

# My Dear Little Friend, Louise - song lyrics

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My Dear Little Friend, Louise.  
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In my rambles around thro' the avenues bright,  
I oft chanc'd a maiden to meet.  
Who soon grew to favor me with a sweet smile,  
Whene'er her dear presence I'd greet;  
Of course our acquaintance to friendship soon led,  
We seem'd one another to please,  
Then she gave me her name, and soon she became  
My dear little friend, Louise.

Chorus.  
My dear little friend, Louise,  
My sweet little friend, Louise,  
A jewel, a pearl, a nice, pleasant girl,  
Was my dear little friend, Louise.

To please my Louise was ever my aim,  
I ne'er estimated the cost;  
And presents that" downed " my poor pocket book small,  
At the feet of my beauty were toss'd;  
The suppers, theatres, the dances and drives,  
My purse often gave a tight squeeze,  
But then I didn't mind, for I went it blind,  
For my dear little friend, Louise.  
Spoken-Yes; she was dear, too. She'd protest that game  
suppers were "just too expensive"-but she'd eat 'em! She'd  
vow it was foolish to go to theatres and balls-but she'd always  
get foolish and go! She'd declare that she just really couldn't  
accept presents-but she did. Took 'em all. And from me, too.  
But I didn't mind; because, you see, she was-

Chorus.  
My dear little friend, Louise,  
My dear little friend, Louise,  
Such love I did feel, tho' she cost a great deal,  
Did my dear little friend, Louise.

At last the expenses grew rather too grand,  
My money, of course, soon ran out,  
Then wondrously quick each sweet radiant smile,  
Was chang'd to a frown or a pout;  
Twas then I protested, but soon was I crush'd,  
An( dropp'd just as neat as you please,  
For she whisper'd "Good-bye! I come very high! "  
Then off went my friend, Louise.

Spoken-Speaking candidly, I was given a "clean shake."  
But I got over it. Saw Louise yesterday. Another fellow with  
her. Another victim! Another "jay" to trot her 'round and  
buy her presents. She had same sweet smile, and same sweet  
style; and I raised my hat, out of respect to the gorgeous nerve

Chorus.  
That dear little fraud, Louise,  
That sweet little cheat, Louise,  
So backward and shy, yet alarmingly "fly,"

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Was that dear little fraud, Louise.