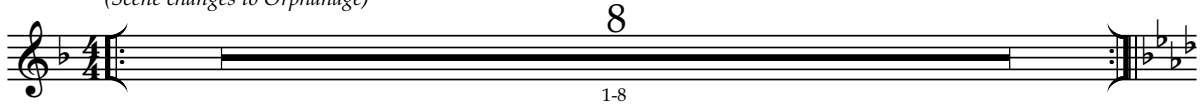


#9 - LITTLE GIRLS

(Scene changes to Orphanage)

8
1-8



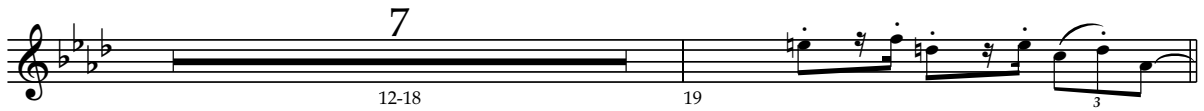
9

(Dialogue)
(Soprano Sax solo)



3 10 11 3

7
12-18 19 3



20



21 3

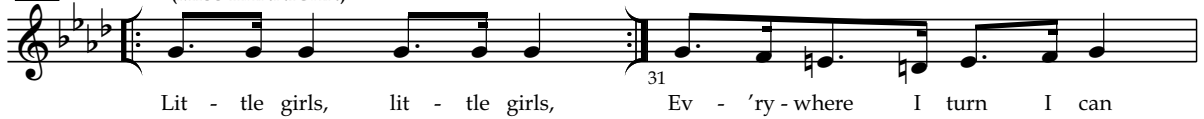
7
22-28 29 3



MISS HANNIGAN: Get to work, all of ya!

30

Vamp
(MISS HANNIGAN)



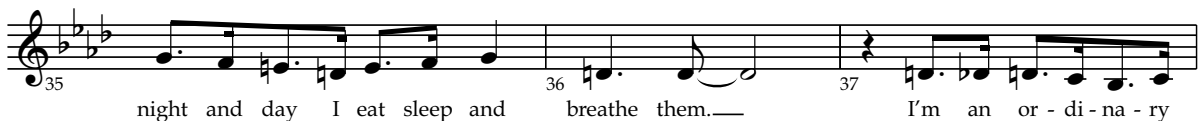
31

Lit - tle girls, lit - tle girls, Ev - 'ry - where I turn I can



32 33 34

see them. — Lit - tle girls, lit - tle girls,



35 36 37

night and day I eat sleep and breathe them. — I'm an or - di - na - ry

38



wo - man with feel - ings. I'd like a man to nib - ble on my




ear. But I'll ad - mit no man has bit, So



how come I'm the moth - er of the year?

46




Lit - tle cheeks, lit - tle teeth, ev - 'ry - thing a - round me is lit - tle. —




If I wring lit - tle necks, Sure - ly I would get an ac - quit - tal! —


54



Some wom - en are drip - ping with dia - monds,



Some wom - en are drip - ping with pearls. Luck - y me! Luck - y me!



Look at what I'm drip - ping with: Lit - tle girls.

62



MISS HANNIGAN: Shut up!

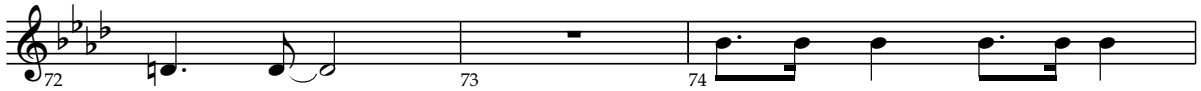
70

Safety

(MISS HANNIGAN)



How I hate lit - tle shoes, lit - tle socks and each lit - tle



bloom - er. I'd have cracked years a - go



If it weren't for my sense of hu - mor.

78



Some day I'll step on their freck - les, Some night I'll straight - en their



curls. Send a flood, send the flu, An - y - thing that you can do to



lit - tle girls.