

To J. H. Finnegan, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A QUIET LITTLE GAME

Written and
Sung by

Gus Williams



PUBLISHED BY

P. R. McCargo & Co.,

BOSTON, MASS.

A Quiet Little Game.

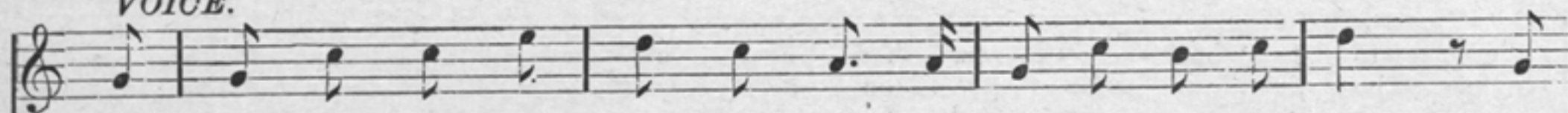
Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Words by GUS. WILLAMS.

Animato.

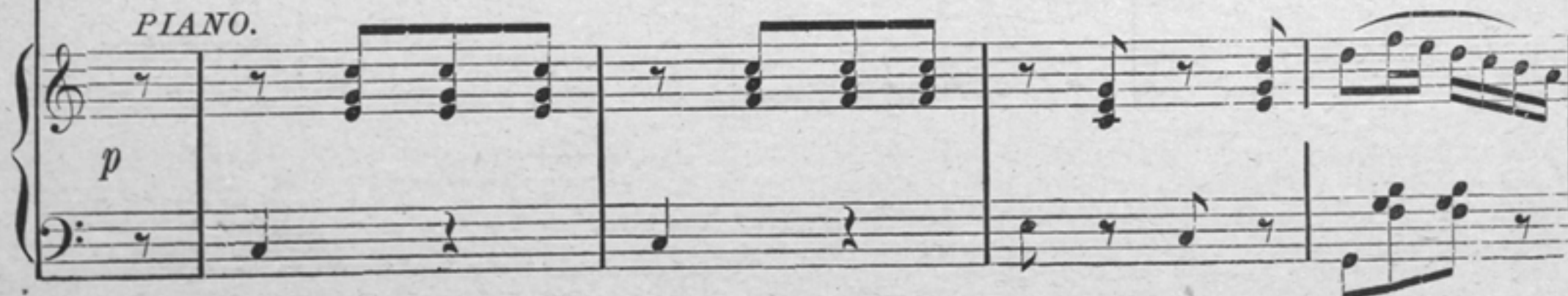


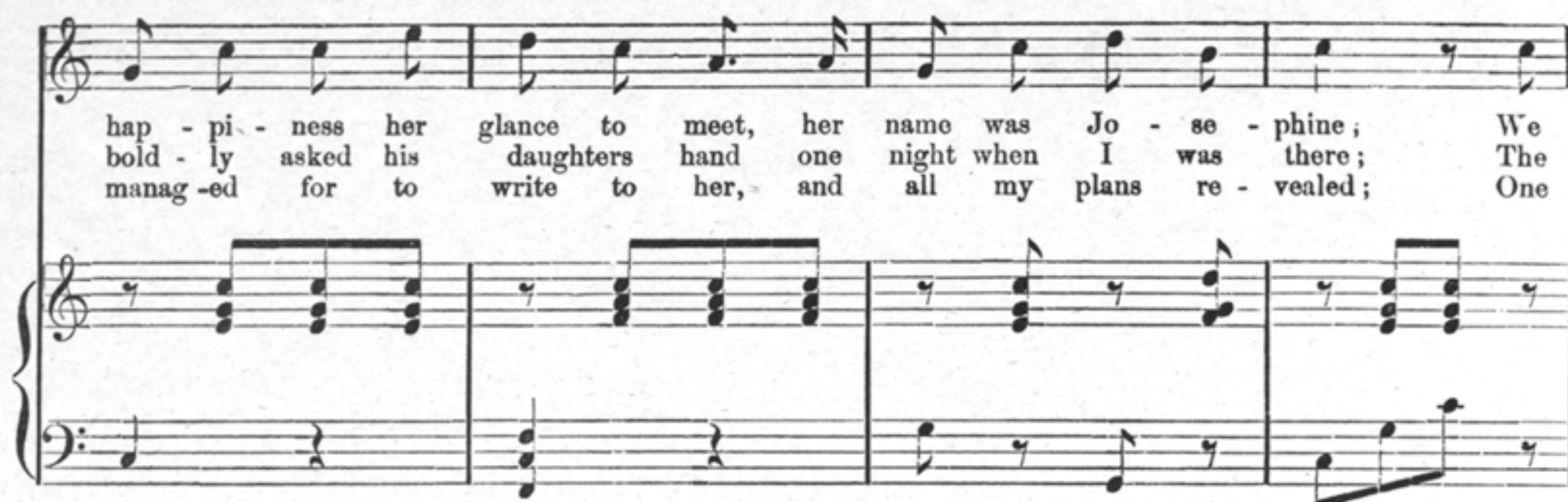
VOICE.



