The Baby Vampire.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.

Voice.

A girl there is; she is young and fair,
This blase' cherub goes ev'ry-where,

Piano.

Even as you and I
Her face expresses re-

signed despair, We mustn't mind how she does her hair, Be
sin- ner's pray'r, They're apt to ter-
in-ate
an-y-where, But
cause we know she has ears somewhere,
like our Eva, why "she don't care?" CHO.

Even as you and
Neither do you and

She's society's drooping bud—The experienced
I. She's society's sweet sixteen—With the song that the
I. With the college boys every night. She can dance until

Ingenue A juvenile sphinx; No one
Sirens sing Her face has the guile, Of the
Egyptian Queen An amateur saint, An old
daylight glows At six or a about, When strong

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knows what she thinks, Though you may imagine you
Mo-nna Li's smile, Which may mean most any old
mas-ter would paint, And her eyes say "What do you
men are tired out, She is still as fresh as a

do. This big world seems very strange and
thing. If a story's started a bit ris-
mean? She's a fluf-ty kit-ten, all fur and
rose. If a man should kiss her, she'd make no

new To the won-der-ing gaze in her eyes of
que "Oh not before her" some one will
purr: Men lose their minds when they look at
row. But calmly pow-der her ba-

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blue. She has on-ly de-stroyed a home or two!
say. She just draws I heard it a dif-ferent way.
her. She will prob-a-ly mar-ry pa-pa's chauf-
brow. And say "Ah well that is o-ver now?"

Poor lit-tle Ba-by Vam-pire.  Um
Poor lit-tle Ba-by Vam-pire.  Um
Poor lit-tle Ba-by Vam-pire.  Um
Poor lit-tle Ba-by Vam-pire.  Um

Um Poor lit-tle Ba-by Vam-pire!
Um Poor lit-tle Ba-by Vam-pire!
Um Poor lit-tle Ba-by Vam-pire!
Um Poor lit-tle Ba-by Vam-pire!

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