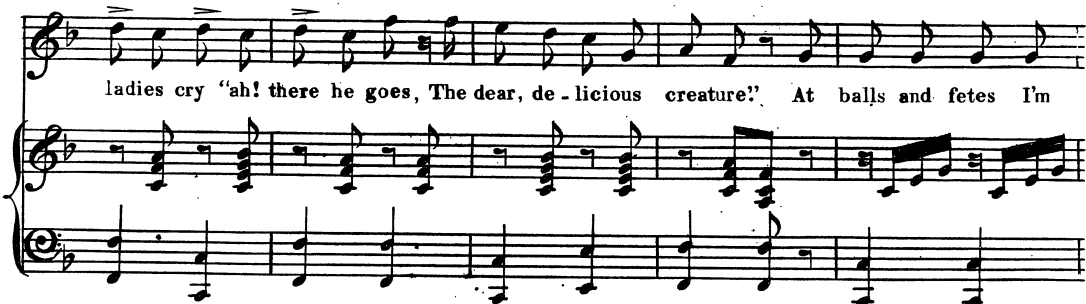


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VENI-VIDI-VICI.
(I CAME. I SAW. I CONQUER'D)

A Comic Ballad,
Written and Adapted
by
J. H. HEWITT.

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quite the thing, No lady's glance is i-cy, My mot-to always has been this,

Rall.

"Ve-ni-vi-di-vi-ci," My motto always has been this, "Ve-ni-vi-di-

Colla voce.

vi-ci."

vi-ci."

2.

I curl my mostache with such grace,
And pout my lip so sweetly,
That love seems beaming from my face,
And girls are done completely.
They say my smile is killing, quite,
My wit is rare and spicy—
It matters not where I may be—
"Veni — vidi — vici"

3.

The proudest beauties of the town
Have own'd my fascination;
My winning ways have "done them brown,"
I've conquer'd all creation!
Then, ladies, — you must all give up,
There's no chance for you — I see;
Surrender at discretion, girls,
"Veni — vidi — vici."