Lady Luxury

Those Awful Tattle-Tales

Eloise

Lyric by

William Cary Duncan

Music by

William Schroeder

Allegro

When I was a wee little,

wee little maid, in a dear little, queer little dimity frock, And

wore my hair in a prim little braid, And my bedtime was seven o'

Allegretto

6308

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Tempo I

clock. On my birth-day, oh my! I just giggled with glee, And

count-ed my can-dles a-gain and a-gain; But now when my birth-day comes

'round, dear-ie me! I'm not near-ly as glad as I used to be. So I

REFRAIN

guess I'll have to give up hav-ing birth-days an- y-more, I'm
awful, awful sorry, 'Cause I'm fond of cake and things, And the

parties are just dandy, And the flowers and the candy, And of

course I like the presents that every body brings! But

just the same I'll give 'em up - I hate to, but I will. - "A
stitch in time, they tell me, is a rule that never falls, So I
guess I'll stop at twenty, twenty, twenty. 'Cause I
Meno mosso  Tempo I  rit. e dim.
think that is a plenty, And those naughtty lit-tle can-dles are such
Allegro
awful tat-tle-tales!