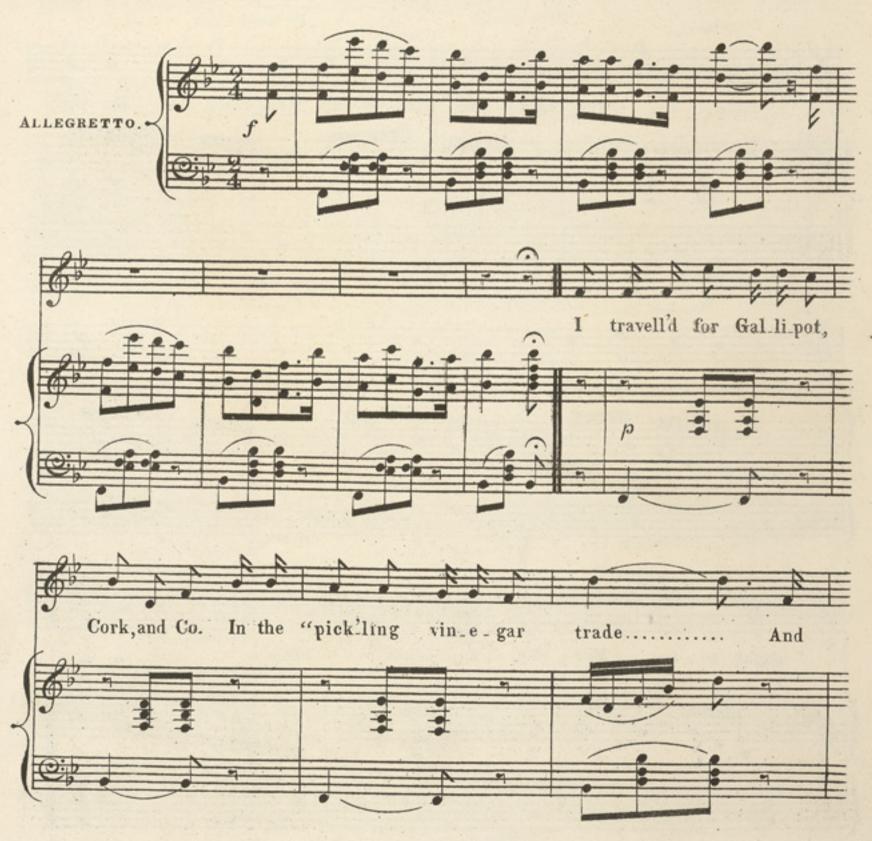
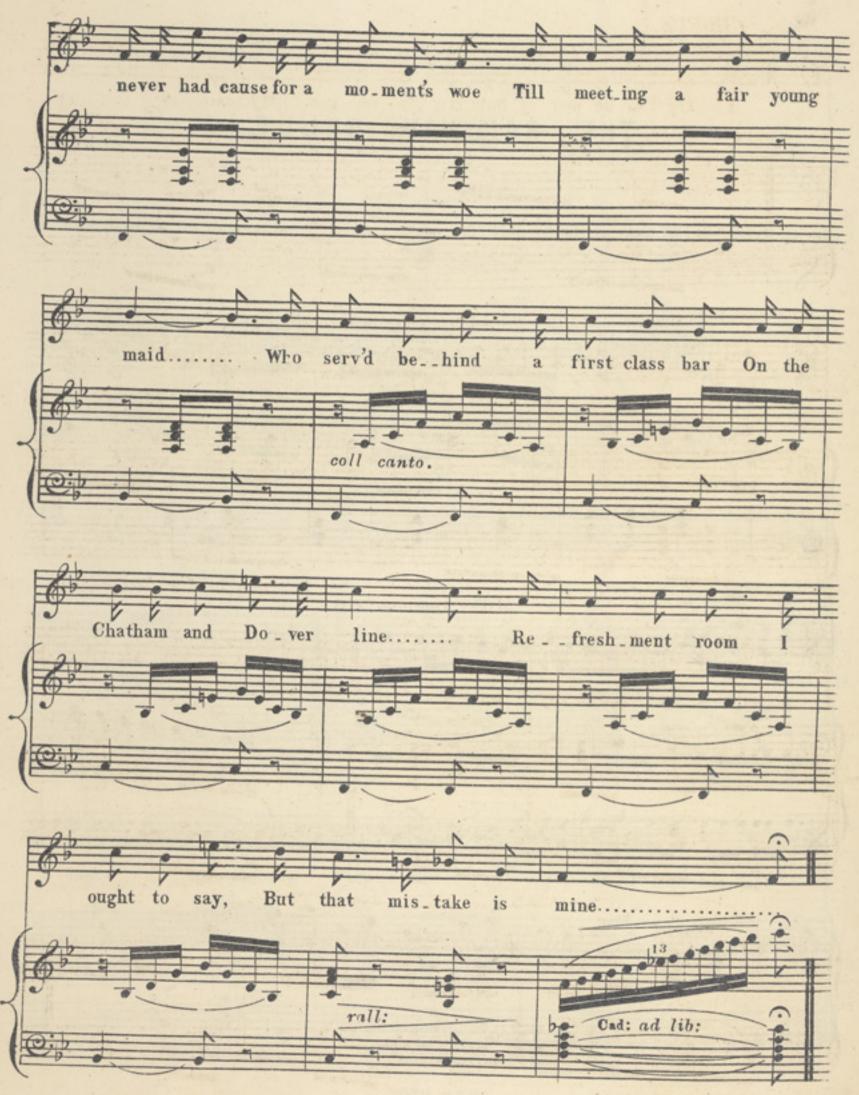
THE RAILWAY BELLE.

