

Will It All End In Smoke?

Tiborious.

Words by
Harry B. Smith.

Music by
Jerome D. Kern.

Andante moderato.

VOICE. 

Piano. *Legato.*

To



be near her I'm here each day, — And all my
Say "Good-day!" In gaun-ty way, — I'll smile, I'll



cash I pay, — For cig-ar - ettes, al-though they make my poor head
joke, Be gay, — I'll take her hand and look quite bold - ly in her

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ache, _____ But that's a sac - ri - fice I make on - ly for her
 eyes, _____ And say "I love you with a love that the world de-

molto rall.

sake, _____ I hate to smoke, But still I try, _____
 fies," _____ Oh no, I won't, When she's in sight, _____

a tempo.

And wor - ship at her shrine, _____ Kind for - tune
 I grow quite cold with fright, _____ My nerves and

say will she de - cline or yet be mine? _____ Oh
 cour - age al - ways seem to leave me quite. _____ To

Harp. *L.H.*

tell me tell me tell me pray.
tell her tell her tell her all.

Refrain.
Tempo di Valse Lento.

Dame Nic - o - tine, Pray in - ter-vene, For an un - for - tu - nate

lov - - er, What do those smoke rings mean?

Light-ly a - bove me they hov - - er, Are they a sign

shes to be mine? Or is my love but a joke?

Will it all end in smoke? Will it all end in

smoke? She'll be here soon, Now what shall I

say to her? *(Very Bold)* I'll smoke.

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