Rhoda and her Pagoda.

Words by ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.

Moderato.

1. Rhoda Rye was a London lass, Taking and trim and tiny;
   She wish'd to gather the upper class. To a one shop,

2. The lords and ladies they came from far, In fact, too many for sakeing the club and the Yankee bar And on-

3. A wealthy nobleman wandered in, The Duke of Kensington Gardens, He chuck'd the waitresses under the chin, And rae-es, There never has been a Duchess yet With

4. Rhoda now is a social pet At royal parties and

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tea shop charming and
ly o - rig - i - nal
ly o - rig - i - nal
Bun Shop!
Bun Shop!
They sat at the ta - bles
They sat at the ta - bles
gig - gl’d and asked their
par - dons!
par - dons!
And Rho - da flirt - ed and
And Rho - da flirt - ed and
such a style as her
Graces,
Graces,
And if you ev - er should
And if you ev - er should

put’d and plann’d A pro - per Pa - go - da
made for two, And
drew him on With her
try to raise The
dress’d like a Chi - nee
dress’d like a Chi - nee
girl at home, From the
girl at home, From the
day, at his four - teenth cup
looks at you with a loft - y stare
of - ten wast - ed an
of - ten wast - ed an
after - noon
after - noon
With two lit - tle cups
With two lit - tle cups and
He fell at her feet, And she
As if to sug - gest that you
He fell at her feet, And she
And she
big back comb!
big spoon!
up.
there.

Rhoda, Rhoda ran a Pa-
Rhoda, Rhoda ran a Pa-
Rhoda, Rhoda shut her Pa-
Rhoda says, "What is a Pa-

rall.

Rhoda, Sell-ing tea and sy-rup and so-da,
Rhoda, Sell-ing cakes and lem-on and so-da,
Rhoda, No more tea and cof-fee and so-da,
Rhoda? Some-thing Af-ri-can at Fa-sho-da?"

Buns and bis-cuits and bread of bran
Many a maiden met a man
Never a milk-man leaves his can
She never heard since life began

In the pret-ty Pa-go-da Rhoda
At the pret-ty Pa-go-da Rhoda
At the pret-ty Pa-go-da Rhoda
Of the pret-ty Pa-go-da Rhoda
CHORUS in Unison.

Rho-da, Rho-da ran a Pagoda,
Rho-da, Rho-da ran a Pagoda,
Rho-da, Rho-da shut her Pagoda,
Rho-da says, "What is a Pagoda?"

Selling tea and syrup and soda,
Selling cakes and lemon and soda,
No more tea and coffee and soda,
Something African at Fashoda?"

Buns and biscuits and
Many a maiden
Never a milkman
She never heard since

bread of bran
met a man
leaves his can
life began

In the pretty Pagoda Rho-da ran!
At the pretty Pagoda Rho-da ran!
At the pretty Pagoda Rho-da ran!
Of the pretty Pagoda Rho-da ran!

D.S.