

COVER EDITION

GOSH, IT'S FIERCE TO BE A GIRL



Words by

LEO CURLEY

Augusta Gloré

Music by

J.B. MULLEN

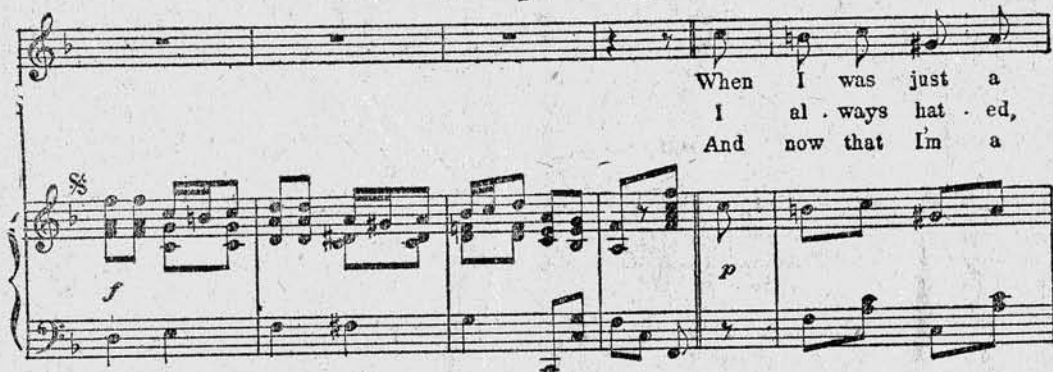
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Gosh! It's Fierce To Be A Girl

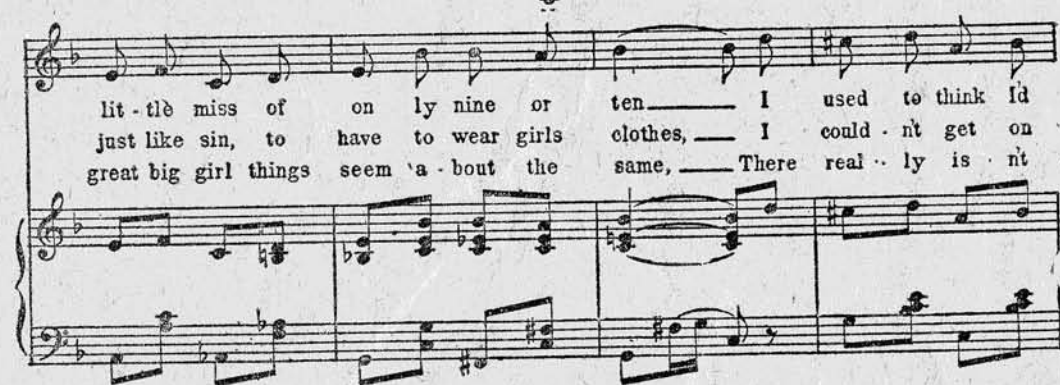
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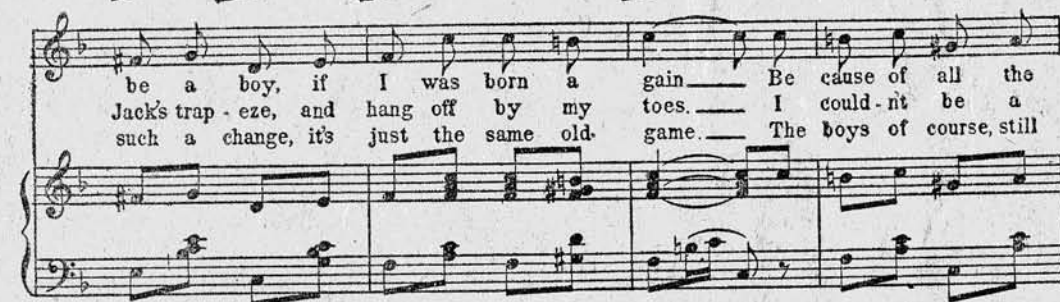
Allegro



