Sung by JOSEPHINE HALL
IN "MAM'SELLE 'AWKINS"

THE
TIN GEE-GEE.

Song

Written & Composed by
FRED CAPE.

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I was walking one day down the Lowther Arcade, That place for children's toys—Where you can purchase a
dolly or a spade For your good little girls and boys, And
as I passed a certain stall, Said a little wee voice to me:

"Oh, I am a Colonel, in a little cock'd hat, And I

ride on a tin gee-gee;

Oh, I am a Colonel, in a

lit-tle cock'd hat, And I ride on a tin gee-gee.

Tin gee-gee. 3
Then I looked, and a little tin soldier I saw,
   In his little cocked hat so fine;
He'd a little tin sword, that shone in the light,
   As he led a glittering line
Of tin hussars, whose sabres flashed in a manner a la militare;
(Bis.) Whilst that little tin soldier he rode at their head, so proud, on his tin gee-gee.

3.
Then that little tin soldier he sobbed and he sighed,
   So I patted his little tin head.
"What vexes your little tin soul?" said I,
   And this is what he said:
   "I've been on this stall a very long time, and I'm marked one-and-nine, as you see,
(Bis.) While just on the shelf above my head, there's a fellow marked two-and-three.

4.
Now he hasn't got a sword and he hasn't got a horse,
   And I'm quite as good as he;
Then why mark me at one-and-nine
   And him at two-and-three?
There's a pretty little dolly girl over there, and I'm madly in love with she;
   But now that I'm only marked one-and-nine, she turns up her nose at me,
   She turns up her little wax nose at me and flirts with two-and-three.

5.
   And, oh! she's dressed in a beautiful dress,
It's a dress I do admire;
She has pearly blue eyes that open and shut,
   When worked inside by a wire.
And, once on a time, when the folks had gone, she used to ogle me,
   But now that I'm only marked one-and-nine she turns up her nose at me,
   She turns up her little snub nose at me and "carries on" with two and three."

6.
"Cheer up, my little tin man," said I,
   "I'll see what I can do;
You're a fine little fellow, and it is a shame
   That she should so treat you."
So I took down the label from the upper shelf, and I labelled him two-and-three,
   And I marked the other one one-and-nine, which was very, very wrong of me,
   But I felt so sorry for that little tin soul, as he rode on his tin gee-gee.

7.
Now that little tin soldier he puffed with pride,
   At being marked two-and-three;
And that saucy little dolly-girl smiled once more,
   For he'd risen in life, do you see!
And it's so, in this world, for I'm in love with a maiden of high degree,
   But I am only marked one-and-nine, and the other chaps two-and-three;
   And a girl never looks at one-and-nine, with a possible two-and-three.