

# PROFESSIONAL COPY.

*Wm. Kirk*  
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## You Won't Have To Pick Any Daisies Apart To Find Out Whether I Love You.

Words by  
WILL D. COBB.

Music by  
LOUIS A. HIRSCH.

Moderato.

Jack and Jill were climb-ing up the hill,  
Jack and Jill were climb-ing down the hill,

Jack said, "Jill I'm craz-y," Jill she picked a dai-sy, Pinned it on his  
Jack said, "Make it June, dear" Jill said, "That's too soon, dear," What they meant I

coat and said, "Be still," Then picked it all a-part as mai-dens will. —  
could-n't guess un-til I took a sec-ond look at joy-ful Jill. —

"One, he loves me, two, he loves me not, two he loves me not,"  
On her fin - ger shone a sol - i - taire, Jack had put it there,

Jack said, "Tom - my Rot! If you'll mar - ry  
"Three months pay, I swear!" Jill said, "It's a

me right on the spot, I'll just tell you what:"  
dai - sy, I de - clare," Jack said, "while it's there:"

*rit.*

CHORUS.

You won't have to pick an - y dai - sies a - part to find out wheth - er I love you,

*p-f*

You won't have to look up your dreams in a book, to find out if your boy's true

blue; — We may have our scraps and may - be per - haps, I may

have to spank you too! But you won't have to pick an - y

dai-sies a - part to find out wheth-er I love you. — you. — *8va*