

### 3. The Kid Herself

CUE:

FLORA: Do you  
know who I am?

*mf*

Flora

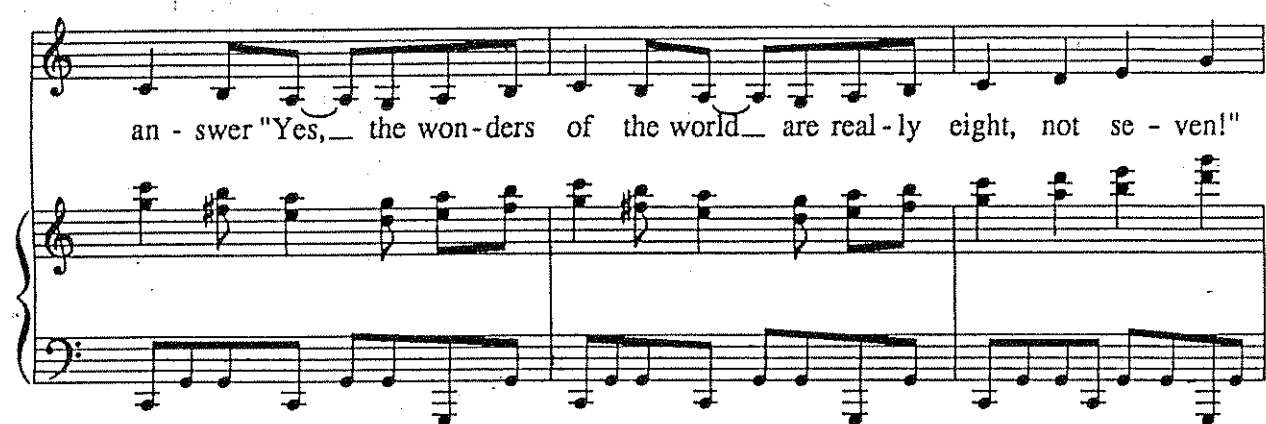
Step right up, and meet the kid her-self, the most im-

pres - sive sight in all of New York Cit - y; she can do what ve - ry

few can do; She e-ven talks Hun-gar-i-an! Step right up and you will



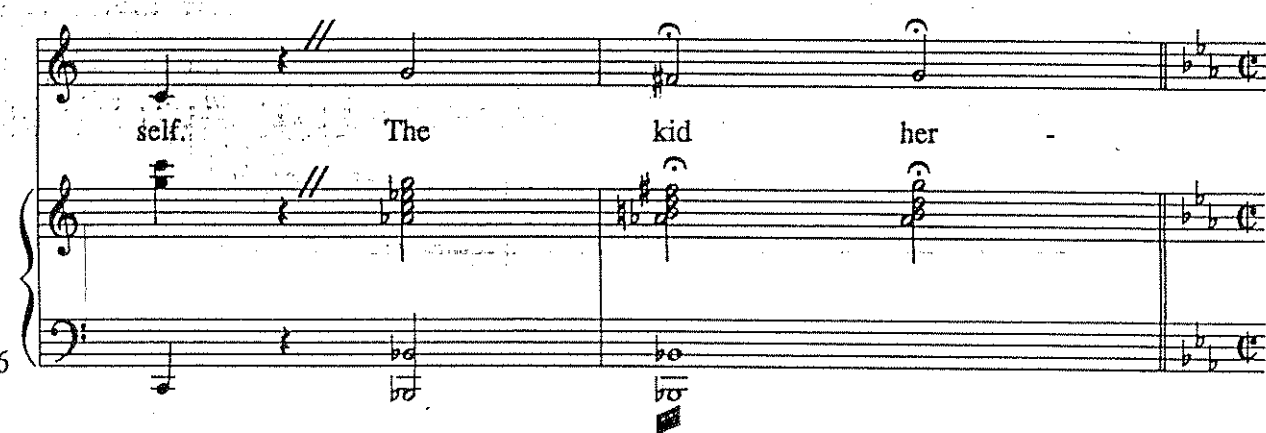
an-swer "Yes, the won-ders of the world are real-ly eight, not se-ven!"



