"Why do they call me a Gibson Girl?"

Words by
LESLEI STILES.

Music by
LESLEI STUART.

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Francis, Day & Hunter, LONDON, 142 Charing Cross Road, W.C.
NEW YORK, 15 West 30th Street.
Just walked one day along Broadway, When
I was in New York, A friend of mine said,
My, you're fine! You have got the Gibson
walk! smile.

Just walked round town, look up and down, The
girls affect a style. As they pass by, with
Or a bored and languid
You have the pose and Gibson nose. And

P.D. & H. 2015
quite the Gibson leer. You've surely heard of the

Hicks or Beerbohm Tree: They do their best— for they've

man called Gibson. He meant the fellow called Dana Gibson.

seen the pictures. They've missed the point of the Dana pictures.

Solo

What he meant was not quite clear Until I landed

They're intended, don't you see, For all a perfect

over here. To be.
But, why do they call me a Gibson Girl? Gibson Girl! Gibson Girl.

What is the matter with Mister Ibsen? Mister Ibsen! Why Dana Gibson?

Wear a blank expression and a monumental curl. And

walk with a bend in your back, then they call you a Gibson Girl. But,
why do they call me a Gibson Girl? Gibson Girl! Gibson Girl.

What is the matter with Mister Ibsen? Mister Ibsen! Why Dana Gibson?

Wear a blank expression and a monumental curl, And

walk with a bend in your back; then they call you a Gibson Girl. Gibson Girl.

Fine.

D.S.