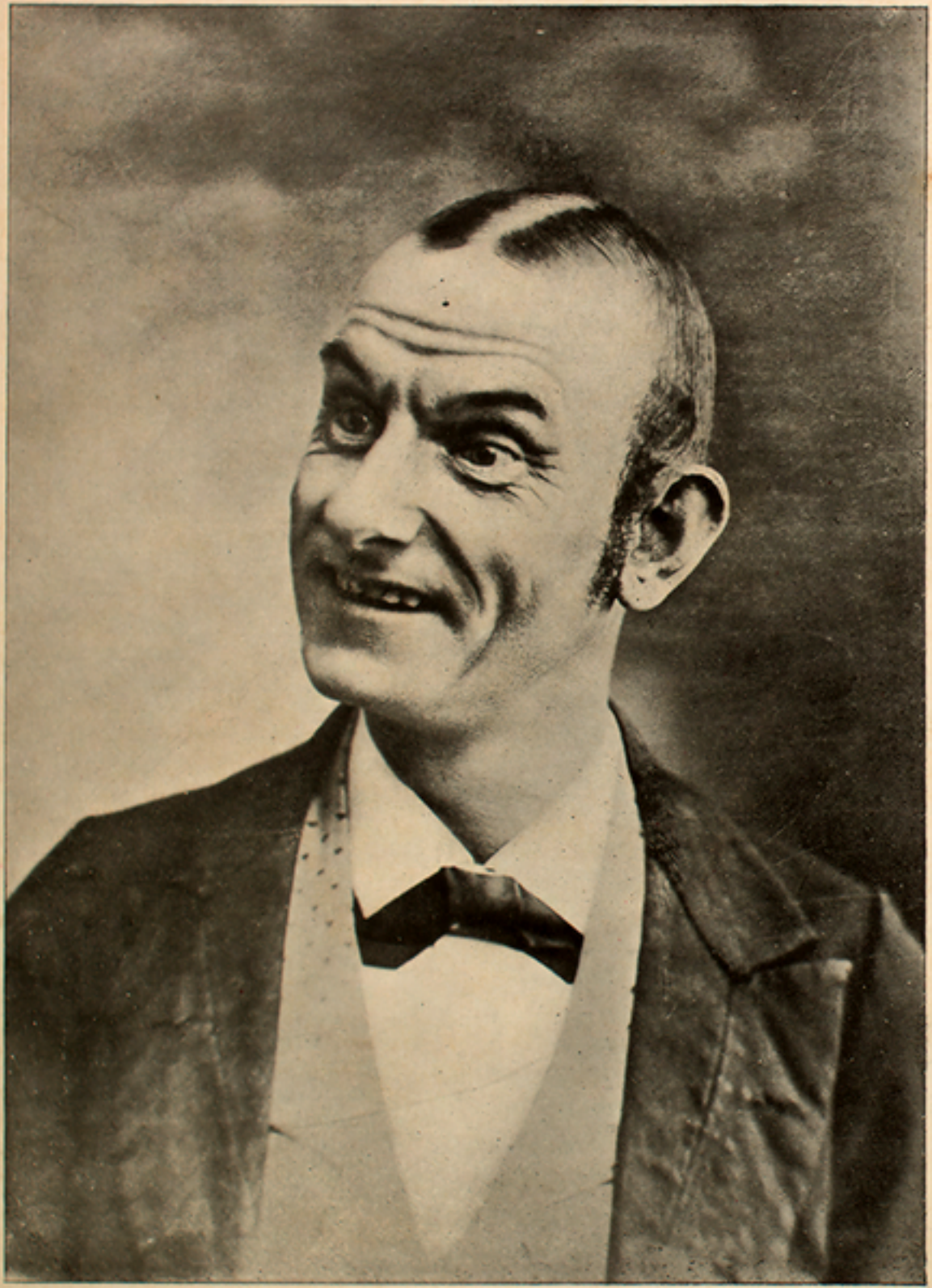


DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND W. R. HEARST, ESQ.