On the list be-side the py-ra-mid, you got-ta put the kid her-



self. The kid her



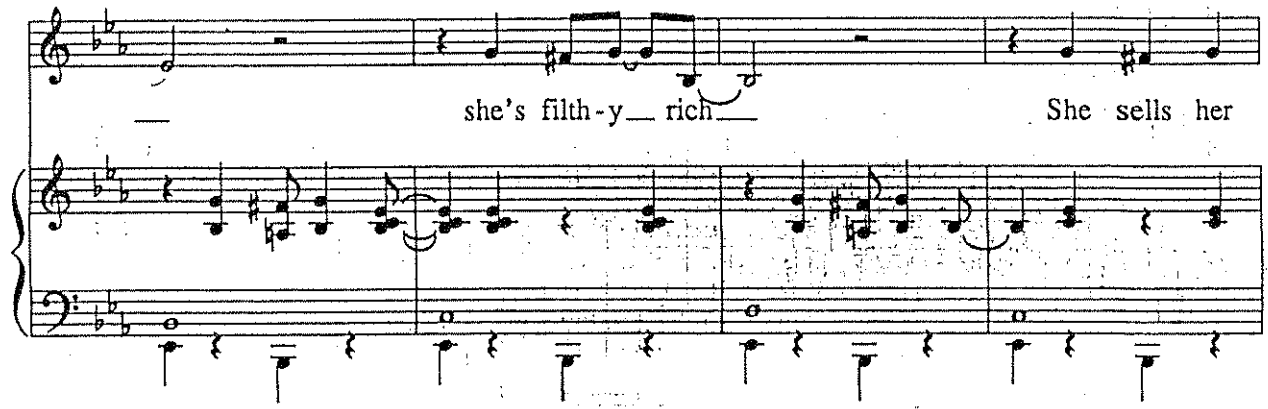
self goes an-y - place, and fel - las

fol - low her like cat - tle. Look at the form,

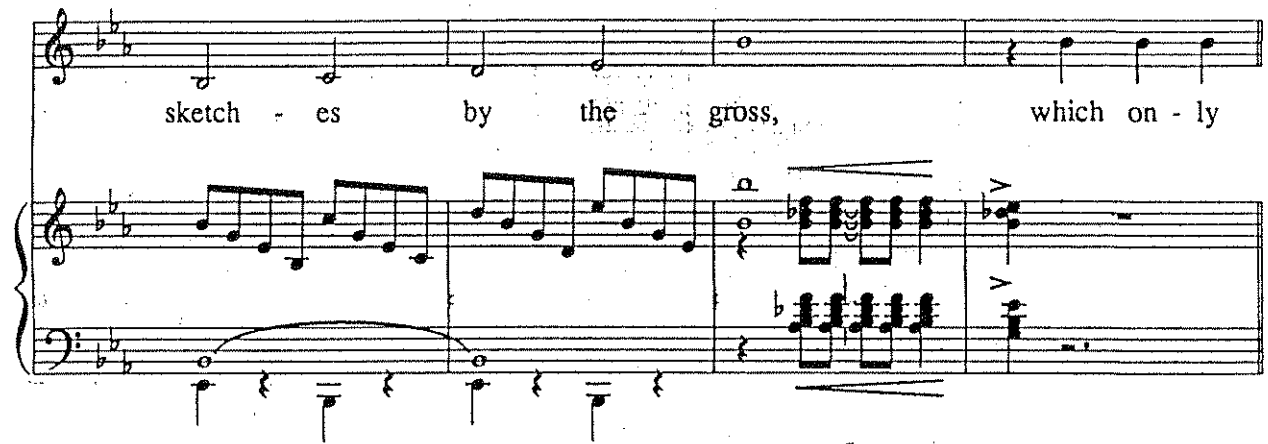
Look at the face! Now don't they

make your back teeth rat - tle? On top of which.

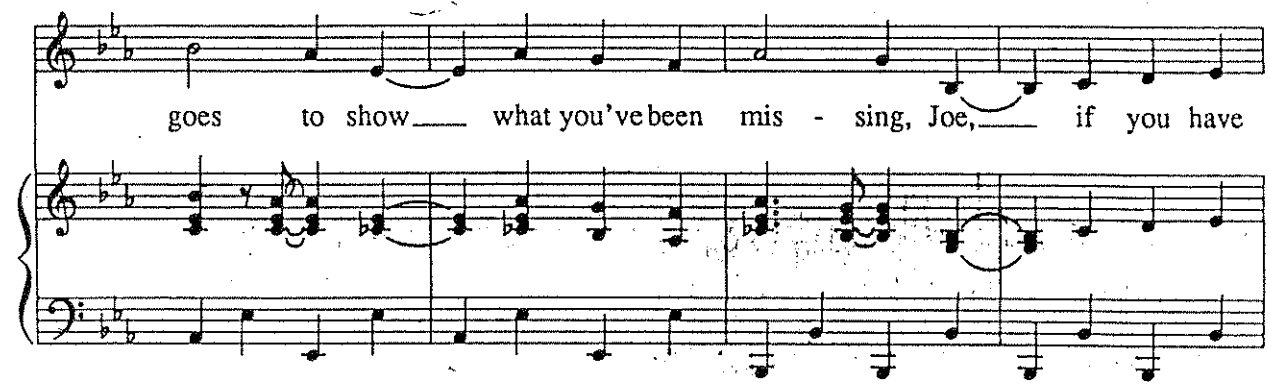
she's filth-y rich — She sells her



sketch - es by the gross, which on - ly



goes to show — what you've been mis - sing, Joe, — if you have



missed Miss Mes - za - ros. So kind - ly

