HERR SCHWOLLENHEDT

Words by ALBERT CHEVALIER.

Vivace.

Music by ALFRED H. WEST.

I started life as plain John Brown, To win fame, with that name, Was sug-gestive of in-san-i-ty. I sought employ-ment up in town; But they laughed and they chaffed Which up-set my youth ful van-i-ty.
As Mr. Brown I did not dare, To talk of art, lest,

folks should stare, I'm Mr. Brown no more but Herr Schwollen.

hated the conductor at The Temple of Inanity. One! two! three! four!

Pas de quatre of Lutz's Premiere danseuse trips out on her tootsie wootsies
When I appear the folks go mad,
They declare ev'ry air,
Full of quaint originality.
My mood is grave or gay or sad,
It depends—all my friends
Praise my strict impartiality.
Some vulgar people take offence
And sneer because I'm called intense,
They say my back view is immense
And conducive to critics' mirth
And Pittites' joviality. (Chorus.)

Should anything perchance go wrong,
I look down with a frown
At the double bass or clarionet!
It did not take me very long
To acquire foreign fire
Or to emulate a marionette.
I've struck a rather awkward word,
The rhyme may sound a bit absurd,
Forgive it, please, for I have heard
That I may live to cut my hair,
And be a noble Baronet. (Chorus.)