The Kitten That Couldn't Be Good.
Alma and Girls.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro commodo.

There once was a tabby, a fond and proud mother, And
All good little kittens are fond of the fireside, And

six little kittens she had. Now five of those kittens were
creams, the best tipple they think. But this little kitten kept

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good, but the other, The youngest was naturally bad. Those
begging his mother for something much stronger to drink. Soon

five little kittens were lively as chickens. As soon as he was able he climbed on the table, Regarding with scorn ing all

day with; But that little kitten was full of the chickens. Twas warming; He drank all the wine left in the glasses at dinner. Then

pecker chips he loved to play with. Mew; mew "I

oh, such a headache next morning!"

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tug so awfully, Lord," he said, With a sorrowful shake of his fear I'll go to the bed," he said, As his mother put ice on his poor little head. "I sit up nights trying and purring that's sighing, I fear I inherit this fondness for spirit, I be as good as cream if I could; But there's no use trying I really could not stop if I would; I was just born naughty and
can't, that's flat, For I just am a nat - ur'ly
wild, that's flat, And I just am a gray, ir - re -
mew, mew,

bad lit - tle cat. A sad lit - tle, bad lit - tle,
spon - si - ble cat. A bad lit - tle scamp, lit - tle
mew, mew,

mad lit - tle kit - ten, A kit - ten who can - not be good.
trump of a kit - ten, A kit - ten who can - not be good.
mew mew mew