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SHE WAS A RESPECTABLE LADY."

By JOHN P.
HARRINGTON
and
WILL
GODWIN,

I MET HER IN
A BUS.



SHE CONSUMES
THREE BOTTLES
OF PORT, AFTER WHICH SHE
FELT A LITTLE BIT
(CUT OUT THE ABOVE SKETCH. FILL IN THE
MISSING WORD, & SEND IT IN AN UNSTAMPED
ENVELOPE, WITH YOUR WRONG NAME & ADDRESS
TO SIR JXXX BXXXX. NO ENTRANCE FEES.)

H.G. Banks lith.



Sung by
George
BEAUCHAMP.

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By JOHN P. HARRINGTON.

& WILL GODWIN.

Allegro.

PIANO.

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F & D. 3412

One day, in a Fav' - rite bus, I met, A

The first system of the musical score, measures 1-4. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is marked *mf*. The lyrics are: "One day, in a Fav' - rite bus, I met, A".

daint - y paint - y pert - y pet, She blush'd and flush'd so

The second system of the musical score, measures 5-8. The lyrics are: "daint - y paint - y pert - y pet, She blush'd and flush'd so".

pret - ti - ly oh! My heart went wob - ble - dy

The third system of the musical score, measures 9-12. The lyrics are: "pret - ti - ly oh! My heart went wob - ble - dy".

wob you know.

The fourth system of the musical score, measures 13-16. The lyrics are: "wob you know.".

She smil'd at me and then I could swear, Some -

- time, some - how, I'd seen her some - where, She

gen - tly wink'd and said "How d'you do?" I

said "Oh! I'm nice - ly!" for I knew. —

CHORUS. 1st time *f* 2nd *ff*.

She was a re-spec-ta-ble la - dy, A ve - ry re-spec-ta-ble la - dy, A

high-ly re-spec-ta-ble la - dy and I met her in a bus!.... I met her in a

bus!..... I met her in a bus!..... She was a re-spec-ta-ble la - dy, A

ve - ry re-spec-ta-ble la - dy, A high-ly re-spec-ta-ble la - dy And I

met her in a bus!....

SHE WAS A RESPECTABLE LADY.

BY

JOHN P. HARRINGTON & WILL GODWIN.

SUNG BY

GEORGE BEAUCHAMP.

1.

One day in a "Fav'rite" 'bus I met
A dainty, painty, perty pet :
She blushed and flushed so prettily—oh !
My heart went "wobbledy-wob," you know. (*Sigh*)
She smiled at me, and then I could swear,
Some time, somehow, I'd seen her somewhere ;
She gently winked, and said, "How d'you do ?"
I said, "Oh ! I'm nicely !" for I knew—

CHORUS.

She was a respectable lady—
A very respectable lady—
A highly respectable lady—
And I met her in a 'bus !
I met her in a 'bus— I met her in a 'bus !
She was a respectable lady—
A very respectable lady—
A highly respectable lady—
And I met her in a 'bus !

2.

When out of the 'bus we both did get,
I said, "Pray do you drink, my pet ?"
She said, "I *do*, but I don't keep count ;
You see I take such a small amount.
A pint of port, with a crust like glue,
A waiter brought us, between us two,
But she'd ten more of 'em ere she'd go ;
She guzzled a barrel or so, although—

CHORUS.—She was, &c.

3.

'Through booze that flutterer tore my hair ;
But soon a p'liceman bold was there,
In quod he popped her, just for her cheek,
And next day had her before the beak.
The beak, when he'd had one squint at her,
Said, "Who can speak of her character ?"
The p'liceman bold, like a man, did say,
"I know her, my lord, she's Tottie Fay !"

CHORUS.—And she's, &c.

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(F. & D.)