## Choral Ballad for Women's Voices

## LADY ANNE

(A POLITE TALE)

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## LADY ANNE

(A POLITE TALE)

## (Chorus)

A was lady Anne, irreproachable and matronly, Placid as an oyster, and a model wife and daughter.
B was Bob, her spouse, also placid as an oyster-bed, Never gave the gladsome eye where he didn't oughter.

Food and drink and sleep and clothes, servants and society, These were their anxieties, their normal occupations.
Sound were their digestions, and they never had experienced Squalling brats or unpaid bills or paltry poor relations.
$O$ high virtue!
Penelope's equall
How must it hurt you
To swallow the sequell
Yet, as a virtue,
TRUTH! You're our hobby;
Out must we blurt you,
Of Annie and Bobby.

$$
\text { ( } A \text { Voice) }
$$

I hope there's nothing dreadful,
That no one comes a cropper.
(Chorus)
Madame, allay your fears!
All is strictly proper.
Now in the town where $A$ and $B$
Thus lived their useful lives,
Lived also wicked $C$ and $D$
With $E$ and $F$ their wives.
The $C$ was Claude and the $D$ was Dan,
In crime, most worthy mates;
Both horrid cads,
Both torrid cads,
Wife-stealers, reprobates.

## The E was Edna, the F was Flo,

A vampiritic pair; Two wilty blondes, Two guilty blondes, Who lured men to their lair.

They met-all six. C, D, E, and F, With thumping hearts and throbby, Kesoived to steal Bob trom his Aiñe And Annie from her Bobby.

Did Annie know? Was Bob aware Of this six-angled plot?
One can but say perhaps they did,
But praps did not.
And hardly dare we adumbrate
The sad catastrophee
That was only just averted by
The energy of $G$.
For G was Guy, the hero,
So handsome, young, effective,
Hating quarrels,
Loving morals,
Amateur detective.
For G was Guy, the hero,
A connoisseur of raiment, Bright and sunny, Short of money,
Often dunned for payment.
The chance of his life
Had come to Guy.
Out he went
To borrow or buy
A marvellous make-up:
Spectacles blue,
Whiskers a few,
Rags that were meant,
With ravel and rent,
Suspicion to break up.
He bribed the postmen,

> Stole the mail, He tapped the wires, Kept out of jail. He kriked in basements, Lurked in hearti-rugs, Shrank into casements, Squeezed into bati-plugs.
> And once, in a moment
> More than rash,
> He hid in the ash-can,
> Disguised as an ash.
> He sherlocked there,
> He sheriocked here.
> His ends were good,
> Bet his methods queer.
> Virtue his spur;
> His whip was honor.
> Justice his nag.
> And he rode on her.

At length the reward of his talents came;
He wormed out the secret, the guity shame.
He learnt with horror how Claude and Dan
Had each been trying to trap poor Anne. With added horror he heard of the job That Edna and Flo had planned on Bob.

Then, like a man,
He made his plan.
The iron was hot,
He struck the lot.
He knew that they all had bank-books, He meant to ignore their blank looks.
So one by one he sent for them,
So one by one he went for them.
And as he held the trumps,
And meant to take the tricks,
He sold his information
TO ALL THE SIX.

## 8 o'clock next day

Dan challenged Claude.
Claude not loath,
Off went both,
Taking gun and sword.
Time was 8.15,
Cartridges were plenty.
Both fired.
Both expired.
Buried at 8.20.
10 o'clock that day
Edna heard the news,
Said "Oh, blowl"
Sent for Flo ,
Had a fit of blues.
Then, at 10.15 ,
Tired of being croakers,
No more moped,
Both eloped
With two old sugar-brokers.
To Guy that afternoon,
Lolling in the gateway,
Came a telegram,
Which he opened straightway.
"Have adopted you
As our son and heir.
Come to Bob, your Daddy,
Come to Anne, ta mère."
So A was lady Anne, irreproachable and matronly, Placid as an oyster, and a model wife and daughter. B was Bob, her spouse, also placid as an oyster-bed, Never gave the gladsome eye where he didn't oughter.
$C$ and $D$ and $E$ and $F$ now no longer trouble them.
But their many millions tend to jump the fence, like chickens;
Guy must have his yachting and his motors and his jewelry,
Guy must this, and Guy must that, or he'll kick up the dickens.








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cresc. poco a poco




Ten $\sigma^{\prime}$ clock that day







