Whose Little Girl Are You.

Lyric by Hough & Adams.

Tempo di Valse.

Music by Jos. E. Howard.

Life is all boys.

Joy to a popular girl, It's boys, boys,

Girl it's a dandy old lark, To spoon, spoon,

She has a heart but it's lost in a spoon,

All the young men look alike in the whirl of joys,

Dark, It's moon, moon, moon,

She likes one to But isn't there

Copyright MCMVIII by Chas. K. Harris.
Rights for Mechanical Instruments reserved.
International Copyright Secured.
dance with and one to play golf, She tries to be friends with a
some-one who caus-es your heart, To flut-ter and beat a tat-

dance with and one to play golf, She tries to be friends with a
some-one who caus-es your heart, To flut-ter and beat a tat-

score; But there must be one who's not just like the
too. When he brush-es your cheek with his lips as he

score; But there must be one who's not just like the
too. When he brush-es your cheek with his lips as he

rest, One she'd like to be, with ev-er-more.
says, That he loves you and wants on-ly you.

rest, One she'd like to be, with ev-er-more.
says, That he loves you and wants on-ly you.

Chorus.

Who says "Dear-ie" to you? Who calls you all his

Who says "Dear-ie" to you? Who calls you all his

Whose Little Girl Are You, 3
Whose Little Girl Are You.

I own! Who feels lonely and blue,

Talking of you to the moon, All alone? Tell me whose eyes,

Looking in yours, Make all your dreams come true? Who has the right, To

Kiss you good-night? Whose little girl-ie are you? You.