GOSH, IT'S FIERCE TO BE A GIRL

Words by
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Music by
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Gosh! It's Fierce To Be A Girl

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Allegro

Music by
J. B. MULLEN

When I was just a
I always hated,
And now that I'm a

lit-tle miss of only nine or ten—I used to think it
just like sin, to have to wear girls' clothes, I couldn't get on

great big girl things seem 'bout the same, There really isn't

be a boy, if I was born again—Because of all the
Jack's trap-eez, and hang off by my toes, I couldn't 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 and ther roamin' 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
Indians, though, they'd al-ways let me play
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
bean. 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-en-ing does it
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 being all dressed
Gosh! it's fierce to be a girl, If I could be a

boy like Tom or Dick or Earl; Girls ain't no good they up,
and having hair to curl; If I'd seen Doc. for
boy, you bet I'd make things whirl; No "down y' couch" for

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

I'd been round when I was born, I'd have been a boy in stead.
bet I'd made that old fool jump, for playing tricks for me.
wonder how I'd feel next day, if I stayed out all night?