Aren't You The Girl I Met At Sherry's?

Words by FELIX F. FEIST.

Music by JOEL P. CORIN.

Moderate.

I have travelled many miles, I've re-
I am not a keen observer, and per-
cived some pleasant smiles, With the gentle sex I've always been a
haps I don't deserve her, But I don't propose to let that in-

I've been lucky you might say, But the
I'm determined I shall win her, She was

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girl to get a way, Like the North-ern Pole is undis-covered
such a lit-tle sin-ner, That I'll nev-er rest un-till I have her

yet._ The oth-er night while din-ing I could pic-ture Tri-ni-ty, My
here._ That she's a-round is cer-tain, and she'll nev-er get a way, I

eyes were met by what I thought, was my af-fin-i-ty; She
don't care what the cost may be, the bills I'll glad-ly pay; The

smiled at me so roguish-ly, my brain be-gan to whirl, I'm
search may be a length-y one, but that cuts lit-tle ice, She

Aren't you &cA
on her track, I want her back, say, "aren't you the girl?"
must be mine, that maid divine, at any sacrifice.

Chorus

Aren't you the girl I met at Sherry's? Aren't you the maid that smiled at me?
Were you indulging in blackberries? Were you a sipping at some tea? I'm

Aren't you & c. 4
Almost sure you are the very lady,
Though perhaps there may be room for doubt.

 Aren't you the girl I met at Sherry's?

 Just before the lights went out.