THE PURITY BRIGADE.

Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

Andantino moderato.

1. I hope I do not shock My
2. Now is it not as well To

late convert-ed flock, By chang-ing to a costume that could be a tri-fle swell? Oh is it nec-es-sa-ry when you're

be de-scribed as snap-ppy, I would not have you think That mor-al to be gank-y? And must a girl em-ploy The

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I would ever sink From my high state of pity, to
tiles that come from Troy? Or is she not entitled to be

anything clap trap-ky. My morals have not changed as
stunning-ly New Yorky? Oh, mayn't a girl be good and

you might guess, The only thing that's changed, has been my dress. We're the
free from guile, And yet be quite a cork-er in her style? We're the

Tempo di Marcia.

ornamental, Purity Brigade! To our purity we add a little

Purity brigade.
fashion; A pretty ribbon of the proper
shade Could never hinder real religious

passion, 'Twould not be flash on a pretty

maid. When we fight we conquer vicious-ness and

Purity brigade. 4
shame,
Our shiny trumpets going toot-y,

Toot-y!
We really do not think that we're to

blame,
For dressing in a style that suits our

beauty,
We do our duty Just the same!