

GALOP, Z5

Alfred Lee.

Song, 25



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CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE WAS HIS NAME.









He was an Artist, in his way,

Drew Herons, Cranes, and Storks;

Yet for all that he pass'd the day

In simply drawing corks.

Tho' he'd a palette for his paints,

To use it he'd not deign,

Because he'd like some other "saints"

A palate for Champagne!

Champagne Charlie, &c.

His cash did quickly disappear,

Which did not well suit me,

For Champagne's dear — had he drank beer,

Things different now would be;

I might have been his slave for life,

But now 'tis all in vain:

For how can he require a wife,

When wedded to—Champagne!

Champagne Charlie, &c.