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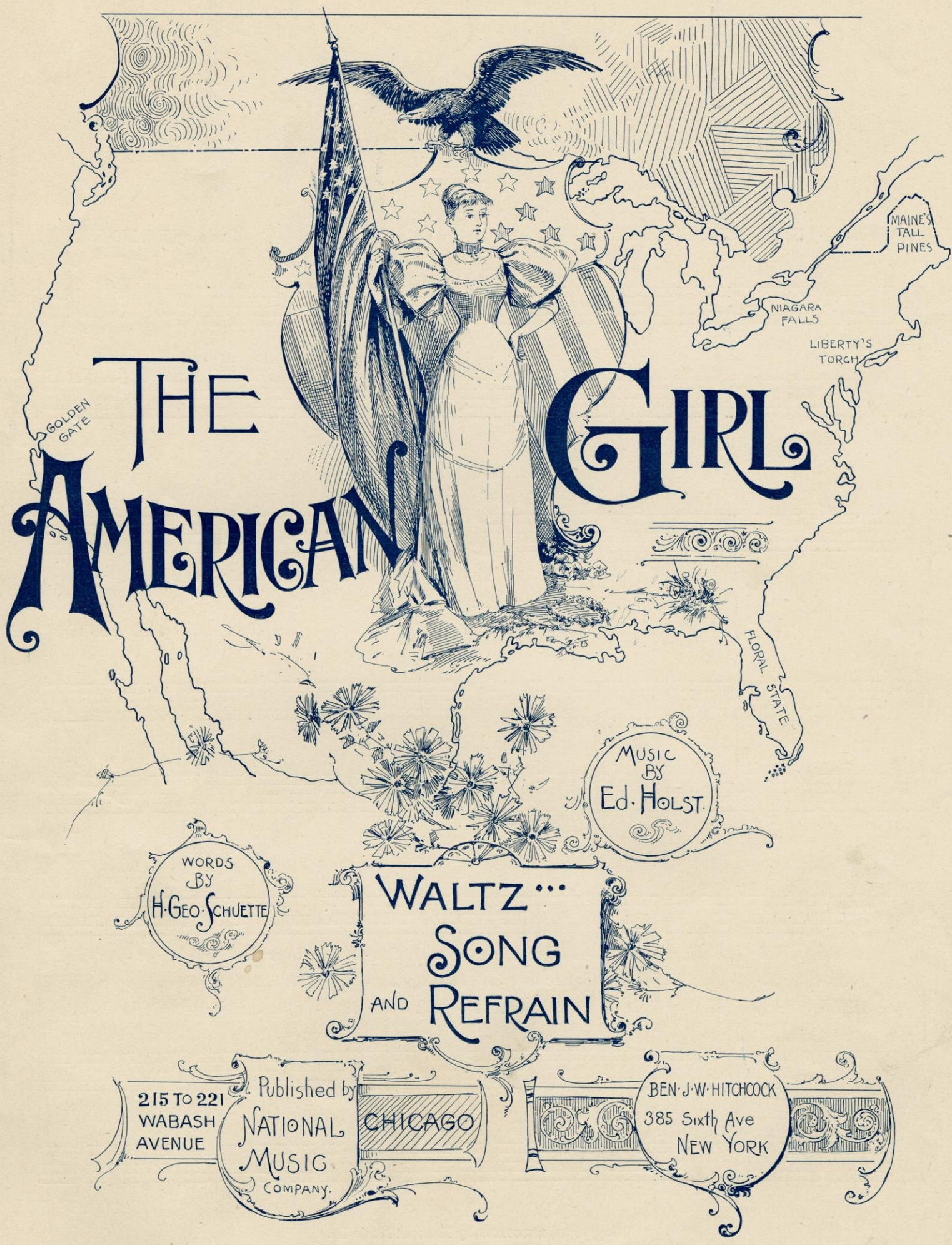
New York: Ben. J. W. Hitchcock, 1893

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

MUSIC BY Ed. HOLST.