# RHAPSODIE TABLE D'HÔTE

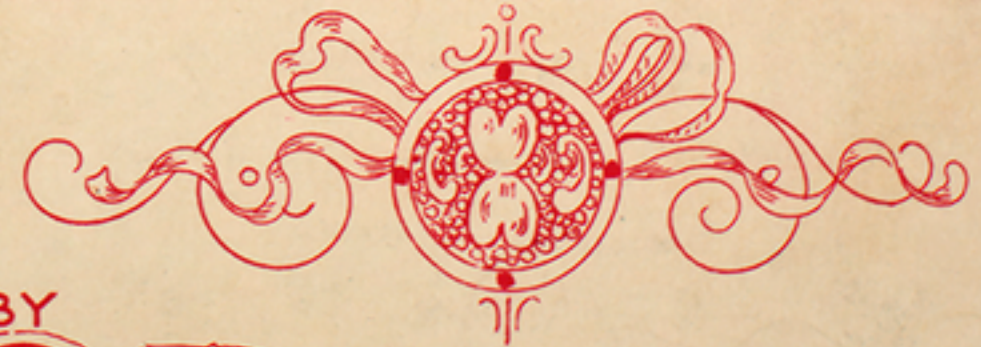


MR. CHAS. A. BIGELOW, AS JAMES THE WAITER.

AS SUNG BY  
**CHAS. A. BIGELOW,**

IN  
**RICE'S  
PRODUCTION**

OF THE  
**GREAT ENGLISH NOVELTY  
"THE FRENCH MAID,"**



COMPOSED BY

# EDWARD E. RICE.

PR. 50¢

NEW YORK,  
EDWARD SCHUBERTH & CO  
(J. F. H. MEYER)  
23 UNION SQUARE.

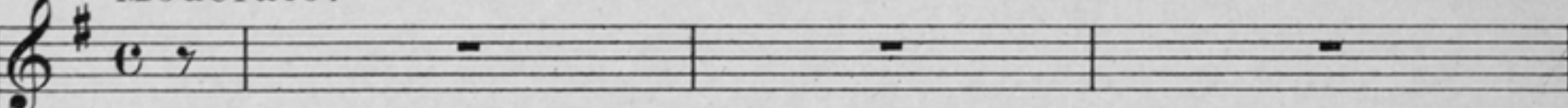
LONDON,  
E. ASCHERBERG & CO  
46 BERNERS ST.

