

He calls me his own Grace Darling.

3

Written and Composed by

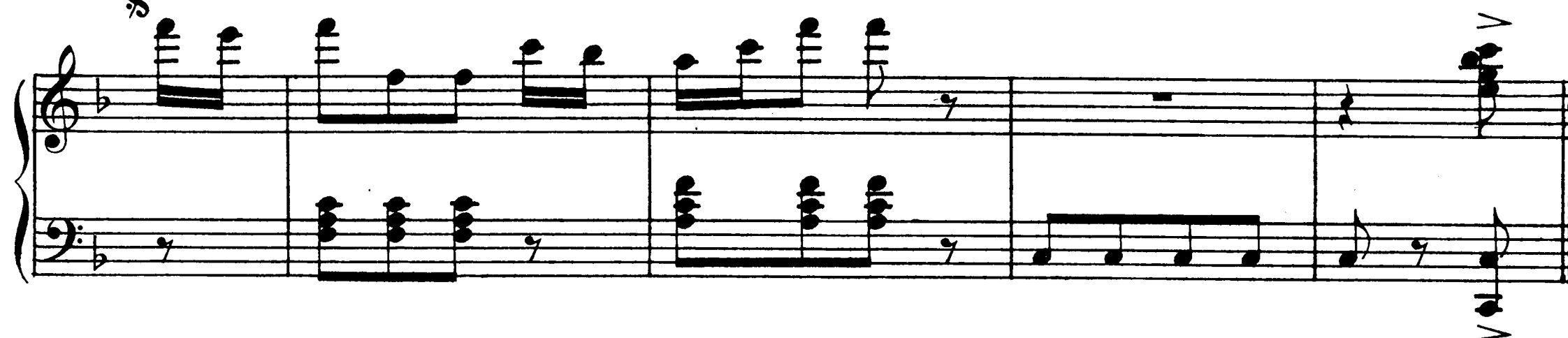
LAWRENCE BARCLAY.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.



Vivo.



1. I feel just as hap - py as a girl can be, Up -
2. Jim's got a face you would - n't like at first, It
3. When in the eve - ning on the beach we spoon, I

on my word, it's true,
grows on you, you see
feel so ver - y shy, Like
He'll

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I'm so ver - y hap - py that I don't know which Or
ol - ives, it's ac - quired, but I'm ver - y glad It
look — me straight in the eye - ball then He'll

what I'm going to do. I'm in love and
did - n't grow on me. He says I'm an
give a great big sigh. We'll be mar - ried in a

just en - gaged To a man who ploughs the
an - gel, yes — An an - gel with - out
month or so, He won't for - get won't

sea, wings; Jim! He's When the fish - es for a liv - ing, but he not ver - y pret - ty, but, up - par - son says "Will you

fished last week on land, and he caught me.
on my word, He does say some nice things!
wed this man?" I'll say "Can a duck swim?"

ff

Chorus. *2nd time*

And he calls me his own Grace Dar - ling, He says that I'm his

p

pet, I fill each *place* with - in his *sole*, that ain't no *cod*, you

bet; When he asked me if I loved him, I

said, What o! not 'alf, Why, I likes you just for your whis-kers, 'Cos they

tick-les me and makes me laugh!" And he laugh!"

1. 2.

Fine

D.C.