

Written by

## ARRY SPA

Composed and Sung

## ESCE ARRIS.

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Price 4/

London, REYNOLDS & C? 13, BERNERS STREET, W.

REYNOLDS & COS THEMATIC LIST OF

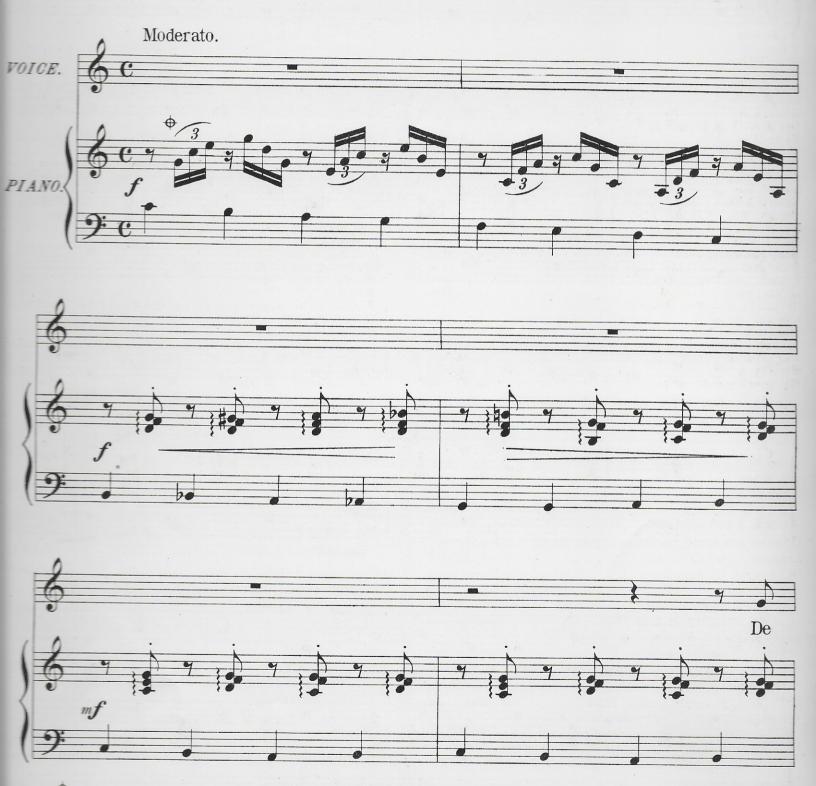
Humorous Drawing Room Songs, Musical Sketches, Musical Monologues, High Class Songs for Smoking Concerts, Artistic Coon Songs, etc.etc. MAY BE HAD FROM ALL MUSIC SELLERS OR POST FREE FROM THE

## DE SKEETER.

(The Mosquito.)

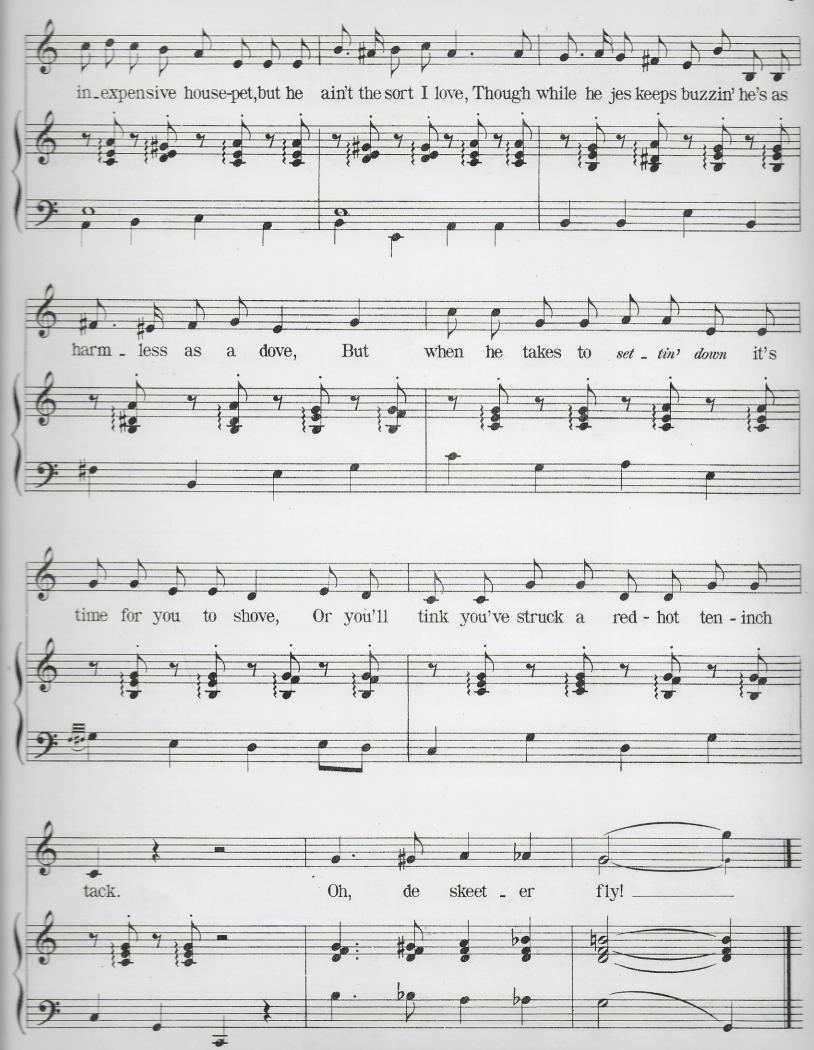
WRITTEN BY HARRY SPURR.