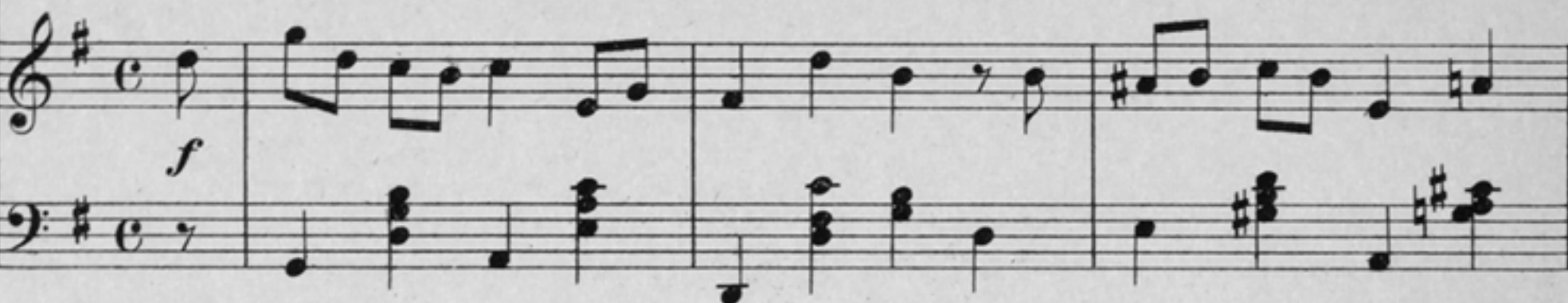


# Rhapsodie table d'hôte.

E. E. RICE.

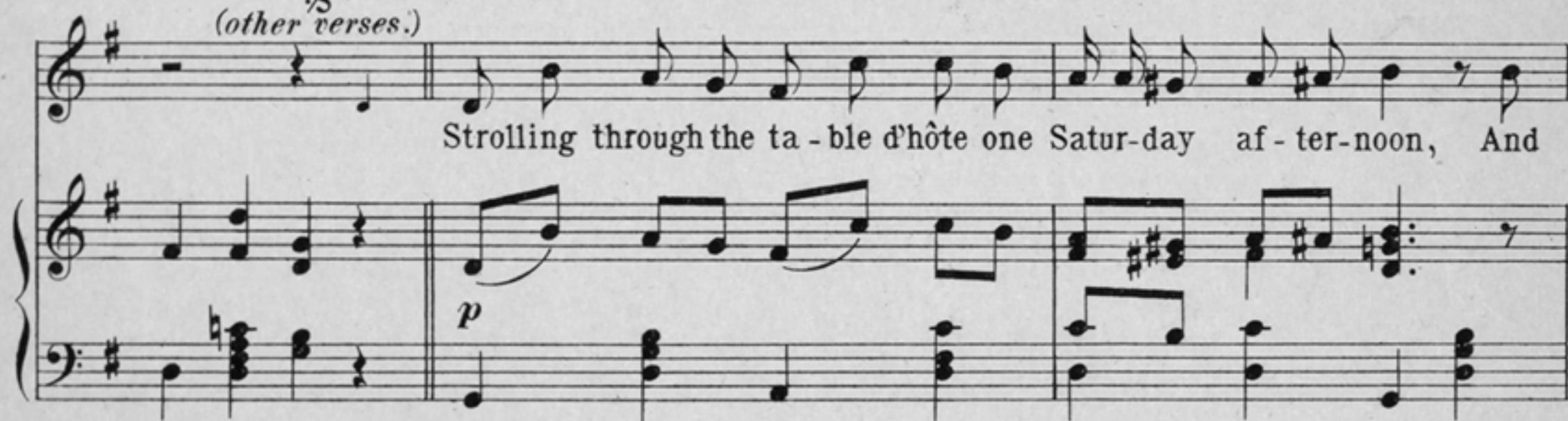
**Moderato.**

VOICE. 

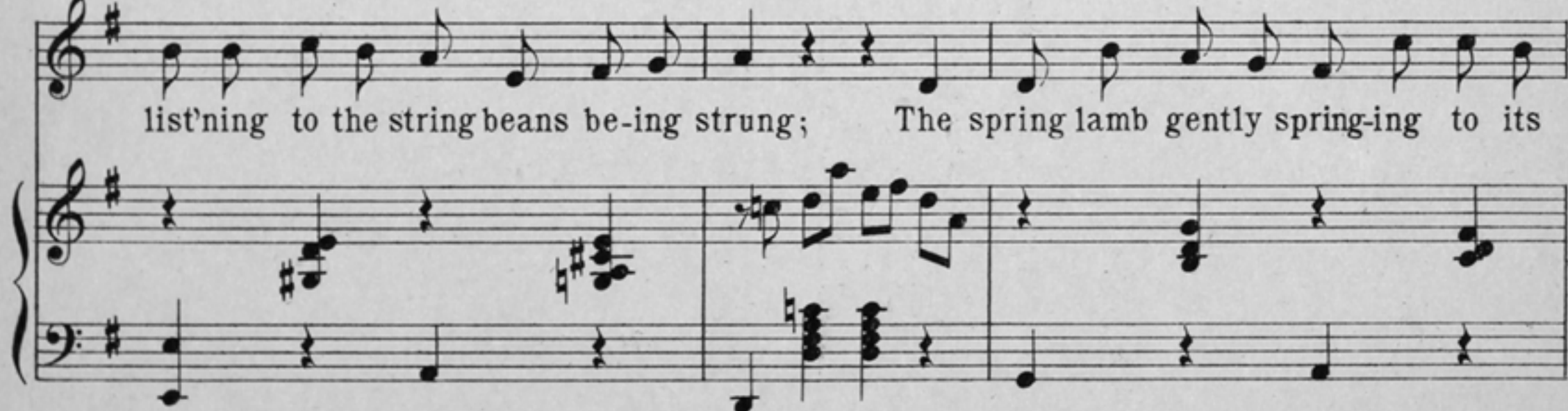
PIANO. 

*§*  
(other verses.)

