My Little Lamb.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Allegretto Pastorale.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

When Mary was a little tot, She lived up on a farm,
When Mary left the farm at last, She to the city strayed,
Where they never need a chaperone To keep a girl from harm,
And there she met another lamb Upon the board of trade.

Among the pets which Mary had there was a little, today no coat of modest wool adorns sweet Mary's
She often said, "We're just like, how innocent I back."

She owns an automobile now and wears a seal-skin ame."

But bye and bye when wintry clouds Fore-

Of course she never fleeces him For-

She said: "I need a storm,"

That would be a shame,"

So straight-way to that pretty things And she gets them just the same."

And now when ever she
lamb she went and said: "Without a doubt, This
meets that lamb she wears a baby pout, And

won't hurt you the slightest bit, So you'll have to help me out!

says, "It won't hurt you a bit, You'll have to help me out."

Allegretto.

Bah Bah my little lamb, Don't you be so shy. Come dear

we'll have a talk can you guess the reason why? You'll never un-der-
stand, my dear, How deeply grieved I am, But if you'd rather
not be fleeced, You should not be my lamb, my lamb, dear little lamb. So-

if you'd rather not be fleeced, You should not be my lamb! B.S. lamb!

DANCE.