

# THE LADY OF LYONS

LTD



Written and  
Composed  
LAWRENCE  
HANRAY.

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# The Lady of Lyons, Ltd.

(A modern adaptation of Lytton's famous play)

## Song.

Written and Composed by

LAWRENCE HANRAY.

*Allegretto.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. She was a wait - - ress,  
2. This on - ly served the  
3. When they were wed the a -

*mf* *marcato* *p*

trim and neat, In a pop - - u - lar ca - fe;  
flame to fan, And he swore she should be his bride;  
-wak'n - ing came - 'Twas a bit - - - ter, cru - el, blow!

He was a cook whose dai - ly beat Was a re - stau - rant in a  
Se - cret - ly then he to scheme be - gan, And he hit on a ra - ther in -  
Tears and hys - ter - ics, rage and shame! But 'twas all - too late, for he'd

*cresc.* *dim.*

hum - ble street, Where the joints were al - ways Co - lo - nial meat And the  
- ge - nious plan, "By the aid of which," said this bold young man, "I will  
won the game; Tho' she raved and a - bused him, yet all the same They were

*p* *marcato.* *p*

wines were not quite O. K. He loved the maid and he  
hum - ble my la - dy's pride? He hired some fa - shionable  
hus - band and wife, and so She had to dwell in his

*p*

loved her well, But her man - ner was haugh - ty and chill - y As be -  
ev - 'ning clothes With her pre - ju - dice bet - ter to wrest - le, And, dis -  
hum - ble sphere And as - sist him in cook - ing cheap din - ners. I sup -

*mf*

- fit - ted her rank, which was ra - ther swell, For she work'd with a firm which you'll  
- guis - ing him - self from the head to toes, He was ve - ry soon one of the  
- pose she got used to her new ca - reer, Tho' she salt - ed the soup with a

*rit.*  
quick - ly tell When I men - tion to you the in - i - tial was L., And the  
la - dy's beaus, For he act - ual - ly had the as - sur - ance to pose As the  
fur - tive tear As she thought of the pride which had cost her so dear, As is

*cresc.* *rit.* *f.*

*a tempo*  
place was in Pic - ca - dil - ly! And, of course, she would - n't  
chef of the Ho - tel Ce - cill! He at once her fan - cy  
u - sual with such poor sin - ners. So con - tempt - uous ne - ver

*a tempo* *p*

look ——— At this most ple - bei - an cook, Who  
took ——— As this most pa - tri - cian cook, Who  
look ——— If a man's a plain, plain cook, Nor

served up in fe - ri - or vi - - -  
 served a - ris - to - cra - cy's sci - - -  
 scoff at Co - lo - ni - al vi - - -

- ands; Said she, "Your *low po - Si - tion* May suit  
 - ons; And when he said, Ma ché - rie, I a -  
 - ands; Be - fore you start a - scorn - ing, Just re -

those with - out am - bi - tion, But it's not, no, it's  
 doie you - oh, so ve - ry!" "I am yours! I am  
 flect and take a warn - ing By the fate, by the

*a tempo*  
 not! for a la - dy of Ly - - - on's!"  
 yours!" said the la - dy of Ly - - - on's!  
 fate of the la - dy of Ly - - - on's!