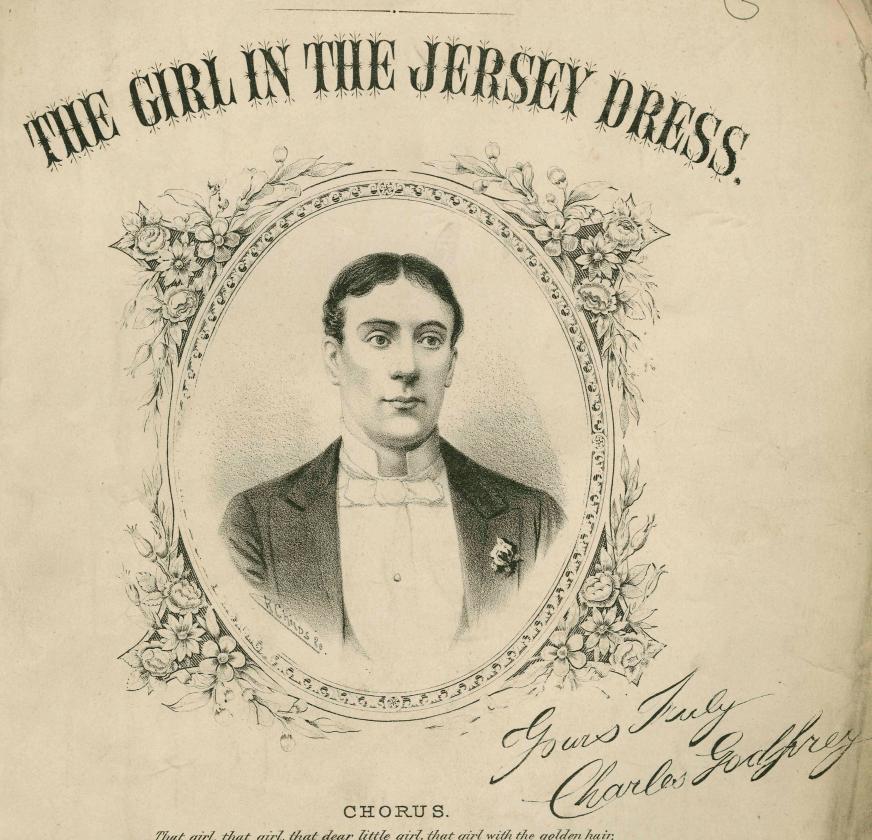
CHARLES GODFREY'S LAST NEW SONG.



That girl, that girl, that dear little girl, that girl with the golden hair, Frizzled and fried, plaited beside, Hanging all down to there, That girl, that girl, I feel that I must caress
That Jersey in black, buttoned right up the back, Oh! that Girl in the Jersey dress.

Written by

H. ADAMS.

Composed by

E.JONGMANS.

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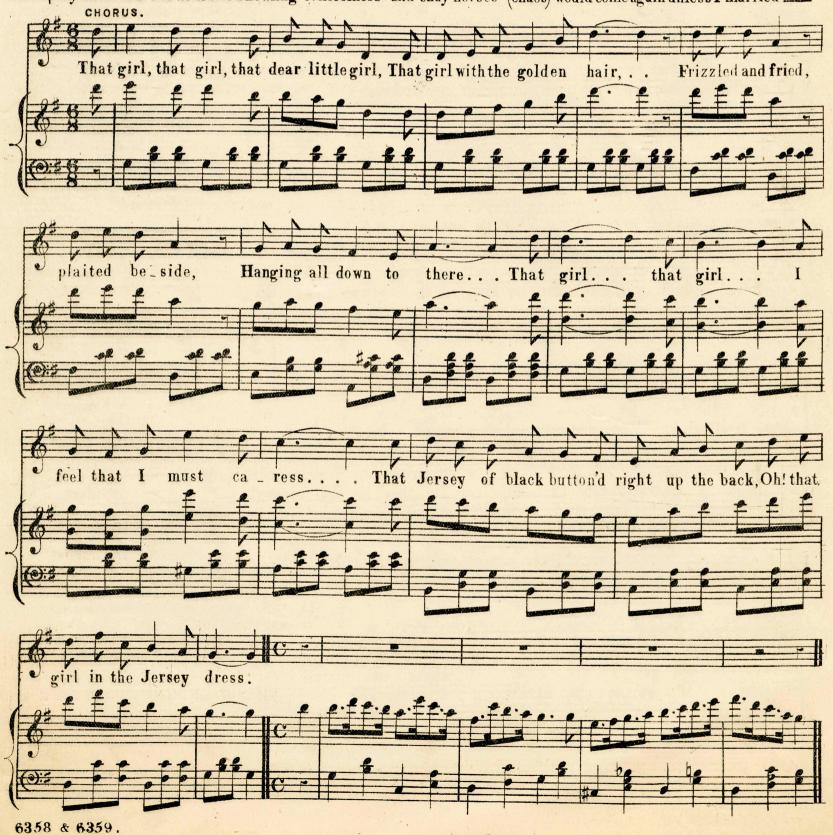
THE JERSEY DRESS.