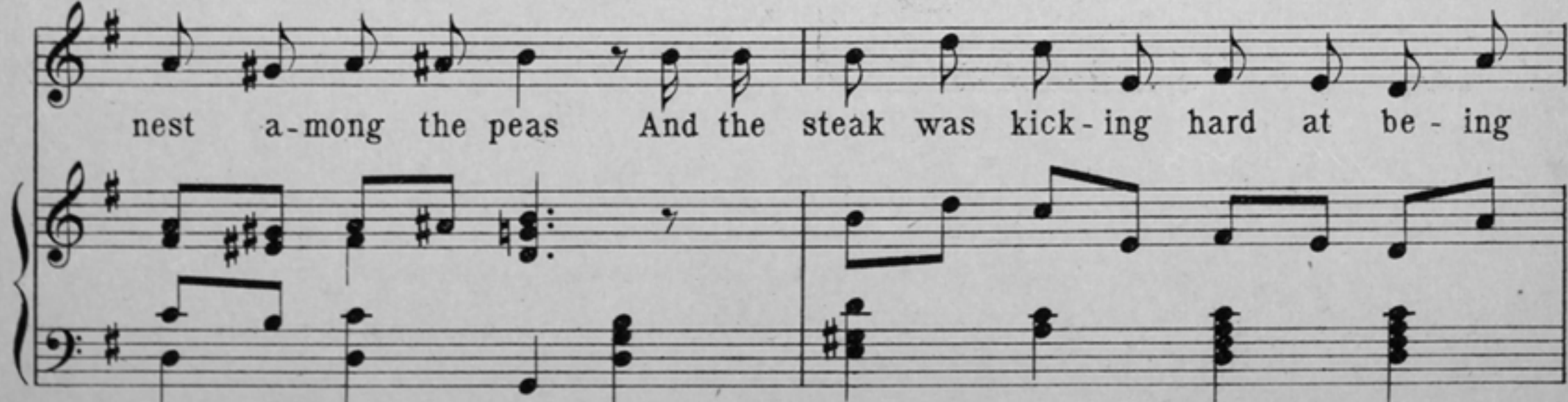
Strolling through the ta - ble d'hôte one Satur-day af - ter-noon, And



list'ning to the stringbeans be-ing strung; The spring lamb gently spring-ing to its



nest a-mong the peas And the steak was kick-ing hard at be-ing



Copyright, 1898, by Edward Schuberth & Co

Public performance in Theatres and Music Halls  
not permitted without consent.



# RHAPSODIE TABLE D'HÔTE.

BY  
EDWARD E. RICE.

Strolling through the table d'hôte one | Saturday afternoon,  
 And | listening to the string beans being | strung;  
 The | spring lamb gently springing to its | nest among the peas,  
 And the | steak was kicking hard at being | done.  
 "Bacon | my sweet potato," said the | oil stove to the range.  
 That was | run by gasoline could hardly | stand;  
 The stale | bread got a toasting and the po|tatoes got a roasting,  
 While the | shad roe-d down the river, over the | sand.

## 2.

The | soupcon was a melody the | boarders loved to hear,  
 | While the mutton got itself into a | stew;  
 Lettuce | catsup with the cabbage that has | just gone in the soup,  
 The to|mato can, but will not get there | too.  
 The | flower of the family was | Baker's treble X,  
 'Tis the | grub that makes the butterfly so | free;  
 The | turnips got a mashing, while the | corned-beef got a hashing,  
 In the | little cottage pudding by the | sea.

**NOTE.**—The dividing lines correspond with the bars in the music.

Copyright, 1898, by EDWARD SCHUBERTH & Co.

Public performance in Theatres and Music Halls not permitted without consent.

