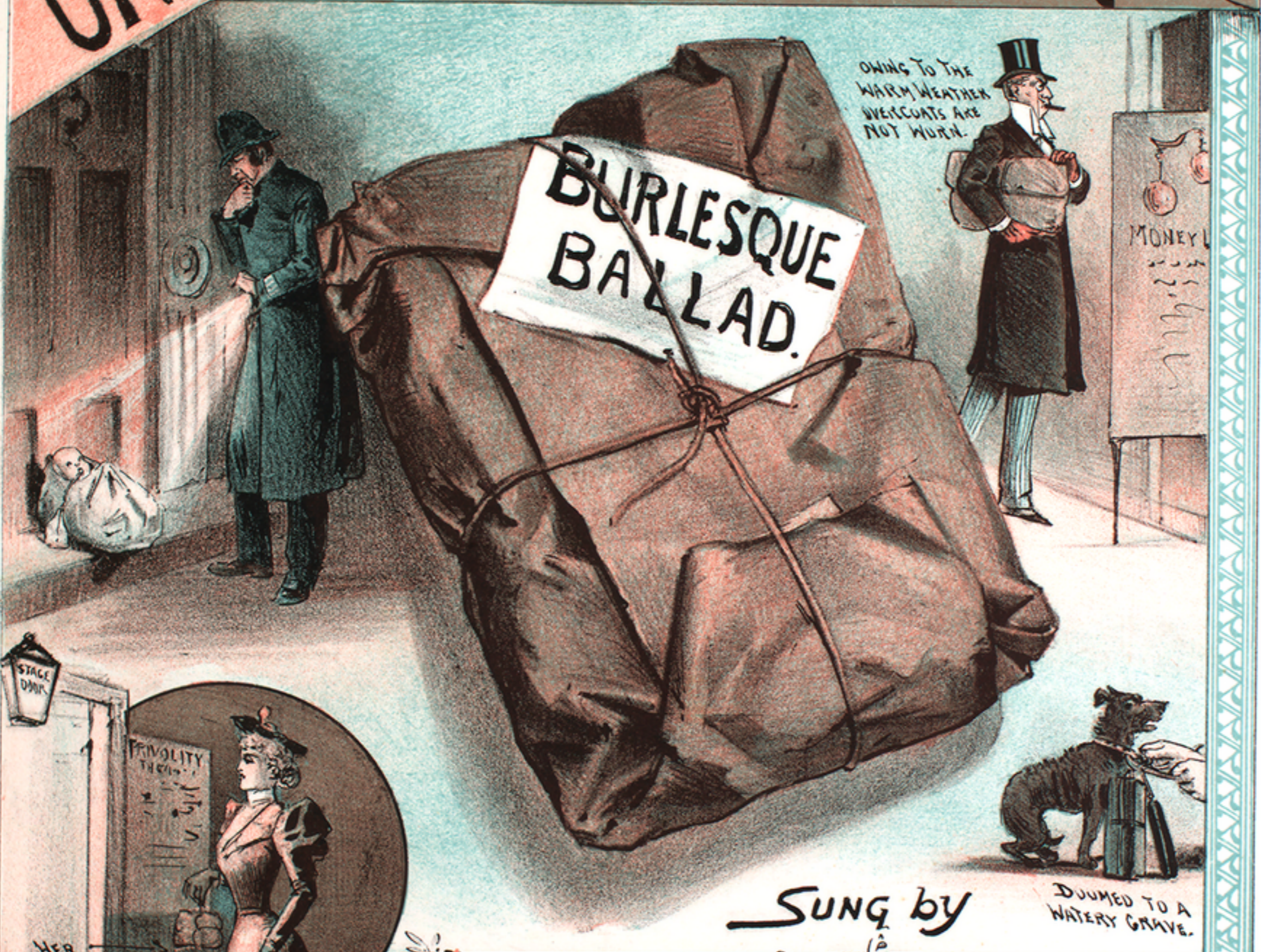


This Song may be Sung in Public without fee or Licence, Except at Music Halls.

# ONLY A LITTLE PAPER PARCEL.

Written and Composed by  
**EARDLEY TURNER,**



Sung by

## GEORGE HONEY

Also By

**EDWARD LEWIS,  
W<sup>M</sup> MORGAN,  
M. R. MORAND,  
and the AUTHOR-COMPOSER.**

H. C. BANKS. LITH.

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# ONLY A LITTLE PAPER PARCEL.

BURLESQUE BALLAD.

Written and Composed by  
EARDLEY TURNER.

Arranged by  
JOHN S. BAKER.

ANDANTE CON MOTO.

PIANO.

The musical score is for piano and consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system is marked *mf* and the second *f*. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system features a melody in the right hand with a *V* (crescendo) hairpin and a bass line with a *V* hairpin. The second system continues the melody with a *f* dynamic and includes a *V* hairpin. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

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(F & D. 4040.)

