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1917

## When The Girls Grow Older, They Grow A Little Bolder : They Never Let A Thing Get By

Jean Schwartz  
*Composer*

Sam M Lewis  
*Lyricist*

Young  
*Lyricist*

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# When the girls grow older they grow a little bolder



AS INTRODUCED BY  
**HARRY TIGHE**

WORDS BY  
**SAM. M. LEWIS**  
- AND -  
**JOE YOUNG**

IN ANNA HELD'S *Production*  
**"FOLLOW ME"**

MUSIC BY  
**JEAN  
SCHWARTZ**

WATERSON  
BERLIN  
&  
SNYDER CO.  
Music Publishers  
Grand Theatre Bldg.  
Brooklyn 45-47 St.  
N.Y.C.

- BARBELLE -

Vp-006215  
1917  
WHEN



## <sup>2</sup> When The Girls Grow Older, They Grow A Little Bolder.

(They Never Let A Thing Get By.)

Words by  
SAM M. LEWIS and  
JOE YOUNG.

Music by  
JEAN SCHWARTZ.

Moderato.

Piano.




Voice.

*Till Ready.*

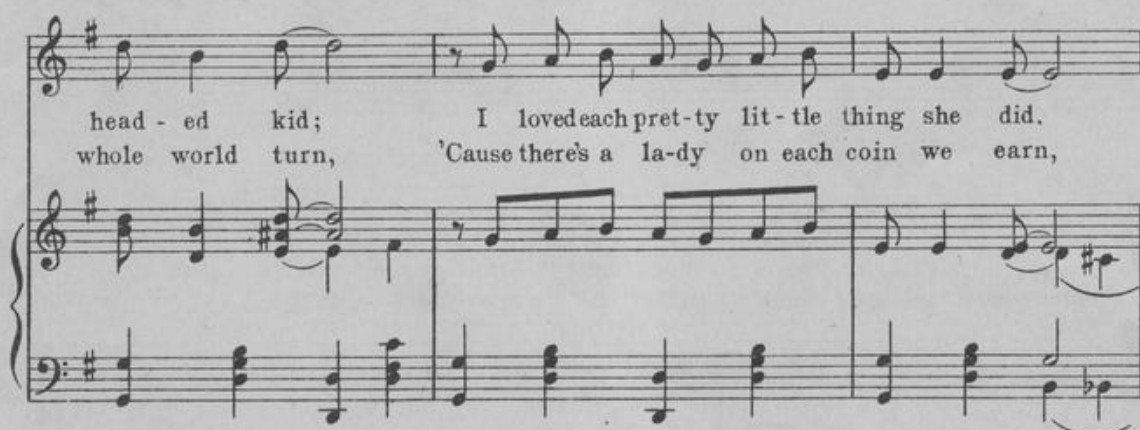
*p*

I met the cut - est cur - ly  
I know why mon - ey makes the



head - ed kid;  
whole world turn,

I loved each pret - ty lit - tle thing she did,  
'Cause there's a la - dy on each coin we earn,



I tried to of-fer her a pen - ny, Her moth-er said, don't give her  
And ev-'ry lit-tle dime and quar - ter, Is just a dol-lar's lit-tle

an - y." The lit-tle coin I of - fered was re - fused;  
daugh - ter. I kissed a ba - by girl - ie on the brow;

I had to smile, oh, I was so a - mused. Ain't it strange how  
"I'll be your sis - ter," was her on - ly vow. — Ain't it strange how

soon they change, But that must be ex - cused. —  
soon they change, She calls me unc - le now. —

## Chorus

When the girls grow old - er, they grow a lit - tle bold - er; They

*p - f*

nev - er let a thing get by. — It's "bye, bye, ba - by,"

un - til they're big, — and then it's "buy this, buy that," oh, how you dig. — You know that

old time say - ing, "You've got to pay the fid - dler, if you want to jig." — Like a

bee they sting you, then up the aisle they bring you; You love them till the day you die.—

