

RECEIVED OF THE

M. Grimaldi.

WILLIAM THE FIRST

of the Kingdom of France

Ed. Beebe.

1823

1824

1825

1826

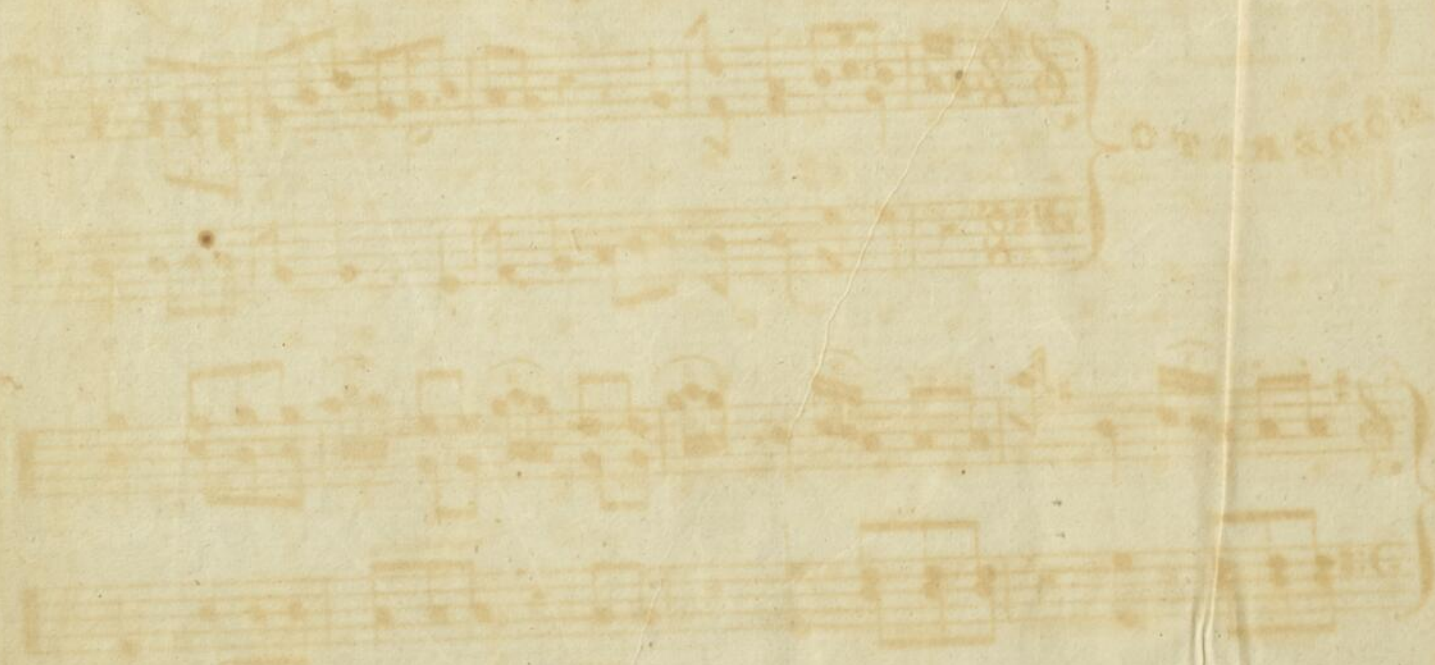
LETTERS TO JAMES

Edmund R.

AND HIS WIFE THE LADY

of the County of ...

Ed. Rector



THINKS I TO MYSELF

A Favorite Comic Song, sung by

M. Grimaldi,

With Unbounded Applause at

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE,

In the Entertainment

OF
Whang-Tong or the Clown of China.

