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Flirtation: Answer to Fanny Grey

Flirtation: Answer to Fanny Grey

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

FLIRTATION,

Answer to

FANNY GREY

Dedicated to

Miss Ellen Duane

BY

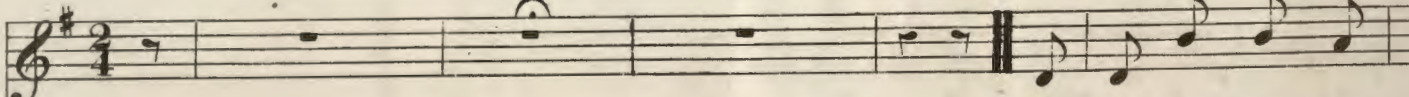
THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia,


A. FIOT

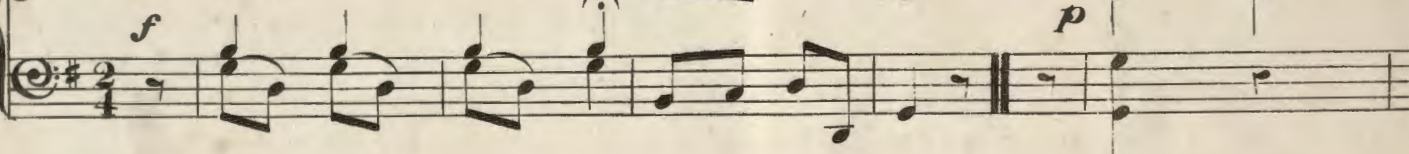
N. 196 Chesnut S.^t

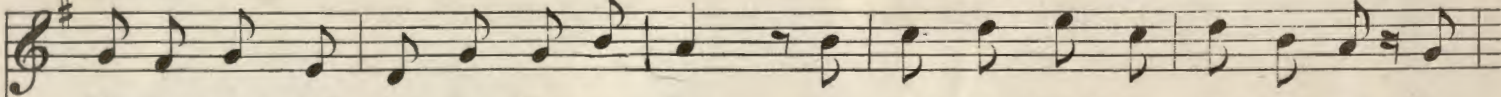
Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1839 by Fiot, Meignen & C^o in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

VOCE. 

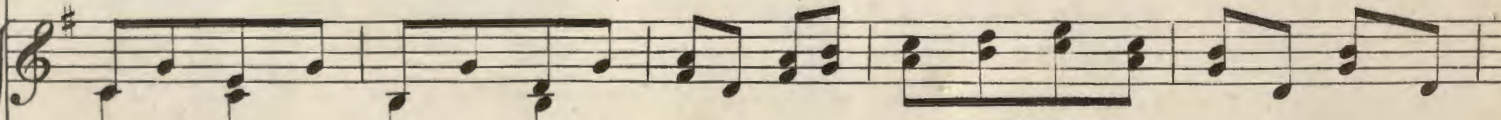
Allegretto non troppo. You all have heard how

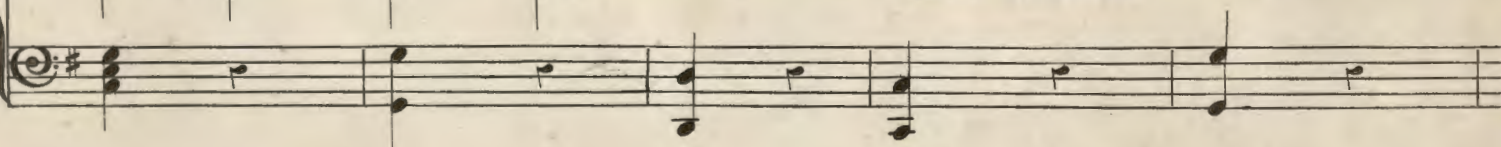
PIANO 

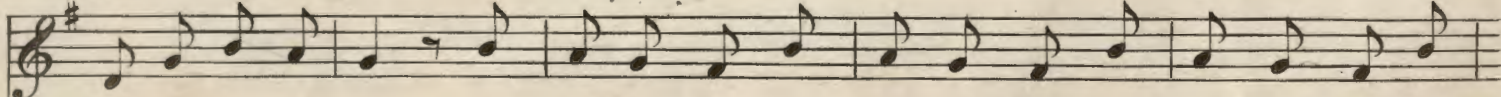
FORTE. 




Mis-ter Charles left Jane for Fan-ny Gray, And tho' we think it ve-ry odd it

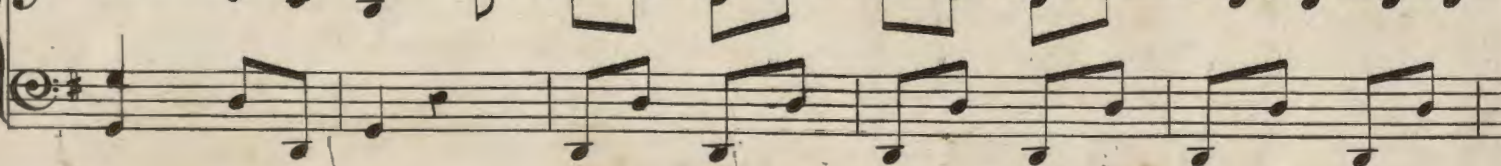






hap-pens ev'-ry day. A La-dy-flirt is bad e-nough, but oh! theres something





ad lib: sempre Tempo

yet Is worse you'll say_ I'll tell you what_ It is a male co - quet. La,

vivace

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2

Now Jane was not the girl he thought — her turn was yet to come
 "When Mr Charles Tod calls again — John say I'm not at home"
 Next day came out — eloped they say ('twas in the morning Post)
 The heiress and coquette miss G — with Colonel Glossop Coste.
 la, la, la, la.

3

Says Charley Tod — "that's rather odd — but I'll go back to Jane"
 "Poor foolish girl — she loves me still — and I can soon explain"
 "I have the tact — I'll vow to her — I never meant to roam"
 The door was open'd — "Sir" said John "Miss Frazier's not at home."
 la, la, la, la.

4

Now by Great Western came a youth whom Jane had nigh forgot
 He woo'd in haste — 'she gave her hand — and soon they tied the knot
 A note to Charles said "half past 7" — he thought he'd go at eight
 He dress'd with care — and soon was there — the Bride said "you're too late"
 "The Parson's so particular he did not chuse to wait." la, la, la.

5

All belles and beaux a warning take — pray don't despise my song
 And flirt whenever your match you find — for flirting in a throng
 But if you strive to win a heart — don't think it "rather odd"
 If one and all — we hope you'll meet — the fate of Charley Tod.
 la, la, la, la.

THE SONG OF THE LARK

By the late Mr. J. H. H. H.

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