THE GIRL WITH THE GAINESBOROUGH HAT.
As Sung by GEORGE THATCHER.
Words and Music by C. FRANK HORN

1. While in my daily walks thru life, A girl I often meet; I know she's one of
2. So kind her at a masquer, I chanced for all one day, I staid my eyes all
3. One wind day, this maid en fur, Was taken by surprise; For a hurricane came and

fash ion's queen, She's bent up so neat, She's bound and frill'd and fur be bowed, Her
out of shape, As I tried to see the play. That thing bound up and hid the stage; Dis-
grub'd her hat, And jam'd it in her eyes. Then it soop'd up and fired her off. — My

fuss go pit a pat, And her whole make-up's unamount ed with A great, big curt wheel hat,
gust ed there I sat, And I most died when an urchin cried, "Oh shoot that unmerciful hat!"
eyes are proof of that. — For the last I saw were the babblig man boss Of the girl with the Gainesborough hat.

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Chorus.
Tempo di scalz.

Oh, that hat, that ten a ore hat; Crush it and tramp on it.

Mush it and mangle it! Never shall I marry a girl whose fair head, Is be-decked with a Gainesborough hat.

The girl with the Gainesborough Hat.—2.