

CHARLES GODFREY'S LAST NEW SONG.

THE GIRL IN THE JERSEY DRESS.



*Yours Truly
Charles Godfrey*

CHORUS.

*That girl, that girl, that dear little girl, that girl with the golden hair,
Frizzled and fried, plaited beside, Hanging all down to there,
That girl, that girl, I feel that I must caress
That Jersey in black, buttoned right up the back, Oh! that Girl in the Jersey dress.*

Written by
H. ADAMS.

Composed by
E. JONGMANS.

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THE JERSEY DRESS.

WRITTEN BY H. ADAMS.

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MODERATO.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major and common time. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO'.

1. We've been to Jersey oft and of the passage made a fuss, But now it seems all things are changed the
 2. The Jer-sey dropp'd its pa-ra-sol I rush'd across the way, The small boys thought it a splendid fun and

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first system of lyrics.

Jer-sey's come to us, We meet it ev'-ry-where we go, where'er we walk or ride, And
 shouted out "hooray," I pick'd it up and wiped it dry then hand-ed it to her, She

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second system of lyrics.

ve-ry oft-en see some ve-ry pret-ty things inside. Whilst pro-mena-ding Re-gent Street a-
 smoled a smile, then wink'd a wunk and said "oh! thank you sir," I thought I'd nev-er seen a form so

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third system of lyrics.

bout three months a-go, I saw a strange pheno-me-na that made me cry out "oh! My
 shape-ly mix'd with grace The an-cient sta-tues in that race would nev-er get a place, We

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the fourth system of lyrics.

stars and gar-ters, look at that, oh, is it not di-vine? It
 chat-ted as we walk'd a-long, through Ter-race, Road, and Street, And

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the fifth system of lyrics.

moves, it breathes, it lives! by Jove, I wish that it were mine!"
as I look'd up on that dress, my blood was fever-heat.

(Spoken after first verse.) Two small boys immediately volunteered to call a cab and see me safely to the nearest lunatic asylum! My friend Harry said, "what's the matter old man?" I said "hush! what is that I see before me?" the aforementioned small boys suggested it was the tailor who gave me tick for my last suit of clothes, but heeding them not I pointed across the road and exclaimed, "look, look at —"

(Spoken after second verse.) I had fourteen twopenny ices before I was cool enough to ask her name, and she had tencoes of brandy mingled with lemonade, the brandy predominating before she could reply, but it was the dress that did it, as a rule I'd always seen crinolines worn at the lower extremities, but it seems now they have taken a rise in the world, but it was jam and I had made up my mind that life would be a howling "evilfeeness" and "shay horses" (chaos) would come again unless I married —

CHORUS.

That girl, that girl, that dear little girl, That girl with the golden hair, . . . Frizzled and fried,

plaited beside, Hanging all down to there . . . That girl . . . that girl . . . I

feel that I must caress . . . That Jersey of black button'd right up the back, Oh! that

girl in the Jersey dress.

3. I took that Jer-sey ev-rywhere to ev-ry place we went, No
 4. The mo-ral is dont buy a cake for its out-er peel and spice, Nor

end of time and mo-ney on that Jer-sey dress I spent, I soon proposed and it accept-ed
 think a book's well written 'cause its cover's ve-ry nice, True worth will al-ways show itself and

me without de-lay, We went to church and got it done and then we came a-way. The
 needs no use-less puff, 'Tis on-ly the al-loy that nev-er seems to get enough. 'Tis

guests had all de-part-ed and we two were left a-lone I think that was the most momentuous
 not O. K. to mo-ralise, tho' in a com-ic song, And yet you see the mo-ral lies in

time I'd ev-er known, She cast a-side her Jer-sey which was
 la-dies do-ing wrong, But still a-mongst a heap of trash you'll

Repeat Chorus.
 button'd, tied and pinnd Then unscrew'd something like a tap and let out all the wind.
 most-ly find a gem, And if la-dies will make fun of us why we'll make fun of them.

(Spoken after third verse.) Oh! ye gods and fishes, and for three months I'd been making desperate love to a penny puff, all wind and no jam! nothing can be flatter than the proverbial pancake, and when I took my eyes from the windless Jersey and cast it — Oh! —

(Spoken after fourth verse.) Especially of —