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THAT'S WHERE THE LITTLE GIRL COMES IN



Words by

CHAS. H. TAYLOR

Music by

ERNEST W. HASTINGS.

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"THAT'S WHERE THE LITTLE GIRL COMES IN."

Written by
CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Composed by
ERNEST W. HASTINGS.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

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Oh! a man is taught to rule From the day he goes to school, And he

thinks he is the Lord of all cre - a - tion, But al -

tho' he may be smart, In af - fairs that touch the heart, He's a

per - son of im - per - fect ed - u - ca - - - tion, Un - to

him all girls are fair, And he dim - ly is a - ware That one

of them he will one day try to win,..... But, be -

fore he's time to look, One has got him on her hook - That is

where the lit - tle girl comes in..... Oh! She

M & C^o 22.

CHORUS.

comes so sim - ply in,..... Neat - ly in,..... Sweet - ly

in,..... For no mat - ter what her size is, She's a

bun - dle of sur - pris - es, That is where the lit - tle girl comes in.....

Repeat Chorus for Dance.

D. C.

THAT'S WHERE THE LITTLE GIRL COMES IN.

1.

Oh! a man is taught to rule
From the day he goes to school,
And he thinks he is the lord of all creation,
But, although he may be smart,
In affairs that touch the heart,
He's a person of imperfect education
Unto him all girls are fair,
And he dimly is aware
That one of them he'll one day try to win,
But, before he's time to look,
One has got him on her hook—
That is where the little girl comes in.

Refrain.— Oh! she comes so simply in;
Neatly in, sweetly in.
For no matter what her size is
She's a bundle of surprises—
That is where the little girl comes in.

2.

Right throughout it is the same,
For she plays the better game,
And quite up-to-date maintains her style of beauty.
If the fashion says her hair
Must be auburn, dark, or fair,
She would rather "dye" than fail to do her duty.
Like the gay Chameleon
New complexions she can don,
And from dainty little shoe to bonnet pin,
She is different every day
In a most confusing way—
That is where the little girl comes in.

Refrain.— Oh! she comes tight-lacing in;
Powdering in—pinching in.
And her ankles are a study
When the street is wet or muddy;
That is where the little girl comes in.

3.

Then as soon as she's a wife
She can rule her hubby's life
So that everything he does is what she chooses.
She's by nature sweet, of course,
But she has a last resource,
When she wants a little thing and he refuses.
Oh! he feels so mean and small
When the eyelids droop and fall,
And his arguments become so very thin:
Then the tears begin to flow—
They are kept on tap you know;
That is where the little girl comes in.

Refrain.— And she scoops him neatly in,
Pouting in—flouting in—
First her naughty temper flies up,
Then she smiles, and dries her eyes up—
That is where the little girl comes in.

4.

What an awful fuss she makes
When dear baby boy awakes,
And wants walking up and down by loving father,
If a tack stands on its head,
On the carpet by the bed,
And she hears an observation, sultry rather.
He's aware that awful word
Should be never never heard,
And to say it before baby, what a sin!
She surveys his shivering form,
As she lies there snug and warm—
That is where the little girl come in.

Refrain.— And she does come flouncing in,
Bouncing in, trouncing in,
Well, his language may be shocking,
But the tacks not in *her* stocking—
That is where the little girl comes in.