PRETTY MAID, ADELAIDE.

SONG.

Words by ADDISON BURKHARDT.     Music by RAYMOND HUBBELL.

1. A demure country maid-en felt dissatisfied, As demure country maids should
2. When this maid unso phis ti ca ted came to town. For she al ways comes to

feel. She said to the cit y she would take a ride, Of
town—The hay seed still lingered in her hair of brown—Hay-seed

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Pretty Maid, Adelaide.—4-1.
city she had heard a great deal; "I'm a-fraid, Adelaide," said her
lin-gers in all hair of brown—All ar-rayed on pa-rade, men would

ma to the maid: "You'll feel lone-ly and sad on the way." She re-
meet A-de-laide. Men would al-ways meet A-de-la-de, They would

plied. "Never-fear, On the train, mother dear, One always meets a friend they say."
sit' on the stair, and en-joy the air, But all air they enjoyed was ready-made.

Pretty Maid, Adelaide—4-2.
CHORUS.

Pretty maid, Adelaide, wasn't scared or afraid, And she
Pretty maid, Adelaide, was a shy young maid, And her

made many friends on the train: At a man down the aisle she be-
friends were a little shy too, Ev'ry night she'd invite some new

gan to smile, When she smiled, 'twas not in vain, Toward
gallant knight, When they left, they were shy quite a few Toward

the maid Adelaide, with all haste he made From his seat, now he's sorry that
the home of the maid, once they all made a raid, For the stair they started on the

Pretty Maid, Adelaide.—4.-3.
he strayed. With his watch and heart he was forced to part, When he

They arrived at eight, but they came too late, All they

DANCE.

left this friendly maid,
got was the vacant stair.

Moderato.

Pretty Maid, Adelaide.—4-4.