

W. H. Sheard

540

The  
CATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER



The Serio-Comic Ballad,

Immortalized by PUNCH.

ARRANGED, WITH HARMONIZED CHORUS,  
FOR THE

PIANO FORTÉ

LONDON.

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# THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER!

THE ONLY EDITION WITH CHORUS.

ARRANGED BY E. J. WESTROP.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

mf

FIRST AND THIRD VERSES.

1 In Vest-minister not long a-go, There liv'd a Rat-catcher's  
3 Both rich and poor, from far and near, In Ma-tri-mo-ny

Gres. sf mp

1 daugh-ter, - That is not quite in Vest-minis-ter, 'Cos she liv'd t'other side of the  
3 sought her, - But at friends and foes, she turn'd up her nose, Did the prit-ty lit-tle Rat-catcher's

1 va-ter; - Her fa-ther caught rats, and she cried sprats All round a-bout that  
3 daugh-ter; For there vas a man, sold li-ly-vite sand In Cu-pid's net had

Gres.

1 quar-ter; The young gentlemen all touch'd their hats To the pritty little Rat-catcher's  
3 caught her; And right o-ver-head and ears in love Fell the pritty little Rat-catcher's

mp

1 daugh-ter. Doo-dle di, doo-dle dee, da dum doo-dle dum.  
 3 daugh-ter. Doo-dle di, doo-dle dee, da dum doo-dle dum.

CHORUS.

AIR.  
 TENOR. Doo-dle di, doo-dle dee, da dum doo-dle dum.  
 ALTO. Doo-dle di, doo-dle dee, da dum doo-dle dum.  
 2nd TENOR. Doo-dle di, doo-dle dee, da dum doo-dle dum.  
 BASS. Doo-dle di, doo-dle dee, da dum doo-dle dum.

PIANO  
 FORTE.

SECOND AND FOURTH VERSES.

2 She wore no hat up-on her  
 4 Now li-ly-vite sand so run in her

2 head, Nor cap, nor dan-dy bon-net, The hair on her head fell  
 4 head, As she walk'd a-long the Strand, Oh! She cried, though she'd got the

2 down her back like a bunch of Carrots up on it, Ven  
 4 sprats on her head. "Do you vant a ny li-ly-vite sand, Oh?" The

2 she cried "Sprats in Vest-minis-ter, Oh! such a sweet loud voice, Sir, You could  
 4 folks a-maz'd, all thought her craz'd As she valk'd a-long the Strand, Oh! To

*Gres.*

2 hear her all up Par-li-a-ment street, And as far as Cha-ring  
 4 hear a gal, vith sprats on her head, Cry "Come buy my li-ly-vite

*mp*

Repeat Chorus.  
 Cross, Sir, Doo-dle di, doo-dle dee, da dum doo-dle dum.  
 sand, Oh!" Doo-dle di, doo-dle dee, da dum doo-dle dum.

5  
 The Ratcatcher's daughter run in his head,  
 And he didn't know vot he vos arter,  
 Instead of crying "vant any lily-vite sand?"  
 He cried, "D'ye vant any Ratcatcher's daughter?"  
 The Donkey prick'd up his ears and laugh'd!  
 And vonder'd vot he vos arter,  
 To hear his lily-vite sandman cry  
 "I'll ye buy any Ratcatcher's daughter?"  
 Doodle di, &c.

6  
 Now they both agreed to married be  
 Upon next Easter Sunday,  
 But the Ratcatcher's daughter had a dream  
 She would'nt be alive'till Monday;  
 She vent again to buy some sprats  
 But tumbled into the vater:  
 And down to the bottom of the dirty Thames  
 Fell the pritty little Ratcatcher's daughter.  
 Doodle di, &c.

7  
 Lily-vite sand, ven he heard the news,  
 Both his eyes pour'd down vith vater,  
 Says he "In love I'll constant prove  
 And blow'd if I live long arter;"  
 So he cut his throat vith a square of glass,  
 And stabb'd his donkey arter!  
 There vos an end of poor Lily-vite sand,  
 His Donkey, and Ratcatcher's daughter!  
 Doodle di, &c.