WRITTEN COMPOSED AND SUNG BY HARRY CLIFTON.

ARRANGED BY M. HOBSON.



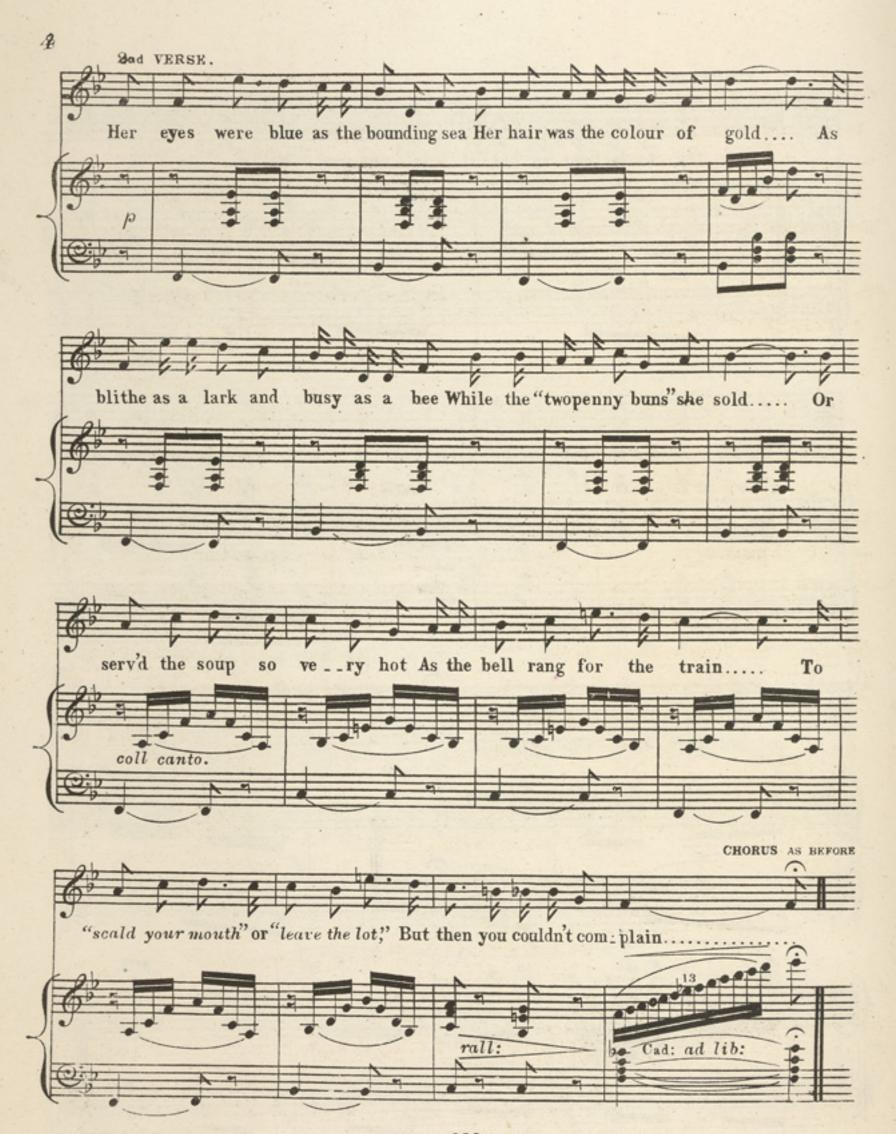
H&C. 936.



H & C. 936.



H & C. 936.



Lovers she had of every sort,

From the "dustman," to the "swell,"

You may suppose she'd lots of beaux,

This charming Railway Belle;

But she served them all with the same good-will,

Favorites she had none,

'Twas," Thank you sir," as she filled the till,

And a smile for every one.

CHORUS

4

With favor she looked down on me,

With joy my heart was cheered,

When a sudden stop came to my glee,

A rival "he appeared,

All clothed in green", with silver lace,

On the collar of his coat a yard;

And elegant foot, for a wellington boot,

SPOKEN (in fact) The model of a Railway Guard.

CHORUS.

I saw that every hope had fled,
My every chance was marr'd,
"Appearance" was against me dead,
'Twas" ten to one on the Guard,"
For without a doubt I'm getting stout,
At least I'm far from slim,
I'm "five feet six," he's "six feet five,"
All polished neat and trin...

CHORUS.

6

I mustered courage to propose,

And asked her to be mine;

But she turned up her little nose,

And said "She must decline;

She was engaged or perhaps she might

Look on me with regard,"

In less than three short months from that

She married the Railway Guard.

CHORUS.

7

I never travel Now by train,
Since I got in that line,
For memory will almost break,
This tender heart of mine;
The sight of a Railway makes me ill,
The sight of green coats, sad,
I'm never out at ball or rout,
For the "Guards' Waltz' drives me mad."

CHORUS.