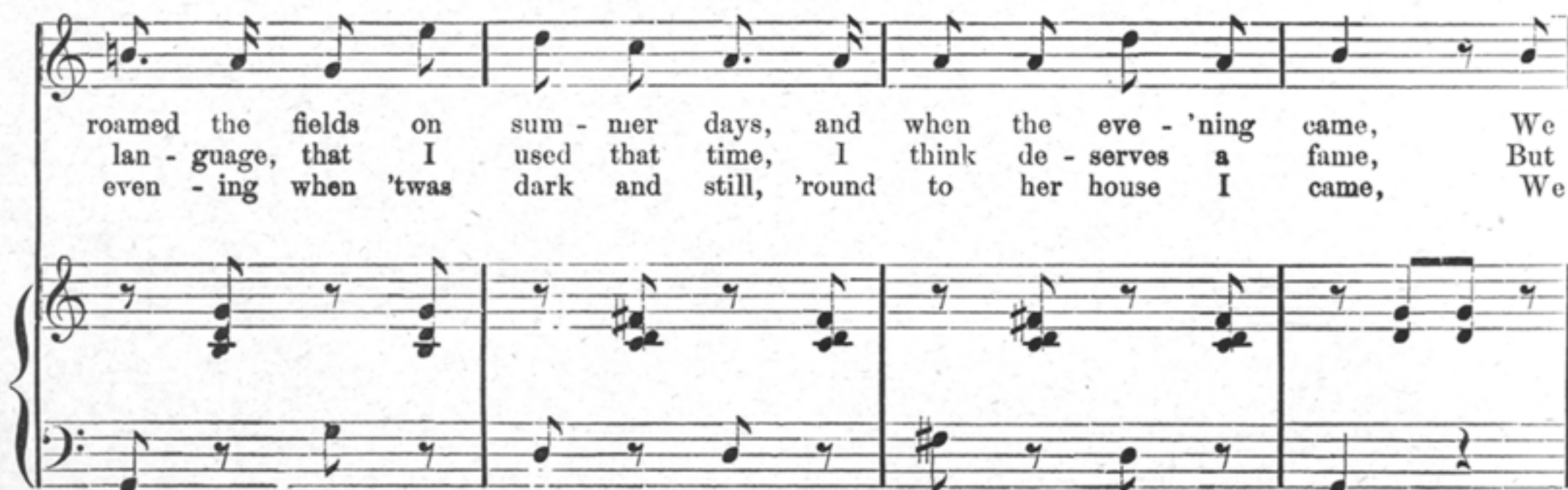
1. I loved a la - dy nice and sweet, I thought her quite a queen, T'was
2. I knew her fa - ther ha - ted me but still I did not care, I
3. But still I loved my Jos - e - phine, and when my wounds were healed, I

PIANO.





hap - pi - ness her glance to meet, her name was Jo - se - phine ; We
bold - ly asked his daughters hand, one night when I was there ; The
manag - ed for to write to her, and all my plans re - vealed ; One



roamed the fields on sum - mer days, and when the eve - 'ning came, We
lan - guage, that I used that time, I think de - serves a fame, But
even - ing when 'twas dark and still, 'round to her house I came, We



used to sit to - geth - er, for a quiet lit - tle game.
he just put a dam - per on our quiet lit - tle game.
run off and got mar - ried for a quiet lit - tle game.

(Spoken after 1st Verse.) We used to play cards, "Muggins" "Old Maid" and other harmless domestic games, then Josephine would ask me to tell fortunes, I used to spread the cards out on the table, ask her to choose a card for herself, and then commence to tell her fortune in this way. Cho.

(Spoken after 2d. Verse.) He asked me out in the Hall-way and he said, "Young man, how much money have you got to support my daughter as your wife," I said, "How much are you going to give me?" He said "Give you?" well, he hauled off, and hit me four or five times, and every time he struck me he said. Cho.

(Spoken after 3d. Verse.) And after we were made man and wife, I wrote her father a note something like this, Dear Sir, you gave me a terrible beating sometime ago, this is to inform you that I am all right now, and last night I married your daughter and her jewelry, will send you some wedding cake when we get one, and, Cho.

CHORUS.

1. This is what you don't ex - pect, and this is what you do,
 2. This is what you don't ex - pect, and this is what you do,
 3. This is what you don't ex - pect, and this is what you do,

This is what will sur - ly fail, and this what will come true.
 This is what will nev - er fail, and this what will come true.
 This is what will sur - ly fail, and this what will come true.

This is what you fond - ly wish, a kiss then I would claim; And
 This is what you fond - ly wish, his an - ger did in - flame; And
 This is what you fond - ly wish, a kiss then I would claim; And

that's the way we fin - ish'd up, our qui - et, lit - tle game.
 I was bad - ly beat - en in that qui - et, lit - tle game.
 that's the way we fin - ish'd up, our qui - et, lit - tle game.

Intro. D.C.

A quiet little game. 3.