WORDS BY H. GEO. SCHUETTE

WALTZ...
SONG
AND REFRAIN

215 TO 221
WABASH
AVENUE

Published by
NATIONAL
MUSIC
COMPANY.
CHICAGO

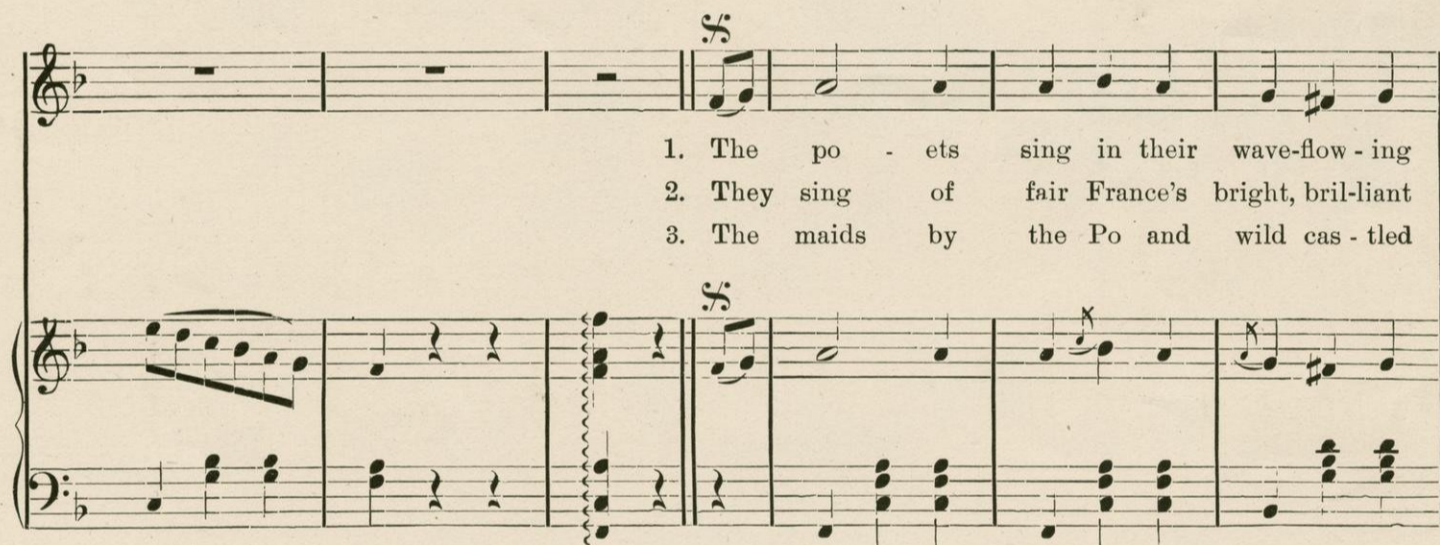
BEN. J. W. HITCHCOCK
385 Sixth Ave
NEW YORK