Written by C. Dibdin, Junr

Composed by

W. Reeve.

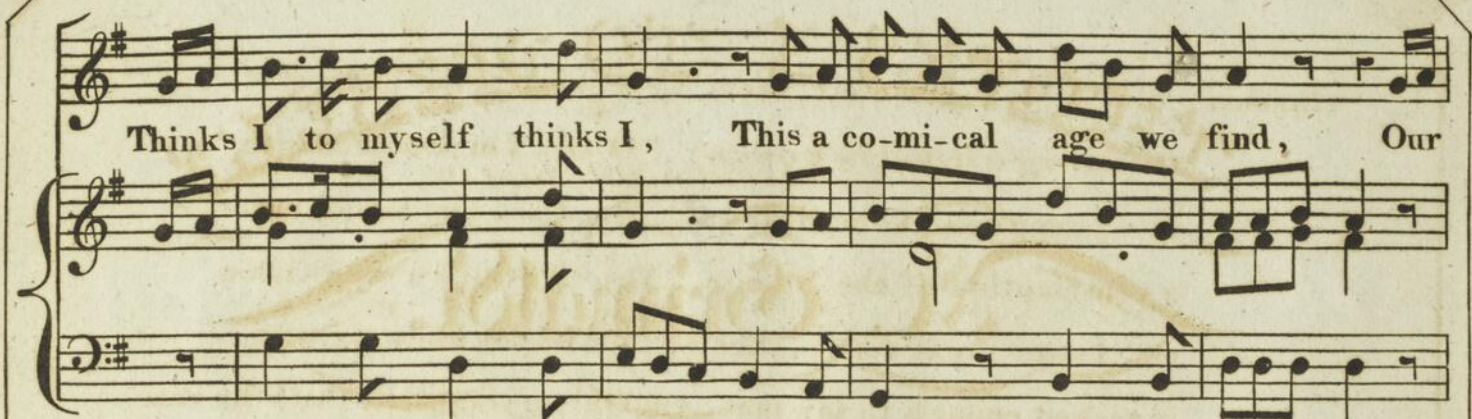
Ent at Stat Hall

Price 1/6

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MODERATO

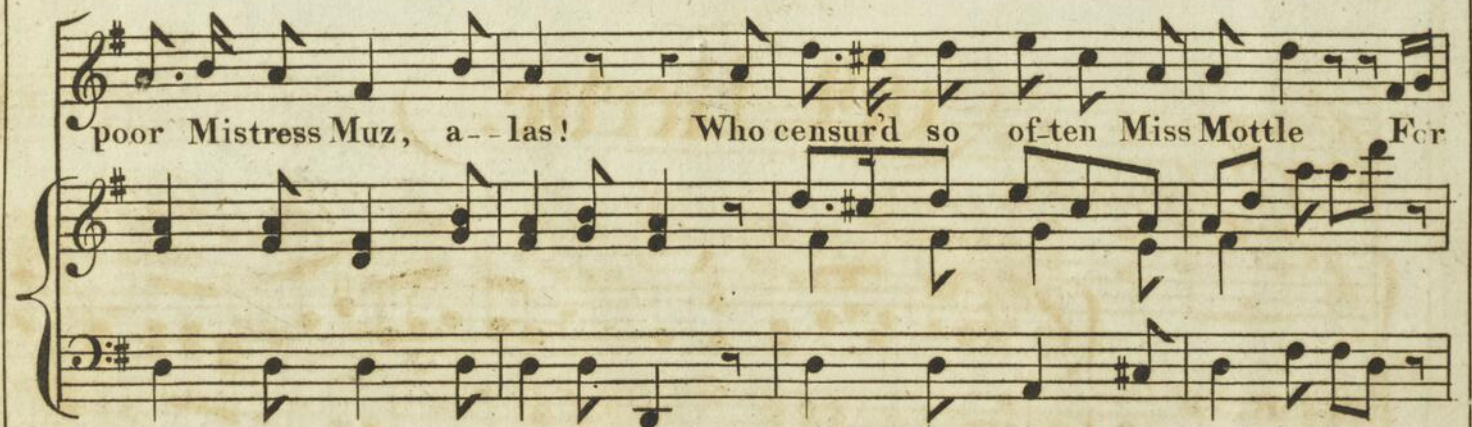
The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO'. The first system consists of two staves. The second system also consists of two staves, with the treble staff featuring triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a bracket) over several measures. The score is enclosed in a decorative border with lyre motifs at the corners.



