The moon shone bright one summer night,
down some vale, a night-ingale.
Out on the gloomy marsh,
Warbled its song so bold.

TEN.

Moon shone bright, Summer night,
Down some vale, Nightingale,

BASS.

The silence broke, a voice awoke,
And strange to see, the melody:

Out on the gloomy marsh,
Warbled its song so bold.
Solenn and deep and harsh.
Made each frog's blood run cold.

Silence broke, voice awoke,
Strange to see, Mol-o-doe,

Tacoma.

'Twas the voice of the mighty bull-frog king,
Which his accord every frog concurred as they

Solenn and deep and harsh.
Made each frog's blood run cold.

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subjects were quickly answering. As the musical bull-frogs sniffed with scorn at the sound they'd heard, what a hideously un-

came to sing: Burp! pit-y-bar! Barp! Burp! Burp! Burp! Burp! For each musical bird! Burp! pit-y-bar! Barp! Burp! Burp! Burp! Now this

emulous singer did aspire, To sing double-bass in the incident may seem odd to you, But you must agree that 'tis

bully frog-chor. So they sang and sang and they never seemed to tire.
often true, These things all depend on the point of view.
Burr—pit-y burp! Burp! Burp—pit-y burp! Burp! For each
Burr—pit-y burp! Burp! Burp—pit-y burp! Burp! Now this

em-u-lous song-stér did as-píre To sing dou-ble-bass in the in-ci-dent may seem odd to you, But you must a-gree that 'tis
song-stér did as-píre, To sing in the bull frog in-ci-dent seems odd. You must a groo 'tis

cresc.
cresc.