Song Of The Little Mouse

English Lyric by EDWARD A. PAULTON

Music by JEAN BRIQUET and ADOLF PHILIPP

Moderato

PIANO

VOICE

Once a little mouse dwelt In a home beneath a floor,
Very strange it is how few Draw the inference that's meant,

She was timid and she felt Afraid to leave her own front door.
This applies, dear girls, to you On journeys of discovery bent.

She'd been warned about a cat, Thomas Feline, by the by,
You're the foolish little mice, Purring cats conceit­ed men,

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She had seen him on a mat And he took her eye. 
Tell ing you you're sweet, you're nice, And they mean it, then!

Sleek and gen - tle in his coal black fur, He seemed 
Love they breathe un - dy - ing, truth they vow What's so

harm-less judg ing from his purr. She ad - mir ing thought it safe to 
plain-tive as a soft meaw - ow! Sure-ly with such looks as theirs they

ven - ture near, His style dis - pelled her fear. can't de - ceive! Oh no! And you be lieve.
CHORUS

Oh foolish mous-ie! You've your self to blame!

A

Cat is al-ways at the same old game!

His

moves he won't an-ounce, He sleeps and then he'll pounce, Tho'

cheep-cheep-cheep you run, he'll rare-ly miss his aim!

Song Of The Little Mouse 3