THE AMERICAN GIRL,

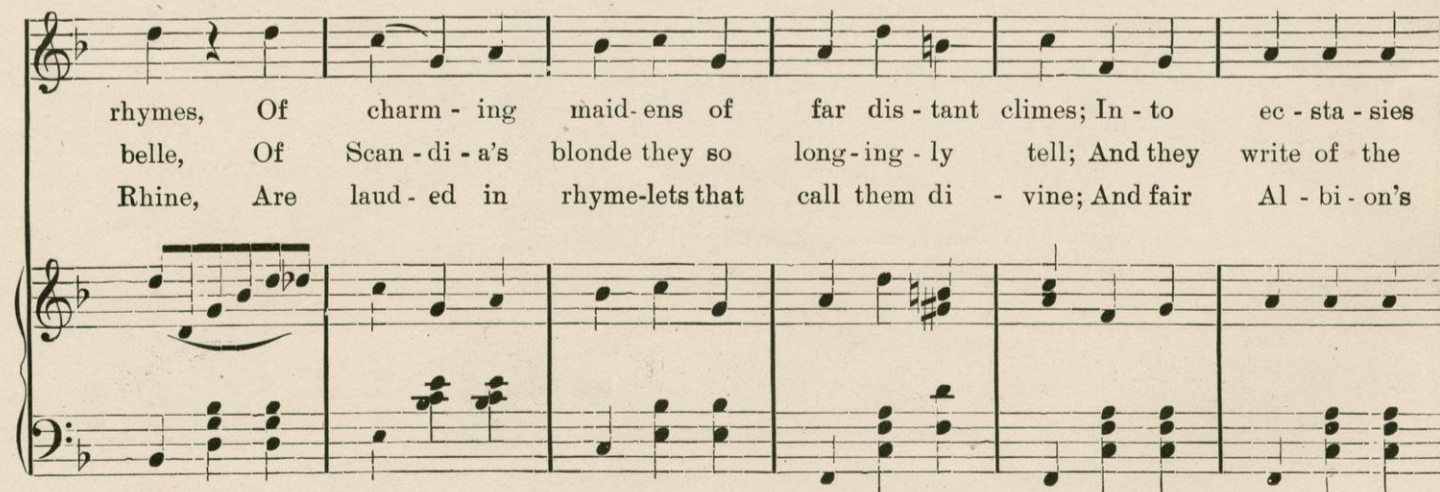
Words by H. GEORGE SCHUETTE.

Music by Ed. HOLST.

Tempo di Valse.



1. The po - ets sing in their wave-flow - ing
2. They sing of fair France's bright, bril-liant
3. The maids by the Po and wild cas - tled



rhymes, Of charm - ing maid - ens of far dis - tant climes; In - to ec - sta - sies
belle, Of Scan - di - a's blonde they so long - ing - ly tell; And they write of the
Rhine, Are laud - ed in rhyme-lets that call them di - vine; And fair Al - bi - on's

go o'er Spain's ar - dent miss, And they bow at the feet of the free mountain
 coy and neat rogu - ish smile, Of the maids that a - dorn the bright Em - er - ald
 daughters, so mod - est and true, With the oth - er dear maid - ens a - cross the deep

Swiss; But oh! there's a lov - lier maid - en we know, Who in ev - er - y
 Isle; Of Scot - land's sweet las - sie, bon - nie and gay, All po - ets have
 blue, Have ev - er re - ceived in long end - less lays, The po - et's and

way is quite *comme il faut*,* Of all the dear girls on this large mundane
 something of praise to say; But the dear - est of girls for you or for
 bard's me - lo - dious praise; But our beau - i - de - al as all will a -

**Comme il faut*: perfect.
 The American Girl 4-2.

sphere, She's the fair - est by far, and to us the most dear.
 me, Is found on this side of the wide storm - y sea.
 gree, Is na - tive to this, our own "land of the free."

REFRAIN.

Her eyes may be black, Her eyes may be blue, She is ev - er

win - some, love - ly and true; She's a jew - el in - deed, an ex - qui - site

rit.

rit

a tempo.

pearl, Our most be - witch - ing A - mer - i - can girl.

a tempo

D.C. al Segno.

The Queen that gave to Columbus her aid,
 Could not but approve of our dear lovely maid,
 With her bright sunny eyes and her clear rosy flush,
 As fresh as Niagara's moist rainbow blush;
 Pure nature's cosmetic, and happy heart,
 A clear, pleasing tint to her cheeks impart;
 Oh there's none so lovely, and none half so fair,
 So bright, so enchanting, and so debonair.

From Maine's tall pines to the mild floral state,
 From Liberty's torch to the safe Golden Gate,
 We meet her and love her, and all sing her praise,
 In various keys and in different ways;
 And we cull for her from our fertile sod,
 All flowers, from roses to golden rod;
 From ocean to ocean, to lay at the feet
 Of this fair incarnation of all that is sweet.