THE
Ratcatcher's Daughter

AS
Sung
by
HARRY
LEHR

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WITH THE ORIGINAL EXTRA VERSES AND THE GHOST STORY AS ENCORE VERSES AND THE GENUINE ORIGINAL MELODY.
Not long ago, in Westminster, there lived a rat-catcher’s daughter, but she didn’t quite live in Westminster, cause she lived on the other side of the water. Her father caught rats and she sold sprats, all
2nd VERSE.

She wore no hat upon her head,
No cap nor dandy bonnet,
The air of her head all hung down her back,
Like a bunch of carrots up on it;

Ven she cried 'Sprats!' in Westminster,
She'd such a sweet loud voice, sir,
You could hear her all down Parliament street,
As far as Charing Cross, sir.

Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodleda!

3rd VERSE.

Now rich and poor, both far and near,
In matrimony sought her; nose,
But at friends and foes she turned up her
Did the putty little ratcatchers daughter;

For there was a man, sold lily-vite sand,
The folks, amaz'd, all thought her crazy,
In Cupid's net had caught her;
And right over head and ears in love
Vent the putty little ratcatchers daughter!

Doodle dee, &c.

4th VERSE.

Now lily-vite sand so ran in her head,
As she went along the Strand, oh!
She forgot as she got sprats on her head, sand, oh!
And cried 'Dye want any lilly-vite

To see agail with sprats on her head

Cry, 'Dye want any lily-vite sand, oh!!

Doodle dee, &c.

5th VERSE.

Now ratcatcher's daughter so ran in his head,
He couldn't tell vat he was arter,
So, instead of crying 'Dye want any sand!

He cried 'Dye want any ratcatchers darter?'
His donkey cock'd his ears and laughed,

And couldn't think vat he was arter;
Ven he heard his lily-vite sandman cry,
'Dye want any ratcatchers darter?'

Doodle dee, &c.

6th VERSE.

They both agree to married be
Upon next Easter Sunday,

But Ratcatcher's daughter she had a dream
That she wouldn't be alive on Monday;
She went vunce more to buy some sprats,
And she tumbled into the vater; mud,
And down to the bottom, all kiver'd up with
Vent the putty little ratcatchers daughter!

Doodle dee, &c.

7th VERSE.

Ven Lily-vite Sand'de'ard the news,
His eyes ran down with vater,
Said 'In love I'll constant prove;
And blowme if I'll live long arter!

So ere is an end of Lily-vite Sand,
Donkey, and the ratcatchers daughter!

Doodle dee &c.

* Considering the state of the Thames at the present moment, what must she have swallowed?

[The spoken passages may be used or not, at the option of the Vocalist.]
8th VERSE.
The neighbours all, both great and small,
They flocked unto 'er berrein;
And yept that a gal who'd cried out sprats,
Should be dead as any herrein;
The Coroner's Inquest on her sot,
At the sign of the Jack i'the Vater,
To find what made life's sand run out
Of the putty little ratcatcher's daughter!

Doodle dee, &c.

9th VERSE.
The verdict was that too much wet
This poor young woman died on;
For she made an ole in the Riviere Thames;
Vot the penny steamers ride on!
Twas a haccident they all agreed,
And nuffink like self slaughter;
So not guiltee o'fell in the sea,
They brought in the ratcatcher's daughter!

* Doodle dee, &c.

(Spoken) Well, ladies and gentlemen — after the two bodies was resuscitated — they buried them both in one seminary — and the epigram which they writ upon the tomb-stone went as follows — Doodle dee, &c

ENCORE VERSES
OR THE
GHOST STORY

1st VERSE.
I know full well you've all heard tell
Of the ratcatcher's putty little darter,
Who doesn't now live any ware,
But lies underneath the vater;
Now it is said, ven vonce ve're dead,
Ve never comes back arter,
But list to me, and you shall hear
About the ghost of the Ratcatcher's Darter.

Doodle dee &

2nd VERSE.
Neath London Bridge, on Sunday night,
In the middle of November,
At twelve o'clock up comes the sprite
Of a maiden young and tender;
And why in that month of the year,
If you wishes to know the reason;
'Tis cos as how she's tooth to appear
Ven sprats is not in season.

Doodle dee &

3rd VERSE.
Then to meet her, floating down the stream,
Sails the sandman's ghost in a basket,
And it travels at ere vay —
If you want to know I'll ask it.
But worser still, your blood to chill,
The donkey's ghost comes arter:
They all meet under the centre arch,
Jist half way across the vater.

While a chorus of invisible sprats
Sings thestrain of doodle dee &c

4th VERSE.
Said she, Old Thames is a dirty dog,
And smells like sprats vot's stinking.
The old boy takes so many drains,
All sorts of stuff he's drinking;
Off I shall hop, here I can't stop;
In the vater Cockneys swizzle,
Let's have a dance upon the heath
till daylight makes us dissemble!

Doodle dee, &c

5th VERSE.
And she flew till she came to a lonely heath
They were lost in a mist, she longed to be kiss'd,
'Tis only with nightshade ghosts may stay,
'She being a spertit with water long mix'd;
There stood Sand, and the Ass, and the werry piece of glass;
Now the first crew, the sound they knew;
Vot did the double murder.

Doodle dee & c

6th VERSE.
They tried to embrace, but it didn't take place;
While he and the ass sunk down in sand,
They could speak, but could not go finder.
She slid back to the river

Doodle dee, &c
RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY

SAM. GOWELL.

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