The Poor Little Rich Girl

Words by
LEW BROWN

Music by
HERMAN PALEY

Respectfully dedicated to our little friend Viola Dana

Waltz tempo

I'm tired of playing with dollies and
Now I'd like to go out with young Willie

I'd much rather be with some real girls and boys,
Blake, Gee, I'd love to go out and fish in the lake,

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I'd like to use an old pair of shoes, And romp in the streets every day.
Ma said that he can't play with me, But he doesn't care any way.
I don't want teachers to follow me 'round,
He feeds the chickens and he milks the cow,
Nurses to scold me when I make a sound,
I'd like to hide where I can not be found,
I would'n't care what they'd say.
fields with him now, May be they'll let me some day.
CHORUS

Moderato tempo

Poor little rich girl so sad and lonesome, why must I always be?

Mother is busy with latest fashions, She loves society, Oh dearie

Father won't bother to answer questions, Never a word to me,

Why was I just made to cry, And be such a poor rich girl.
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AND THEN

Chorus
Once more I'll cling to that
Chord of hope and joy,
Till, hand in hand, we're
Till we're in that land
Where the rainbow glows
And the white flowers grow

“And Then”

Chorus
I'm taking you to my
Heart, and you'll hear my
Chord of love and bliss,
For I've got the key to
That little place of peace
Where we'll be as free
As birds in the trees

The Parisian Ball

Chorus
Let us be gay and gay,
Let us be free and free,
For this is Paris, this gay
City of light and love,
Where the lights of Paris
Shine so bright and so
Far and wide.

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