

"EVA."



Words by T. W. BURGESS.

Music by J. B. MULLEN.
Composer of "Loo Loo Oo Loo Loo"

Moderato.

f

For a lit - tle south - ern cab - in hid a - way a - mong the pines, Mah heart am
As I soft - ly comes a steal - ing to that lit - tle cab - in door, I hear her

P

burn - ing, — For ev - er yearn - ing; Where the rose 'mid hon - ey suck - le and the
sing - ing, — Her laughter ring - ing; And mar foot - step brings an ech - o trip - ping

jas - sa - mine entwines, For theres mah E - va; — Mah dusk - y maid. — Ev - 'ry
swift a - cross the floor, To give a greet - ing — For me a - lone. — That this

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eve-ning when the mock-ing bird am brood-ing on her nest, And stars a
 gent have got the heart com-plaint, I'se ve - ry much a-fraid, Be-yond all

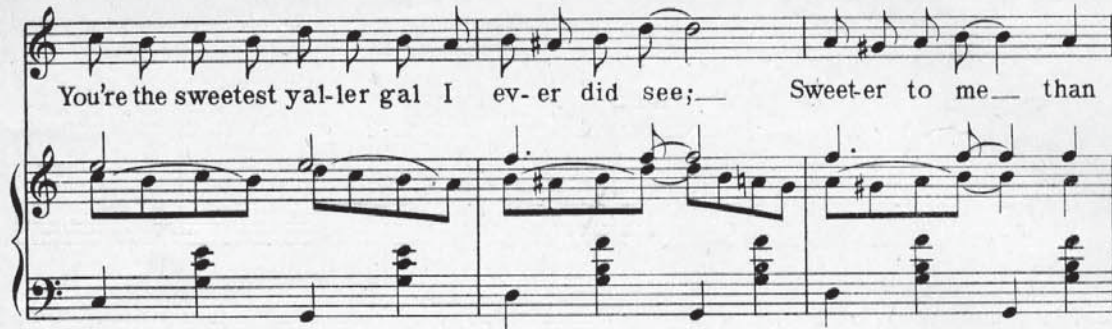
gleam-ing, — The world a dreaming, To that cab - in with mah ban-jo and ar-
 cur - ing, — I am en-dur - ing. Though a wak-ing or a sleep-ing I'se a

rayed in all mah best, I goes to give her — this ser - e - nade. —
 dream-ing of that maid, For she has prom-ised — to be mah own. —

CHORUS.

E - - - - - va! — E - - - - - va! —

p-f



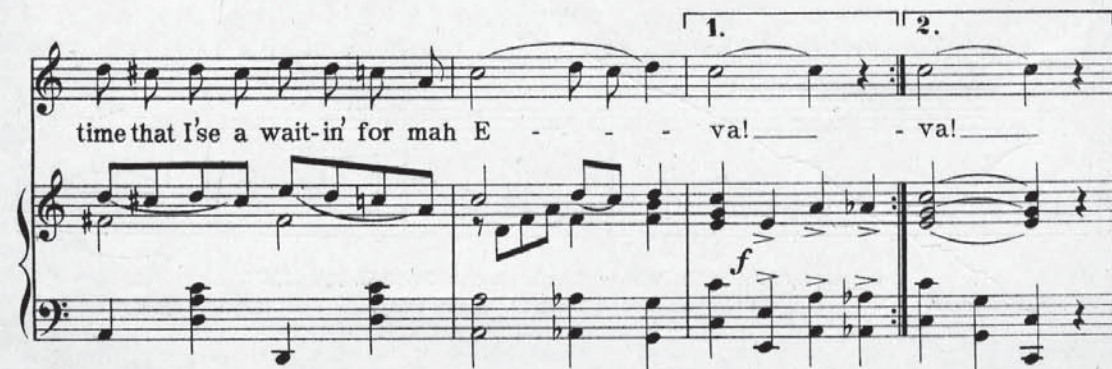
You're the sweetest ya-l-er gal I ev-er did see;— Sweet-er to me— than



hon-ey from the bee. E - - - - va!—



E - - - - va!— Mah heart am pal-pi-ta-tin', All the



time that I'se a wait-in' for mah E - - - - va! — - va! —

1. 2.