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"SILVER HEELS."

Melody taken from the popular Indian Intermezzo.

Poem by JAMES O'DEA. Music by NEIL MORET.

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sweet-est and the neat-est lit-tle girl he ev-er saw. She was hub-by and a chub-by lit-tle pa-poose on your knee.” But the al-ways coy to this In-dian boy, To his heart she did-n’t do a maid-en shy on-ly dropped her eye, As a ten-der lit-tle sigh she thing sighed When the moon beams on the riv-er set the saw the copper col-ored lov-er ’neath the sha-dows all a-quiver, then he’d sing: sil-vry stars a-bove her, once more cried:

Silver Heels. 4
CHORUS.
slowly.

I love you and you love me, Pretty little Silver Heels

I'll build you a big tee-pee, If you will come and cook my meals

Young Chief's blue and all for you, Plenty heap he love sick feels

Don't be missing, heap much kissing, Silver Heels.
I love you and you love me, Pretty little Silver Heels

I'll build you a big tee-pee, If you will come and cook my meals

Young Chief's blue and all for you, Plenty heap he love sick feels

Don't be missing, heap much kissing, Silver Heels.