

Won't You Come Over To My House

Words by
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Music by EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE
Arr. by Don Webster

VERSE

Valse Moderato



The time was in June, The bees humm'd a tune, The per-fume of rose fill'd the

air, When just o'er the way, Sat a ba-by one day, All a-

lone and no one seem'd to care; But one pass-er - by, Turn'd and

look'd with a sigh, At the tears and the eyes swol-len red; Then

close to her breast, The young dar-ling she press'd, And ten-der-ly to her she said.

REFRAIN

Won't you come o-ver to my house, Won't you come o-ver and play? ___

I've lots of play-things, a dol-ly or two, We live in the house 'cross the

(house'cross the way)

way, ___ I'll give you can-dy and sweet things, I'll put your

(house'cross the way)

hair in a curl, ___ Won't you come o-ver to my ___ house, And

Tag

play that you're my lit-tle girl, (my girl) Play that you're my lit-tle girl? ___