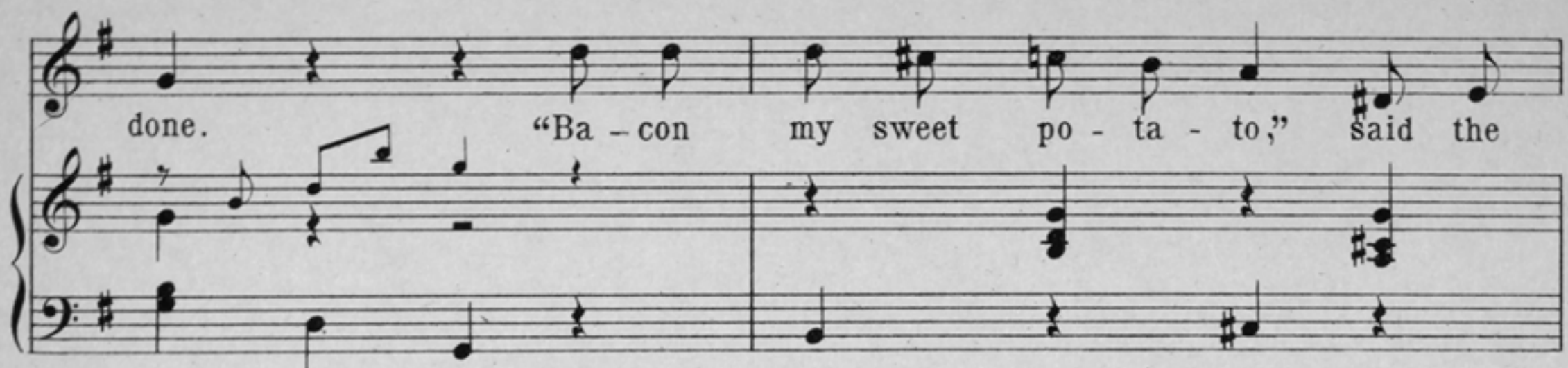
Some | of the swellest viands then be|gan to put on airs,  
 And | said that they the social laws would | fix;  
 The | cucumber and lobster with one | single voice declared  
 They | socially with milk could never | mix.  
 The | merry little blue point said he | favored dry champagne,  
 While the | Schweitzer-käse proposed to stick to | beer;  
 But the | apple was for cider, though the | others might deride her,  
 And | then the barley-corn got on his | ear.

The|Brie cheese and the onions had some|heated arguments  
 As to | which one was the stronger of the | two;  
 But the | garlic said that neither had an | overstock of scents,  
 And for | points of strength he also had a | phew!  
 It was | quite a merry frolic, when the | watermelon colic  
 Said the | complexion of the claret was too | red;  
 But for | people that were lunching there'd have | been some Roman punching,  
 As it | was, the cabbage nearly lost its | head.

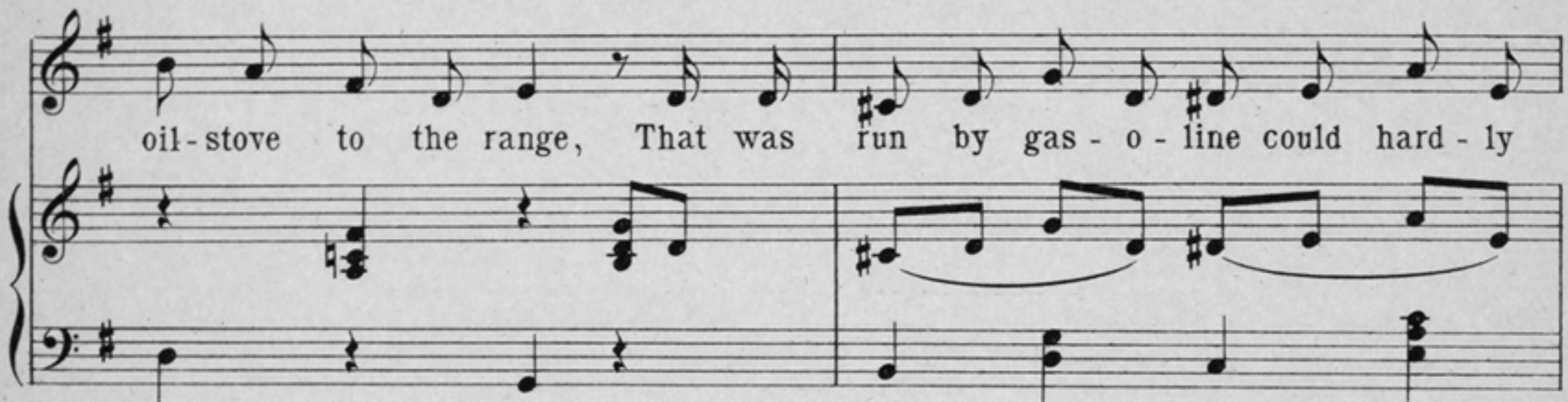
The Ta|basco said "I'm little, but I'm | hot stuff just the same,"  
 And the | lemon gave him quite a sour | look;  
 The duck | got his canvas back up when they | said he wasn't game,  
 And the | nervous jelly trembled till it | shook.  
 The | Ice Cream acted coldly when the | pie—a crusty chap—  
 Said he | thought the vinegar's manner rather | tart;  
 But | when the radish horsey said the | Worcestershire was saucy,  
 The | butter's golden hair threw up its | part.



