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**ON THE LEVEL YOU'RE A LITTLE DEVIL**

( BUT I'LL SOON MAKE AN ANGEL OF YOU )

WORDS BY **JOE YOUNG** MUSIC BY **JEAN SCHWARTZ**



AS SUNG IN  
*The* WINTER  
& GARDEN  
**PASSING  
SHOW  
OF 1918**

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# On The Level You're A Little Devil (But I'll Soon Make An Angel Of You)

Words by  
JOE YOUNG

Music by  
JEAN SCHWARTZ

Moderato

VOICE

*Till ready*

(He) This most a - larm-ing, charm-ing life you're lead ing,  
(She) Now that you're thro' I'll tell you why I'm lead ing,

Is much too gay; — Some-day you'll find out that you're  
This life of doubt; — I simp - ly had to do a

o - ver-speed-ing, Just keep a - way; — You nev - er close your  
lit - tle speed-ing, To find you out; — I gazed in - to your

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eyes, \_\_\_\_\_ Un - til the moon bids the sun good - bye.  
 past, \_\_\_\_\_ You must ad - mit you were trav - ling fast.

*rall.*

CHORUS (*Tenderly*)  
*a tempo*

On the lev - el, you're a lit - tle dev - il, But I'll  
 On the lev - el, you're a great big dev - il, How can

*pf a tempo*

soon make an an - gel of you, \_\_\_\_\_ Though it's try - ing, there is  
 you make an an - gel of me? \_\_\_\_\_ Your am - bit - ion, fits your

no de - ny - ing, it will seem like Heav - en to you; \_\_\_\_\_  
 dis - po - sit - ion, you're Me - phis - to right to a T; \_\_\_\_\_

In a grey shack, in a coun-try 'way back, where the red, red ros - es  
You love plac - es, where there's pret - ty fac - es, and the lights are shin - ing

grow; ————— We ——— will live on love and laugh - ter,  
bright; ————— Ev - - 'ry night it's Jack's or Rec - - tor's,

There'll be no head-aches on the morn-ing af - ter. No more glass-es click-ing,  
With all the oth - er lit - tle wife neg - lect - ors. I'm just grow-ing wear-y,

Just an old - clock tick - ing, While fleeting hours — go by, ———  
Wait - ing for - you, dear - ie, Ev - er - y eve - 'ning a - lone, ———

No more mix - ing punch-es, good-bye mid - night lunch-es, You'll be mod - est and  
 If you must have punch-es, and your mid - night lunch-es, Why not have them at

shy; — In - stead of dia - mond rings, I'll buy you gold - en wings, That's  
 home? — Please buy that bung - a - low, Where red, red ros - es grow, That's

just what I will do - oo, On the lev - el you're a  
 all you'll have to do - oo, On the lev - el, you're a

lit - tle dev - il, But I'll soon make an an - gel of you. — you. —  
 great big dev - il, But I'll soon make an an - gel of you. — you. —

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# I CANNOT BEAR TO SAY GOODBYE

WORDS & MUSIC  
by  
**ANITA OWEN**

Refrain. Slowly.

I can-not bear to say good-bye, I can-not bear to see you  
cry, For I am go-ing "o-ver there" be-cause I want to do my  
share, I'll keep your im-age in my heart, And pray we'll meet to nev-er

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