Thinks I to myself thinks I, This a co-mi-cal age we find, Our



neighbours faults all of us spy, But to our own faults are blind; So

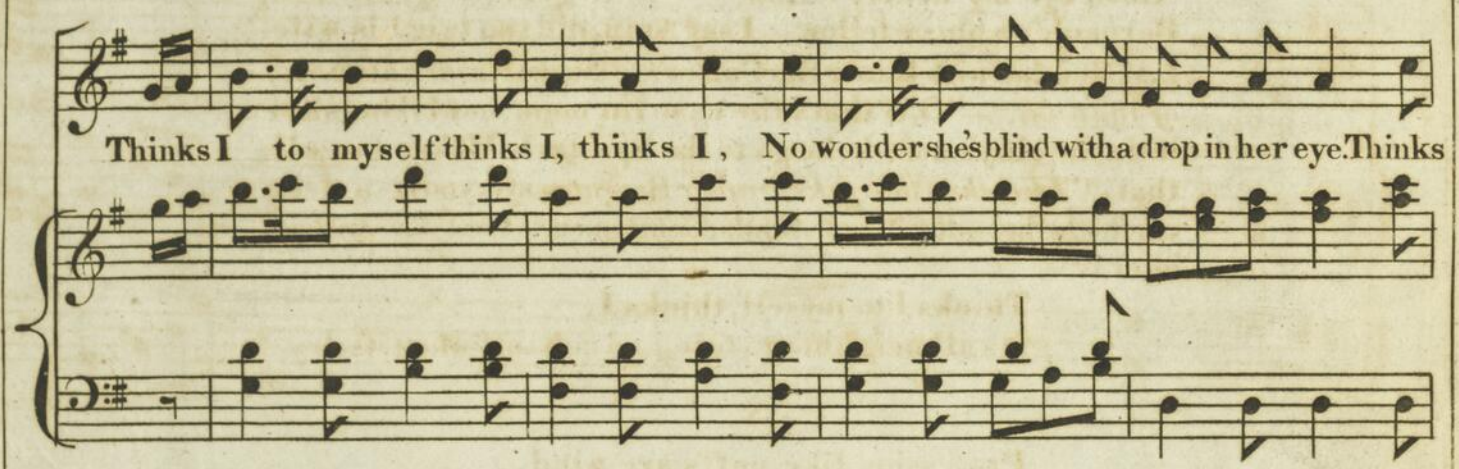


poor Mistress Muz, a-las! Who censur'd so often Miss Mottle For



looking so oft' in the Glass Forgot that She look'd in the Bottle.

(Spoken) "Mrs Muz, you don't seem well, what's the matter?"
 (imitating a drunken woman) "O sir, I'm troubled with
 a consumption of the Spirits;"—Yes I see you labour under
 a consumption of the Spirits,—"Yes sir it often comes upon
 me," I dare say it does,—"Yes sir, and do you know the world
 is wicked enough to say that—Oh! Oh! (*crying*) O, if that's the case.



There's *Truck* the Shopkeeper cries
 How *Bullock* the Butcher swears;
 And forgets what a parcel of lies
 He tells to sell his own wares;
 Says *Dough*, "Salmon's Fish i'n't sweet,"
 The coalman remarks with pleasure,
 "Dough's Bread's very seldom weight
 While Dough says, "His Coals are bad measure.

(Spoken) Was you ever at the Buz and Mum Club, at the Wig and Watch Box? that's the place for neighbour's fare. (*All the conversation in different voices*) "Chair; Chair the President's Toast,"—"Confusion to Backbiting, Gentlemen,"—"Bravo! Where's neighbour Snip this evening? that's a good natured fellow, but monstrously given to Cabbage—Yes, give him an inch he'll take an ell, and no man beats him at fine drawing a bill, here Mr Snip enters) "Ah! brother Snip, your worship was the last man in our mouths,"—"You done me a great deal of honor, Gentlemen,"—"O yes we always does our friends justice.—"Brother Barnacle are you going?"—"must, must, good night!"—"Good bye my hearty fellow,"—"is he gone,"—"yes,"—"That Barnacle's a queer fellow—I say Snip, did you twig his wife last Sunday with Razor the Cutler?"—"hush! Razor's at the top of the table,"—"O, if that's the case I'm mum, but I'll be shot if the last boy's nose belongs to the Spectacle Maker for all that,"—"I sees thro' that joke brother Bright—aye, you're a deep one, he! he! he!—the Toast stands, Gentlemen,"—"Confusion to Backbiters."

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,
It's all neighbours fare, and rubs off when it's dry.

3

Profession like puffs are wind,
Words butter no parsnips, O!
I'm glad you're come, means you'll oft find,
I shall be very glad when you go:
Miss Prim she calls on Miss Prue,
Who's transported with rapture to meet her;
But the moment her back is in view,
Cries, "there's no getting rid of that Creter."

(Spoken in different voices)

Bless me, who's coming? that eternal gossip, Mrs Whifmejig, and her nasty Pug Dog; provoking—"My dear Mrs Whifmejig, I am so glad to see you,"—"My dear Mrs Nibbs you do me infinite honor—Pompey get off the white sopha with your dirty feet,"—"O, the dear kreter let him amuse himself," (*aside*) "I wish he was in the Duck Pond—I hope you mean to stay Dinner?—nay you shall, I insist upon it,"—"If you must know I came on purpose," (*aside*), I thought so, one can never have a nice tit-bit, but she's sure to poke in her nose—"Betty don't dress the Ortolans till supper—Rat a-tat-tat-tat!!! Dang the Door, it is alive I think—"Is your Master at Home?"—"Measter do say he be not at Home, Sir,"—"Why Blockhead if he says so he must be at Home, and I hear him at the top of the stairs,"—"Tunder and turf, can't you be after believing the man, I tell you I'm gone out these two hours?"

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,
Ti diddle de dum, ti diddle de di.