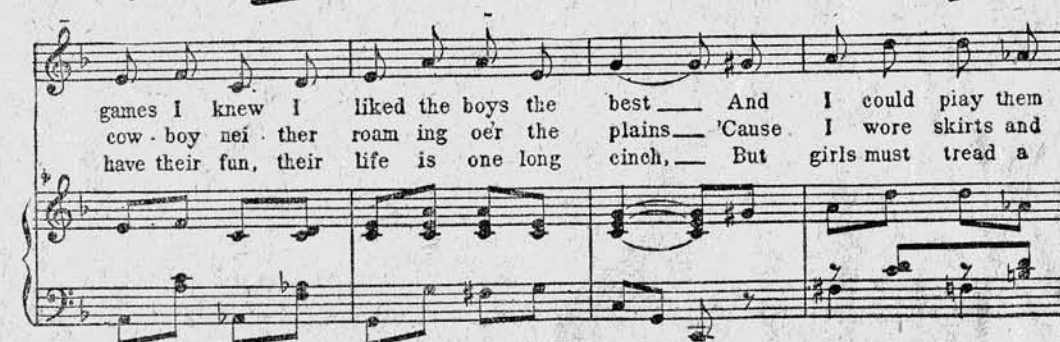
When I was just a
I al . ways hat . ed,
And now that I'm a



lit - tle miss of on ly nine or ten — I used to think I'd
just like sin, to have to wear girls' clothes, — I could - nt get on
great big girl things seem 'a - bout the same, — There real - ly is - nt



be a boy, if I was born a gain — Be cause of all the
Jack's trap - eze, and hang off by my toes. — I could - nt be a
such a change, it's just the same old game. — The boys of course, still



games I knew I liked the boys the best — And I could play them
cow - boy nei - ther roam ing o'er the plains — 'Cause I wore skirts and
have their fun, their life is one long cinch. — But girls must tread a

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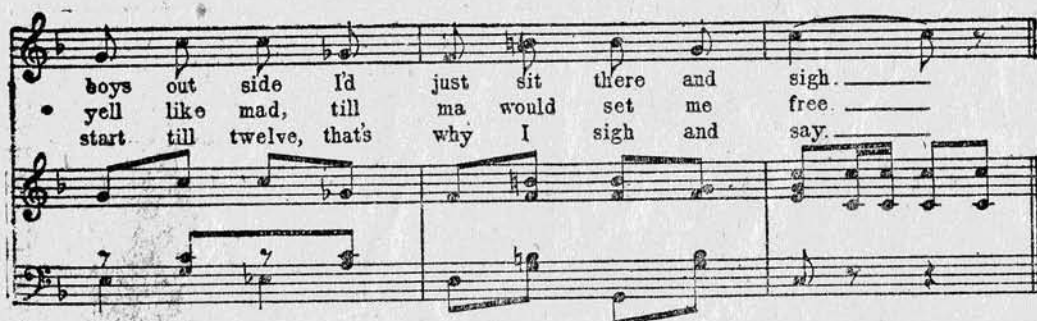
ev - ry one, as well as all the rest. — But ev - ry time
 Jack said, too, that cow - boys all had brains. — When ev - er they were
 nar - row path, and nev - er swerve an inch. — Each lad, it seems, may

did such things I'd hear a stern voice say. — Nice
 In - di - ans, though, they'd al - ways let me play — I
 syn - di - cate a hun - dred girls or more — But

lit - tle girls don't do those things, Come on here right a
 used to be the one they'd scalp, and chase a - round - all
 we, poor things, are luck - y if we on - ly have a

way. — Then sad at heart I'd come in - side and
 day. — Some times they'd build a bon - fire, too, and
 beau. — Some - times at night, I see - them as I

steal up - stairs to cry. — And when I'd hear the
 tie me to a tree, — And then they'd start and
 come home from the play. — Their ev - ning does not

