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## THE BABY'S GOT A TOOTH.

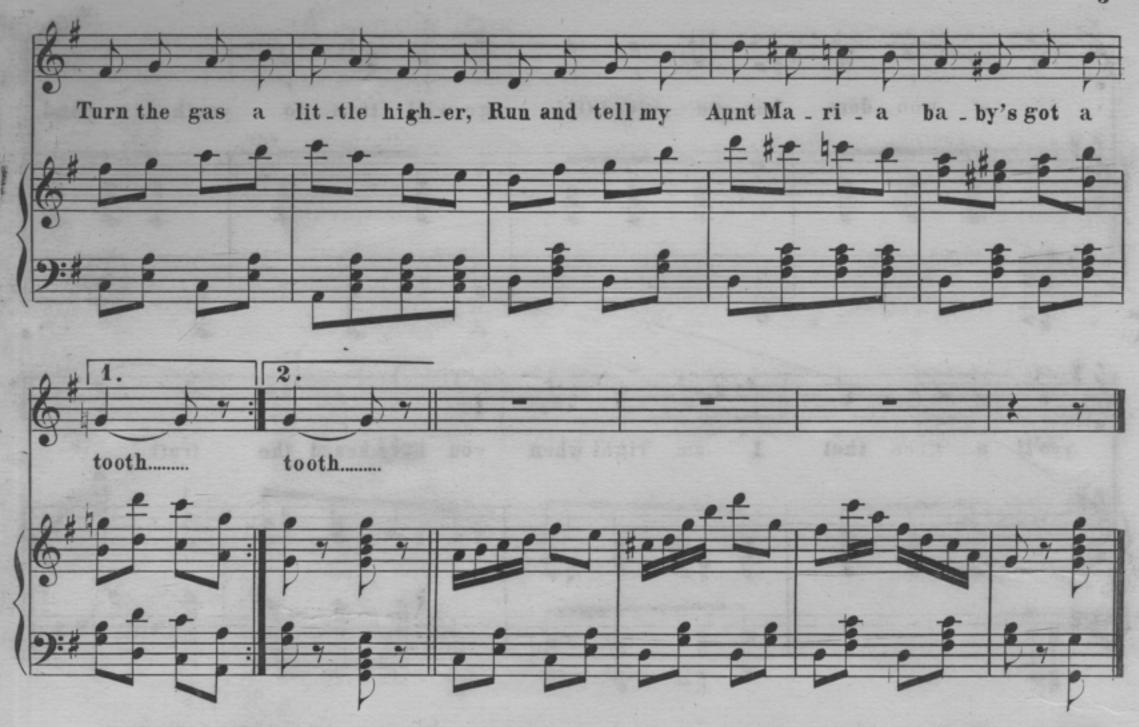
Music by E.H. Jones. Written by J.F. Mitchell. Moderato. Piano. lose the moon, Therewill The sun will soon re fuse to shine, we're go ing to The great ca\_ \_tas\_ tro\_ phe, 'twill hap pen ve\_ \_ ry soon, 48820



Spoken: — The other morning I was suddenly awakened by a violent nudge from the partner of my joys, who cried, Oh, George, George, dear, George, you brute, put your finger in the baby's dear little mouth. —I did, and found a tooth.







Now since that wonderful event the house both day and night, Is crowded with mamma's who come to wonder at the sight Of baby's wond'rous primal tooth, to dance it on their knees, And hum their approbation like a hive of busy bees.

Spoken: \_Yes, they are all busy, some are busy eating, some are busy drinking, and all are busy singing \_
Chorus: George, dear, &c.

My wife will get up a party in honour of the day,

I dare not utter one protest, but must the piper pay;

The house from top to bottom looks as if 'twere wreck'd with bombs,

Because the kid has push'd a bit of ivory thro' his gums.

Chorus: George, dear, &c.

She says I am a nasty brute without an ounce of sense,

That I think not of the honour but only the expense;

But if I must speak the honest truth before you all to-night,

I wish the kid had kept his masticator out of sight.

Chorus: George, dear, &c.