Lit - tle pen - - nies spoil our great big ba - bies;

*cresc. poco a poco*

Great big dol - lars make our great big la - dies; When the girls grow old - er, they

*f*

grow a lit - tle bold - er, they nev - er let a thing get by. — When the. — *D.S.*

*fz D.S.*



A VERY BEAUTIFUL BALLAD THAT'S BOUND TO REACH THE HEART OF THE SONG LOVER

WRITTEN BY THE SONG GENIUS

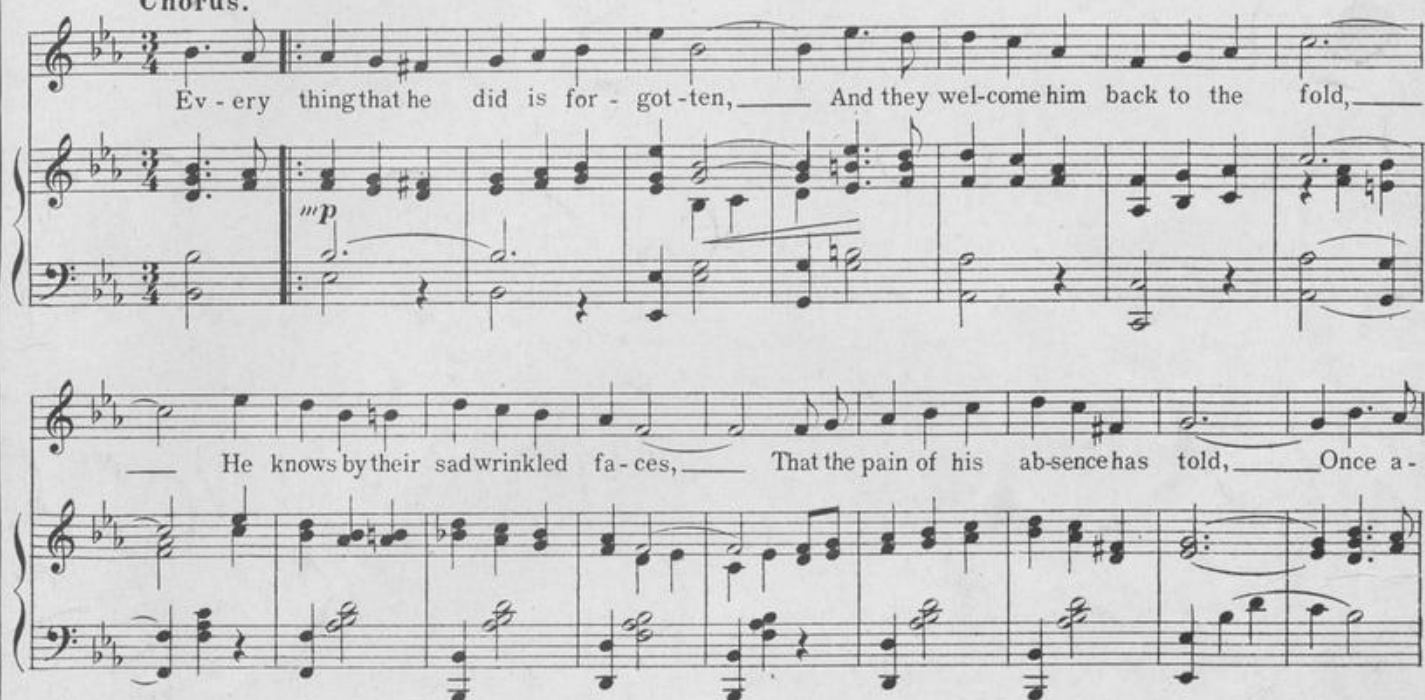
# IRVING BERLIN

## When The Black Sheep Returns To The Fold.

### Chorus.

Ev - ery thing that he did is for - got - ten, — And they wel - come him back to the fold, —

— He knows by their sad wrinkled fa - ces, — That the pain of his ab - sence has told, — Once a -



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