The Soubrette's Secret.

Words by
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Music by
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Allegretto, a tempo.

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Some fill the mental cupboard
Of Greek and Latin sag-es.
Till some

max-ims they quote from them
Spen-ner and Em-er-son prize!

Some value Mark Twain
Some rate above the

high-ly. Some turn to Whi-tcomb Ri-ley
For mottoes to

The Soubrette's Secret. S.N.
paste in the hat supplies!

But I've no time for reading, For studying or heeding. What wise men to teach us have teach-es, What Mis-ter Doo-ley preach-es. For some will their con-duct de-

tried cide. For I've a mot-to all my own, No But I've a mot-to all my own, No mat-ter wherein life I'm thrown, It is my trus-ty guide! mat-ter wherein life I'm thrown It is my trus-ty guide!

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MEN.

Tell us in a hurry. We are anxious very

See us meekly waiting. Don't delay in stating

What's that motto all your own? Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha

What that motto is so rare! Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha

Through what e'er betide us. It shall also guide us,

We your wisdom needing. For that secret pleading.

Speak and let it now be known. That with us you'll share.

Solo
d

The Soubrette's Secret. S.N.
Refrain

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, This motto

daily I warble gaily. Tra la la la You'll

find Tra la, la la The best prescription For every

trouble Tra la la la la Tra la.