When You've Won The Only Girl You Love.

Words by
WILLIAM CLARK.

Music by
HARRY ARMSTRONG.

Tempo di Valse

Slow

Sweet summer-time, hour just at
You're seventeen, fair as a

nine, Out in a garden fair,
queen, In twenty-one in June.

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"Tous droits d'Édition et
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tous pays!"
"What lovely eyes, Cheeks like the roses rare,
One little kiss, We're old enough to spoon.

Listen my dear, let's be sincere,
You mustn't scold if I get bold,
You know I

am your slave,
Then with a smile,
Answer me now,

sweet loving smile He kissed her lips and said:
Pledge me your vow And then I will behave.
CHORUS. Slowly with feeling.

"When you've won the only girl you love in this wide, wide world, You have gained your heart's desire, Then what more do you require? And your heart is always whirling in a whirly whirl, When you've won the only girl you love in this wide, wide world? When you've won the..."