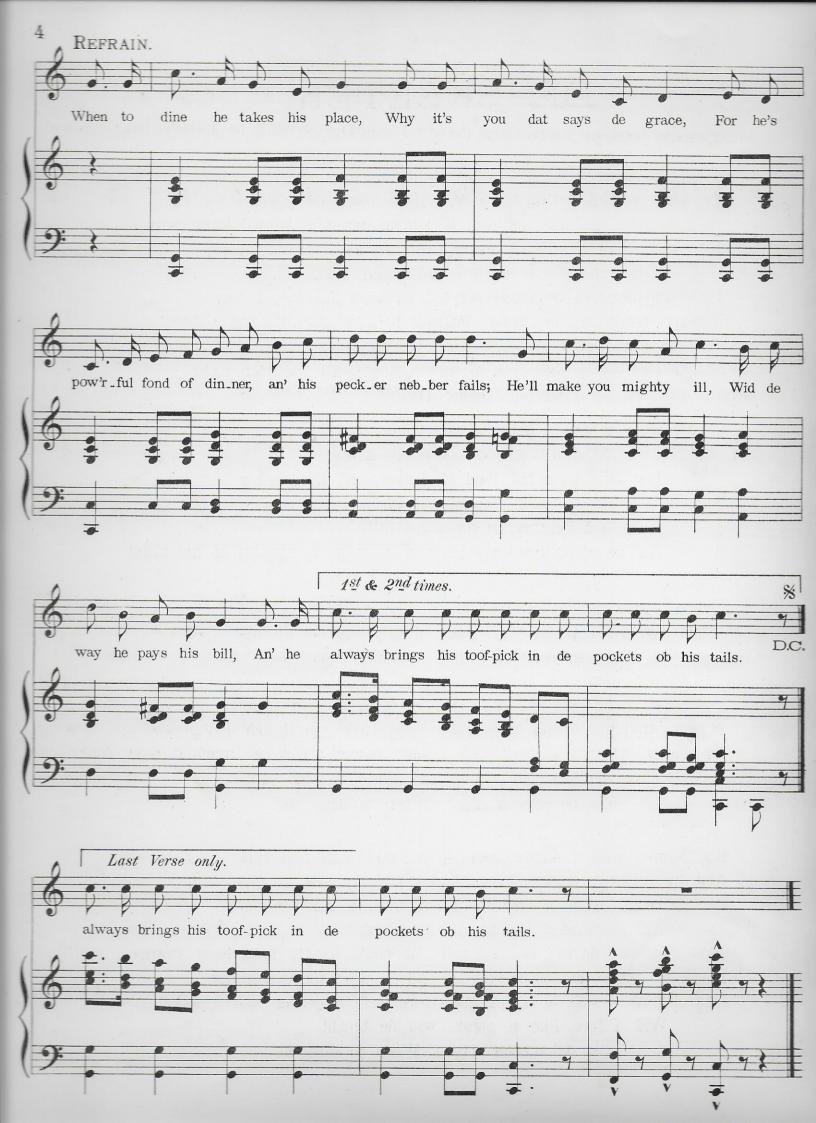
COMPOSED BY
LESLIE HARRIS.



© Care should be taken to play the first of these groups as a triplet, and the second as three of four quavers— not both groups as triplets.







## DE SKEETER.

De song you're gwine to suffer wid's about de 'skeeter fly,
He's a bery painful subject\_if you've met him you'll know why.
He's de debbil's special patent, an' we get a fresh supply
Whenebber trade below's a-looking slack.

He's an inexpensive house-pet, but he ain't the sort I love, Though while he jes' keeps buzzin' he's as harmless as a dove, But when he takes to *settin' down\_it*'s time for you to shove,

Or you'll tink you've struck a red-hot ten-inch tack!
Oh, de skeeter fly!

Chorus — When to dine he takes his place, Why it's you dat says de grace,

For he's powerful fond of dinner, an' his pecker nebber fails;
He'll make you mighty ill,
Wid de way he pays his bill,

An' he always brings his toof-pick in de pockets ob his tails!

You're a-snoozin' an' a-snorin' in your cosy little cot, When you hear his sawmill goin', an' you wake up like a shot, An' you spend a pleasant eb'nin' sending crockery to pot,

An' a-missin' Brudder Skeeter eb'ry time.

Dey say a cat has nine lives, but a skeeter's got a score,

If you spy him on de ceiling an' you tink you'll hab his gore,

No matter whar you fotch him (chord) blomp!—he's jes' removed next door,

Whar he sits and winks and tinks de fun sublime! Oh, de skeeter fly! When to dine &c.

Big Sambo was a dandy coon, so big and trim and tall, And he courted Topsy Green across her poppa's garden wall, But de night befo' de weddin' de moskeeters made a call,

An' serenaded Sambo all de night.

Next day dat darkie was a swell\_he could hardly have been sweller\_ When he went into de streets he had to w'ar an umbereller, An' Topsy shrook a shriek and vowed she'd nebber wed a feller Wid a face like a potato wid de blight.

Oh, de skeeter fly! When to dine &c.