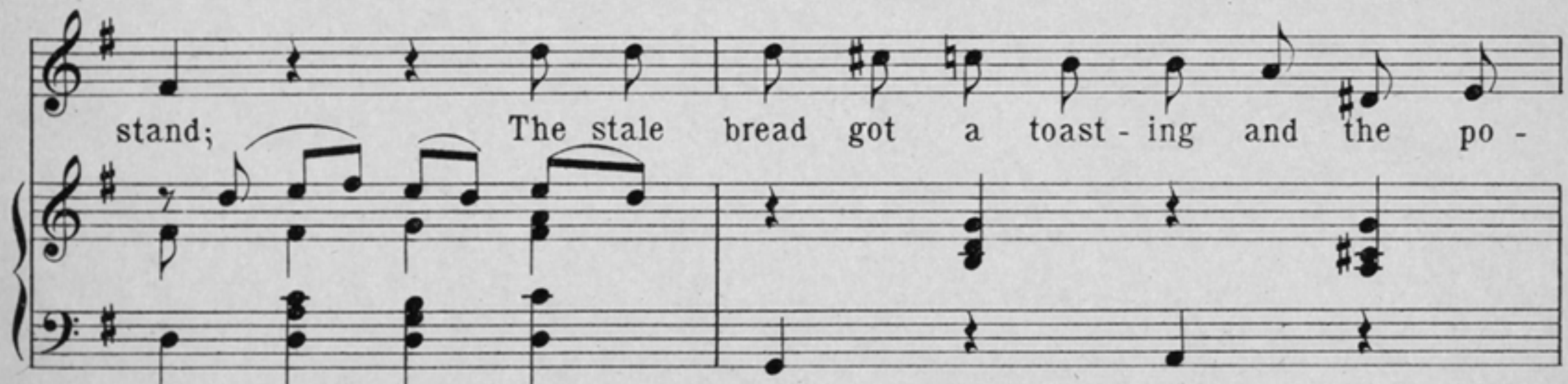
done. "Ba - con my sweet po - ta - to," said the



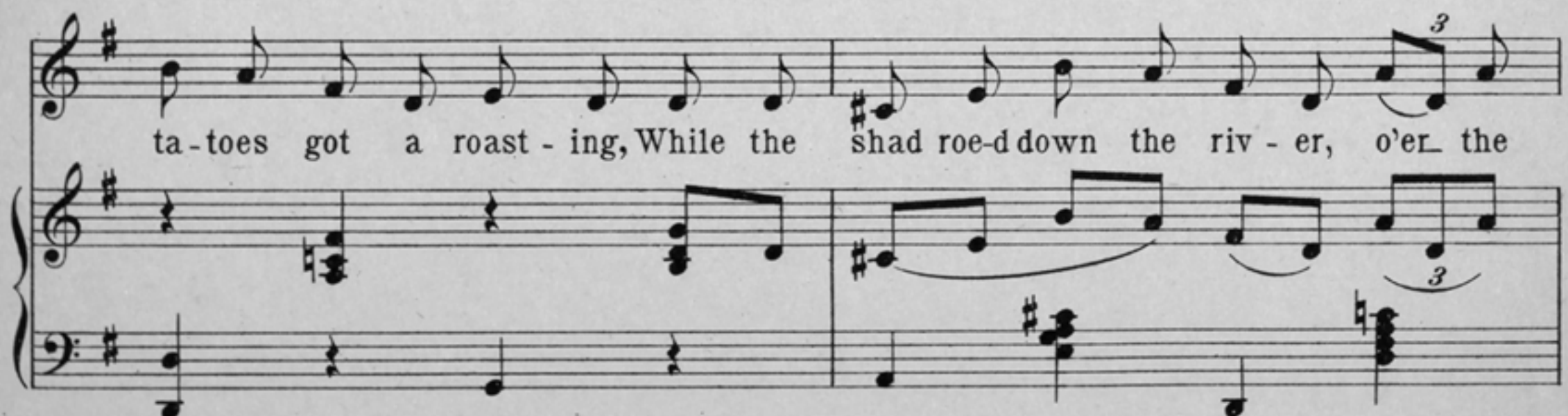
oil-stove to the range, That was run by gas - o - line could hard - ly



stand; The stale bread got a toast - ing and the po -



ta-toes got a roast - ing, While the shad roe-d down the riv - er, o'er the



sand. —

