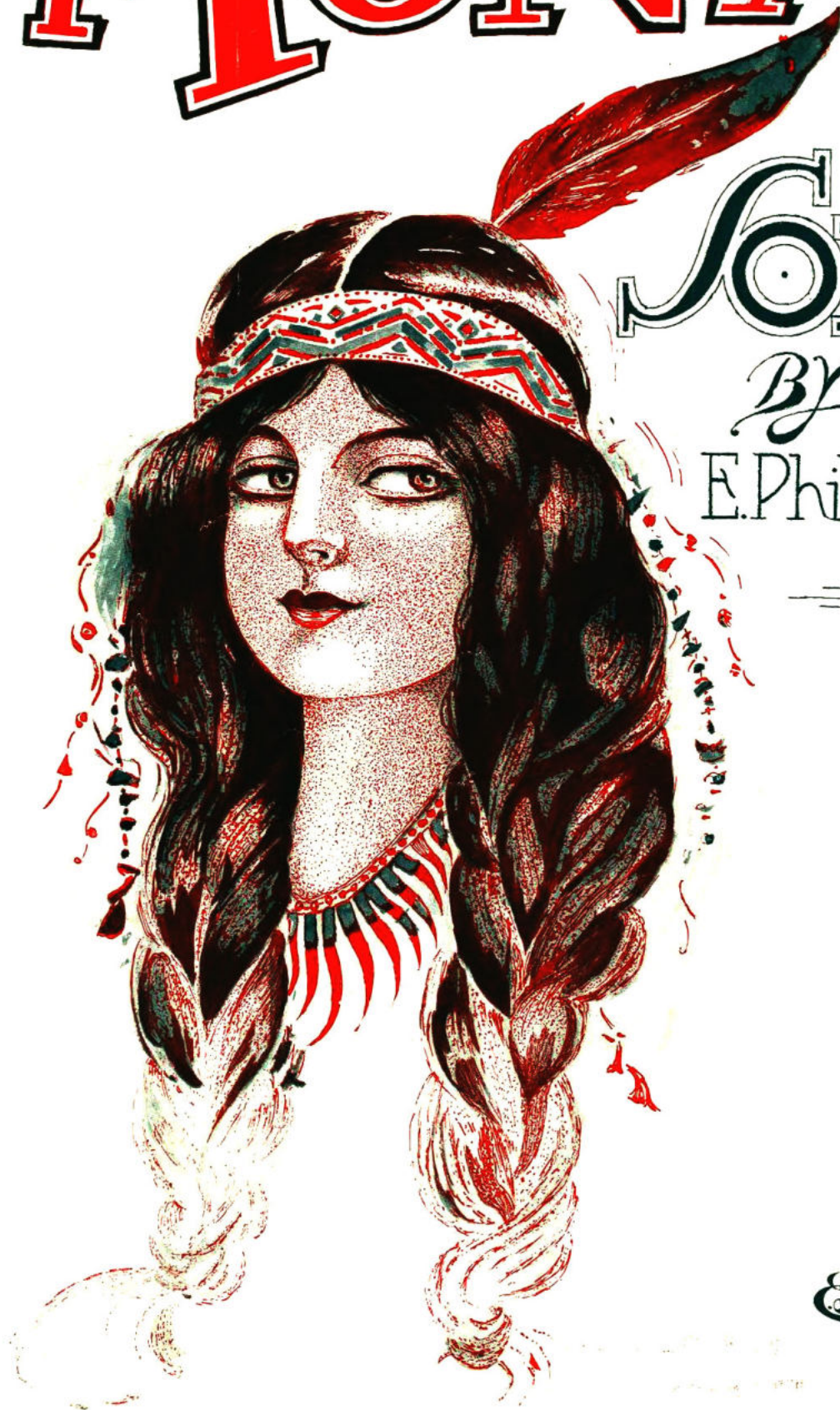


MONA

Song
By

E. Philip Severin

= 5 =
||



PUBLISHED BY
E. P. Severin
MUSIC COMPANY
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MONA

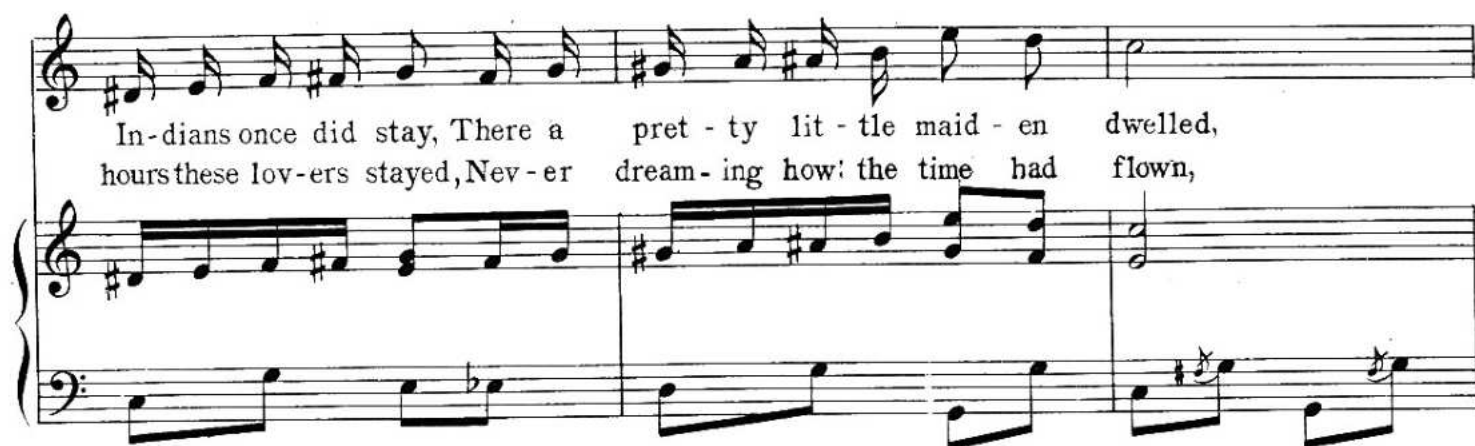
3

Words and Music by
E. PHILIP SEVERIN.

Moderato.



VAMP



(Indian
Yell.)

But she nev - er knew,
Night was grow-ing still,

Big chief loved her true.
Down a - mong the hills.

(Indian
Yell.)

Till one brightshi - ny day, In the sun - ny month of May, As she
Still they sat there and spooned, Un-der - neath the silver - y moon, Where she

gay - ly wan-dered down the dell,
list-ened to his love tales true,

There they chanced to meet,
When in his em - brace, She

'Mid the wild flowers sweet,
looked in - to his face,

Then his se - cret he did tell.
Whis-pered that she loved him too.

CHORUS.

My sweet-est Mo - na you are dear to me, — My thoughts are

all of thee, — Come say my bride you'll be. — Your love is

like the sun's bright spark-ling rays, — It lights my way,

Bright as day, Mo - na mine. My sweet - est mine. —

1. 2.