Friends, here be-hold a mys-te-ry, for I am one, that's clear; I

don't know half my his-to-ry, or how or why I'm here; One

dark and stormy night, up-on a door-step near the ground, A

bob-by spot-ted something strange, and what d'ye think he found?.

CHORUS. MODERATO CON ESPRESS.

'Twas on - - ly a lit - tle pa - per par - - - - cel, To

o - pen it the copper quickly tried; From his bull's-eye came a gleam, then he

CHANT.

heard a ba-by scream, And the } full blown personage  
 who is now so sweetly  
 warbling to you here,  
 but who was then only  
 a mite of a kid warbling  
 unto itself - *this* - } was in - - side . . . .

*col voce.*

*f*

# ONLY A LITTLE PAPER PARCEL.

BURLESQUE BALLAD. Written and Composed by EARDLEY TURNER.

Sung by GEORGE HONEY, also by EDWARD LEWIS, WM. MORGAN, M. R. MORAND, and the AUTHOR-COMPOSER.

KEY G. f.c.

1. Friends, here be - hold a mys - te - ry, for I am one, that's clear; I don't know half my his - to ry, or how or why I'm here. One dark and stor - my night, up - on a door - step near the ground, A bob - by spot - ted something strange, and what d'ye think he found ?

CHORUS. *Moderato con espress.*

"Twas on - ly a lit - tle pa - per par - cel, To o - pen it the cop - per quick - ly tried; From his bull's - eye came a gleam, then he heard a ba - by scream, And the full blown personage who is now so sweetly warbling to you here, but who was then only a mite of a kid warbling unto itself—this— was in - side. . . .

2

"Twas on the first spring morning of the year, a sunny day,  
A gay and radiant masher to his "uncle's" made his way;  
He looked so clean and handsome, but one thing just broke the charm,  
He carried something awkwardly placed underneath his arm.

CHORUS.

"Twas only a little paper parcel, he opened it to uncle, and he cried:  
"The weather's changed—oh! bliss—so, kind sir, how much on this?"  
And his winter fur-lined overcoat, which he regularly put away during  
the summer months out of the dust, and the moth, and the damp,  
or, in other words, "up the spout"—was inside.

3.

My next-door neighbour had a dog that all night growled and barked,  
I'd had no sleep for quite a month, so got what chaps call "narked";  
I jumped the back-yard wall one day, and soon could be espied  
A-carrying something in my arms unto the river-side.

CHORUS.

"Twas only a little paper parcel, I chucked it splash into the slimy tide;  
It sank so mighty quick, for a clock-weight and a brick,  
And the remains of the late-lamented tripe-hound, who has gone to  
a place where it will take him all his time to wake anybody up  
with his midnight serenading— was inside.

4.

Poor Jones possessed a ma-in-law, who drove him quite insane,  
She jawed and bullied him so much, he'd got her on the brain;  
One day he called upon her, in his eyes a maddened glare,  
And while she nagged he slyly slipped a *something* 'neath her chair.

CHORUS.

"Twas only a little paper parcel—it went off bang! exploded far and wide;  
And no one ever saw any more that ma-in-law,  
For a quarter of a pound of the very best gunpowder, a small piece  
of dynamite about the size of a new-laid egg, together with a  
fuse, warranted to create a nice blow-up directly Jones's wife's  
mother commenced to blow *him* up—was inside.

5.

"Twas in a 'bus, a penny 'bus, I saw a charming girl,  
Her eyes were black, her cheeks were pink, her hair one flaxen curl;  
She carried something in her hand, but what I couldn't tell,  
But when she'd left the 'bus, I saw she'd left that thing as well.

CHORUS.

"Twas only a little paper parcel, twelve inches long, about six inches wide;  
The string around it broke, and its contents were a joke,  
For a pair of dainty satin slippers, about a yard and a half of white  
muslin, a natty little bodice cut rather low, a powder-puff and  
a pair of silk "what-ye-may-call-'ems," otherwise known as  
"tights"; in fact, the entire costume of an up-to-date dancer  
in the front row of the *corps(e) de ballet*—was inside.

6.

While strolling round the houses, about Westminster, one day,  
I came upon a splendid street, which street is Whitehall way—  
I'm told its name is Downing Street, and many men it's downed—  
And strange to say, near No. 10, a packet small I found.

CHORUS.

"Twas only a little paper parcel, with *red-tape* it was scrupulously tied;  
And "W. E. G." on the outside I could see,  
And a large packet of promises, labelled "pie-crust," the figures of  
the majority of the last Midlothian election, together with a  
ginger-bread nut wrapped up in the draft of a mythical Home  
Rule Bill—was inside.

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