

SM 1788

# Hm! She is the one Girl.

Lyric by  
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by  
LEO FALL.

Moderato

One face haunts my dream-ing, Whose  
I made love sin-cere-ly, And

eyes bright-ly beam-ing, Looked fond-ly in mine for a - while; — To  
I'd won her near-ly, But just when I thought she was mine, — My

those eyes so ten - der, My heart made sur - ren - der, And her  
arms she e - vad - ed, Then all my hopes fad - ed, What a

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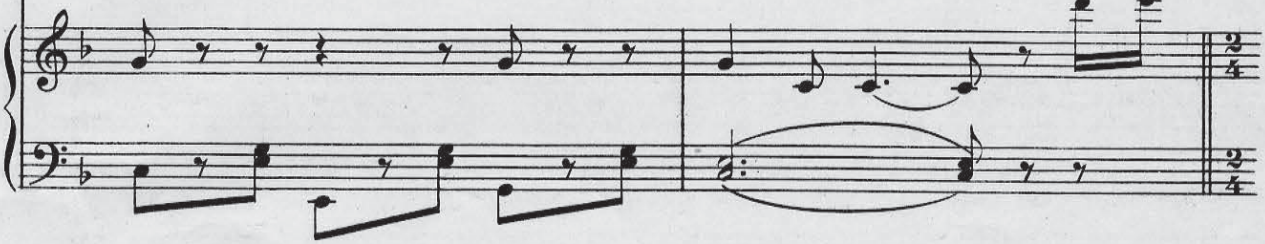
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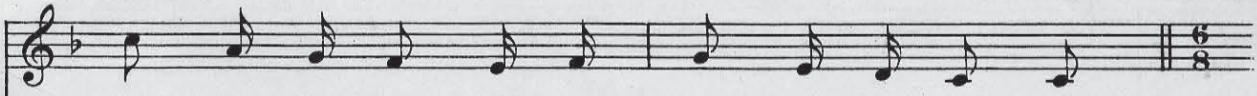
lips, - When those lips with mine met! Can I ev - er for -  
Shame! Left my heart to re - pine; We were play - ing the



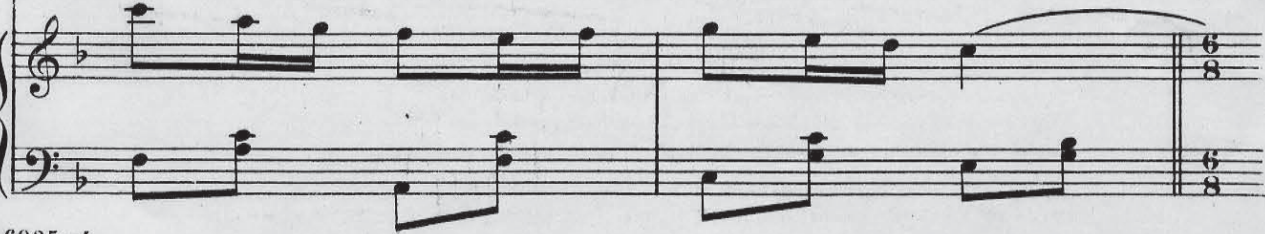
get, Her 'lur - ing smile. - She was  
game, Of match and flame. - Now my



not like the rest of the girls I'd car - essed, And I  
fol - ly I see, she was laugh - ing at me, She can



felt, kiss - ing her, Like a mere am - a - teur, The  
fool oth - er men, For me, nev - er a - gain; If



touch of her hand up - on mine — Was di - vine — Oer  
she were here now, I would say. — "Good - day!" — Find

me you have wov-en a spell, Ma - belle. —  
some oth-er vic-tim a - dieu, I'm through!

*sp*

Valse Moderato

Hm! She is the one girl! Hm! She is the fair-est!  
Hm! She is the one girl! Hm! Now I dis-cov-er!

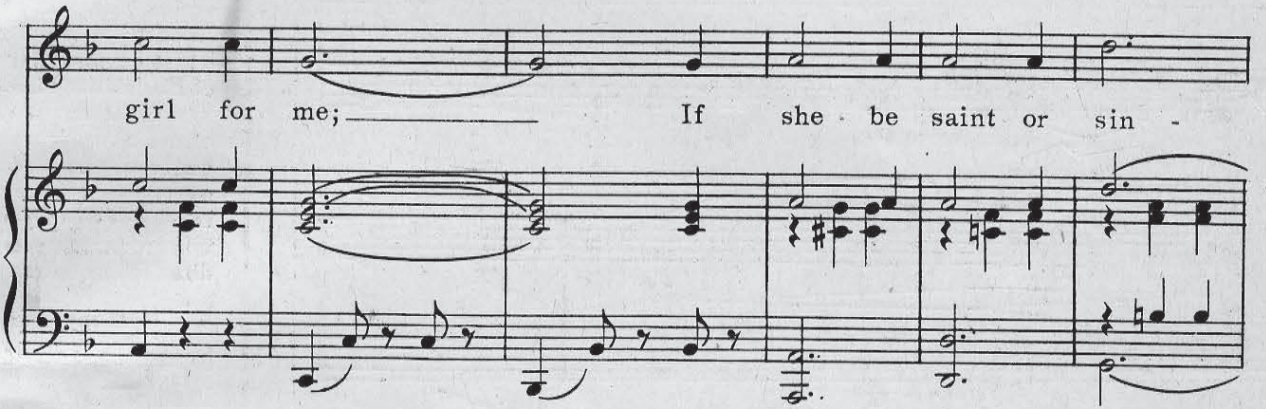
*p*

Hm! No one is like her! Hm! She is the rar-est!  
Hm! How she has won me! Hm! How much I love her!

What - ev - er she \_\_\_\_\_ may be, \_\_\_\_\_ She's the one

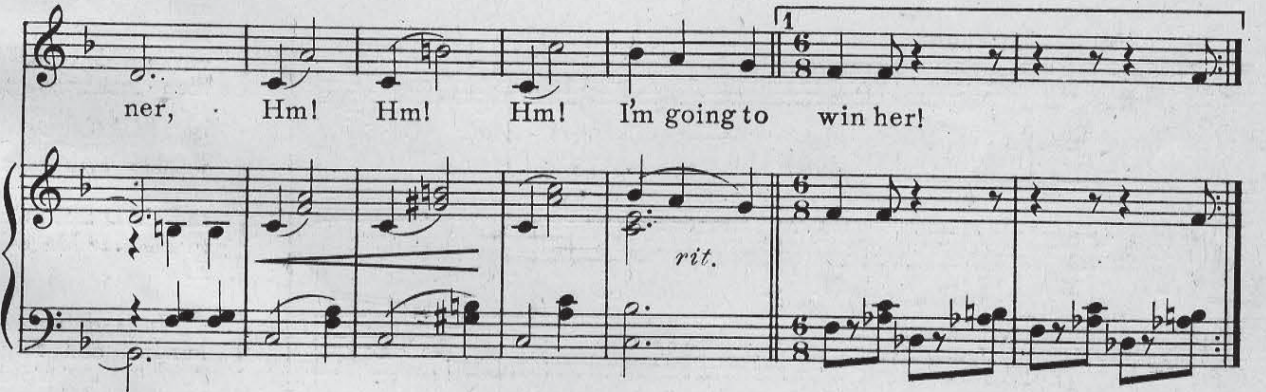


girl for me; \_\_\_\_\_ If she be saint or sin -



ner, Hm! Hm! Hm! I'm going to win her!

*rit.*



win her. Hm! \_\_\_\_\_

*pp*

