The Little Girl Up There.

Words by
O. A. HAUERBACH.

Music by
KARL HOSCHNA.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano.

Laughing and jolly and happy,
'Tis not the man who laughs loudest,

Who's got the most

out in the park.
joy in his heart.

It isn't the girl who walks

chop-ple,

Tried to strike up a match in the dark.

A-
proudest,

Who has conquered most men by her art.

There's

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 Among them all, one fellow only, Sat alone with no man—y a girl who is beam—ing, On some man like a

girl by his side. Some one said to him "Lad are you dear little elf. While he en—ves the man who sits

lonely?" But he on—ly laughed and re—plied. And sing—ing a lone to him—self. Some like a

REFRAIN.
Slowly with expression.

bright girl, Say she's the right girl. Some like a girl who's just de—
mure. Some like a sad girl. A nev-er glad girl. Some like a
girl who's slow, but sure. Some like a sly girl. A ro-guish
eye girl. Some like a girl with haught-y air. But mine's a
dear girl. A real good cheer girl. And she's my lit-tle girl up there.
Some like a bright girl,
Some like a bright girl,

Ah
Ah

right girl. Some like a girl who’s just de -
Say she’s the right girl. A girl who’s just de -
bright girl, Or one just de -
Some like a girl just demure.
Ah

Some like a sad girl, A never

Some like a sad girl,
never

Some like a girl who's slow, but

A never glad girl. Some a girl who's slow, but

Some like a girl who's slow, but

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Ah

Ah

But mine's a dear girl, a real good air.

But mine's a dear, yes mine's a dear girl.

But mine's a dear girl, real good

Ah

Ah

Cheer girl, and she's my little girl up there.

A real good cheer girl, my little girl up there.

Cheer girl, my little girl up there.

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