

SM 4548

Ken Carley (8-2-57)  
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# When the First Girl You Love says, "Good-bye"

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Valse moderato

*f* *ten.* *ten.* *rit.*

*p*

Like the first kiss of dew on the first vio-let blue, Is the kiss of the  
Like the first sun-ny ray at the dawn of the day, Is the smile of the

*p*

first girl you love; \_\_\_\_\_ But the vio - let and dew fade when  
first girl you love; \_\_\_\_\_ But the hours flut - ter by 'till the

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sum-mer is thru and the skies are all gray up a - bove,  
shades flood the sky and the dark shad-ows fall from a - bove,

— And the same sto - ry's told, When the first love grows cold.  
— And the same sto - ry's told, When the first love grows cold.

CHORUS *p-f*

All the world is bright and your heart is light, when you first kiss the

first girl you love; — Then you vow to do all she bids you

to, for the ring is the thing you're thinking of. \_\_\_\_\_ Then there

comes a day when your dreams all stray, And a - lone you are left to

sigh; \_\_\_\_\_ You're so lone - ly and blue, you don't know what to do, When the

first girl you love says good - bye. All the bye. \_\_\_\_\_

*ten.* *rit.* *f* *Fine*