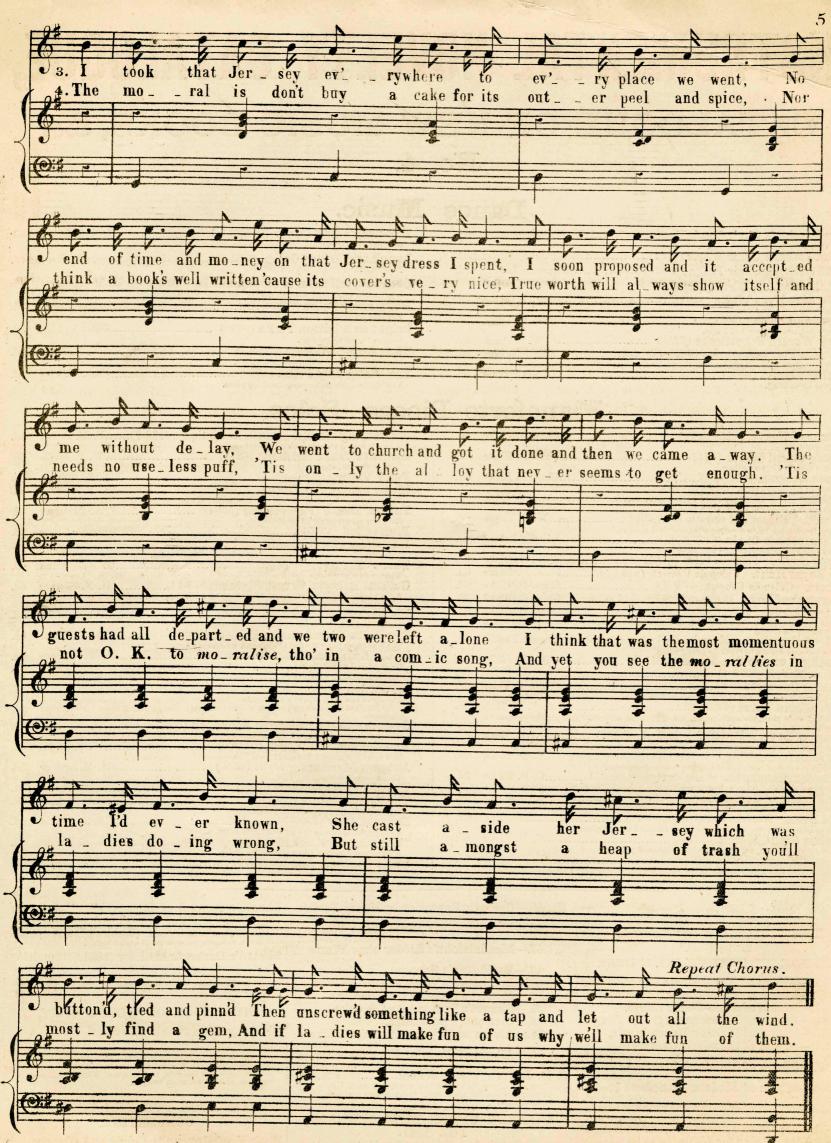




(Spoken after first verse.) Two small boys immediately volunteered to call a cab and see me safely to the nearest lunatic asylum! My friend Harry said, "what's the matter old man?" I said hush! what is that I see before me? "the aforemention ed small boys suggested it was the tailor who gave me tick for my last suit of clothes, but heeding them not I pointed a cross the road and exclaimed, "look, look at _____

(Spoken aftersecond verse.) I had fourteen two penny ices before I was cool enough to ask her name, and she had tengoes of brandy mingled with lemonade, the brandy predominating before she could reply, but it was the dress that did it, as a rule Id always seen crinclines worn at the lower extremeties, but it seems now they have taken a rise in the world, but it was jam and I had made up my mind that life would be a howling "evilfeelness" and "shay horses" (chaos) would come again unless I married _____





(Spoken after third verse.) Oh! ye gods and fishes, and for three months I'd been making desperate love to a penny puff, all wind and no jam! nothing can be flatter than the proverbial pancake, and when I took my eyes from the windless Jersey and cast it __Oh! ___