The Little Girl In Blue.
Duet—Muriel & Joy.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND RUBBELL.

Moderato.

Con grazia

Muriel. In the very first row of a Broadway show

Joy. First came the willowy blue-eyed blonde

There sat a stage door chap-

Or-

Original sex-

And

gazed wide-eyed and he tried to decide

then a prize of a pony size

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Which girl would make him happy?  
When she passed on, he let her go.

Last he wrote out a little note: "To the girl in blue" it read.
Those bright lights who had worn pink tights, now wore a gown of red.

Then he started for the old stage door. And as each came out, he said.
But no one would do, but the one in blue. And he only shook his head.

The Little Girl in Blue.
REFRAIN.

You're not the little girl I wrote to, You're
not the little girl I know. You're
not the one I sent the note to, To
meet me after the show;

The Little Girl In Blue.
fore I am off with the old love, I
can not be on with the new.

know you are very, very pretty But you're

not the little girl in blue. You're blue.

The Little Girl in Blue.