My Little Friend.

Lyric by
Robert B. Smith.

Music by
Oscar Straus.

When Eve was made from
Now, love's an ill all

Piano.

Ad - am's rib, A lit - tle piece re - mained
But mar - riage is the cure.

And

what they ev - er did with it, Has nev - er been ex -
mar - ry where we think we love, We love where we are

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plained. The pair was lonesome and so blue. With
sure. How ever much a man commend, The

out another one. They asked the serpent
mer its of a wife, He always finds a

what to do And this is what was
lit tle friend, The dearest thing in

Poco piu moderato.

done: The little cast off section was fashioned to per-
life. A bundle of affection, That warrants our pro-

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No time was spared in taking Great study in the section. A priceless little treasure That fills the heart with

making. With labor undiminished, A masterpiece was pleasure. The joys of life we cherish, All one by one may

finished. And when the work was at an end, I was simply called a Little perish, Provid ed Fate will only send, To each of us a Little

Friend. The one charm that lives the longest, The
one love that endures,

The vows that are the

strongest, My Little Friend, are yours.

Your

heart always beats for two, dear, Your love will never end,

So here's a song to you, dear, To you, My Little

My Little Friend.
Friend,

So here's a song to you, dear,

To you My

cresc.

Lit - tle

Friend.

Broad.

f express.

rit.

lit - tle

Friend.

Broad.

dim.

p

p

express.

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