — from morn till noon, It
tales of woe, I think it time — for you to go, — Just

seemed some-how — they nev - er could a - gree; — No
put that lov - in' gag up on — the shelf," — Then

mat - ter what he tried to do, — She'd say I've had e -
 he re - plied, what shall I do, — So I can make, a

nough of you, — Don't try to hand that lov - ey talk to
 hit with you, — You know I love you on - ly for your -

me. He said "Hon' don't be
 self. But as she said "good

cross, I'll let you be the boss."
 bye," once more she heard him cry.

CHORUS.

Give me just one lov - ing smile, Ev'ry lit-tle bit helps,

p-f

Let me hold your hand a while, Ev'ry lit-tle bit helps,

Now and then a gen - tle squeeze, So my ach-ing heart won't freeze,

Love me just a tin - y bit please, Ev'ry lit-tle bit helps. helps.

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