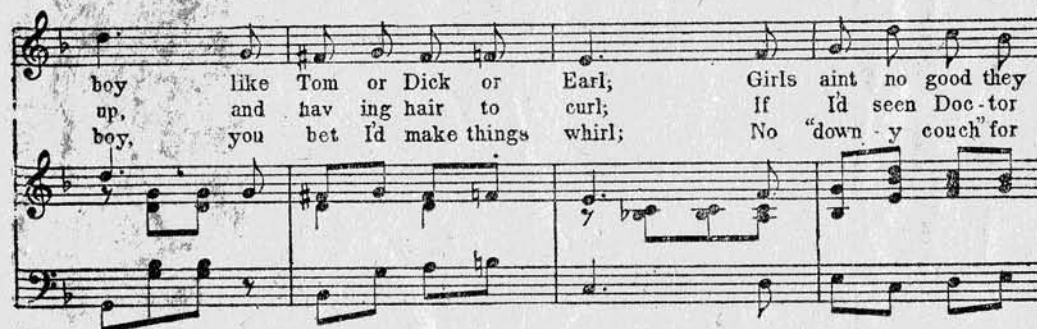


boys out side I'd just sit there and sigh.
 yell like mad, till ma would set me free.
 start till twelve, that's why I sigh and say.

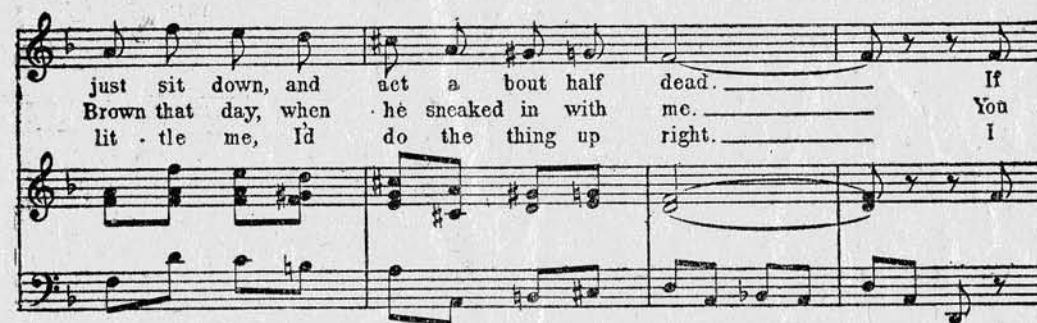
CHORUS



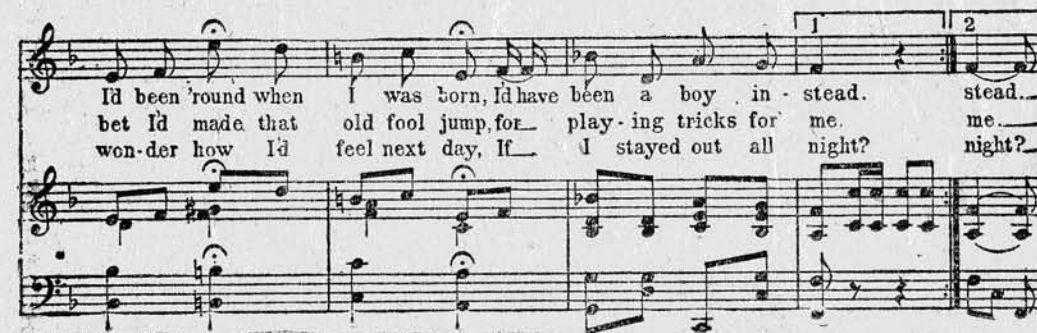
Gosh! it's fierce to be a girl, I wish I was a
 Gosh! it's fierce to be a girl, A be - ing all dressed
 Gosh! it's fierce to be a girl, If I could be a



boy like Tom or Dick or Earl; Girls aint no good they
 up, and hav ing hair to curl; If I'd seen Doc - tor
 boy, you bet I'd make things whirl; No "down - y couch" for



just sit down, and act a bout half dead. If
 Brown that day, when he sneaked in with me. You
 lit - tle me, I'd do the thing up right. I



I'd been 'round when I was born, I'd have been a boy in - stead. stead.
 bet I'd made that old fool jump, for play - ing tricks for me. me.
 won - der how I'd feel next day, If I stayed out all night? night?