The Girl With The Clocks.

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& T. H. READ.

Allegretto.

There's a smart little girl who has
With her aunt you take her

late-ly come to town, And she wears clocks up-on her
shopping for the day, For she loves clocks up-on her

hose; She has eyes of blue and hair a ruddy brown And
hose; Perhaps you think there won't be much to pay, But you're

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oh, such a pretty nose. In dress and hats she's a wrong, trust to one who knows. She'll trot you off to a

very natty taste. She's a pretty little ankle and a haberdasher's shop. In the hosiery department for an
taper little waist; And that little ankle's hour you have to stop. And when the bill comes in your

sin-gul-ar-ly graced By the clocks upon her hose. watch you have to pop For the clocks upon her hose. So keep your

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eye on the girl with the clocking on her stocking, She's a dear! If you see her with the fril-ling on her frock-ing, in the street, when you meet her, Bow and greet her, She won't run a-way, But if you ask her to dine she'll de-cline she-er met you; says she can't with-out Aunt. Take her Aunt and she'll let you, For the girl is on-ly mocking, She's got clocking on her stocking, So she does know the time of day.