

SM 4086

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# You Are Just A Little Pansy

(But You're Sweeter Than A Rose)

Words by  
HENRY FINK

Music by  
ABNER SILVER

*Moderato* *Till Ready*

Piano

Some-where down in Geor-gia,      Some-where far a - way — I see a - lone - ly  
Still the same old cab - in,      Ma - ny years have passed — Now mam-my's pick - i -

cab - in      And a mam-my old and gray —      To her lit - tle pick - i - nin - y      Who has  
nin - y      Is a grown up man at last —      And when shad-ows come a creep-ing      He re -

start-ed in to cry —      She says hush a bye my ba - by      Then she sings this lul - la - by —  
flects the days gone bye —      How she used to stop his weep-ing      When she sang this lul - la - by —

**Chorus**

You are just a lit-tle pan-sy      But you're sweet-er than a rose —      You are mam-my's lit-tle

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flower And the fair-est one that grows 'Cause you are black chile don't you mind As long as you are

good and kind— The one a-bove will al-ways love you, love you, He'll be think-ing of you for you're

mam-my's lit-tle an-gel Stop your pin-ing don't you cry.— 'Cause you're mam-my's lass-es

can-dy Just as good as pump-kin pie— Heart as white as snow-flakes Your old mam-my

knows— You are just a lit-tle pan-sy But you're sweet-er than a rose.— You are rose.—