

Sung in "THE FOLLIES"
ENTERTAINMENTS.
By THE AUTHOR-COMPOSER.

THE GIRL IN THE BIG BLACK MAT.

HUMOROUS SONG.



Written and
Composed by

RONALD BAGNALL.

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Mus. 5^c c. 32 (80)

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The Girl in the Big Black Hat.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY RONALD BAGNALL.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano in 2/4 time. The voice part consists of three measures, each containing a single note (G4, A4, and B4 respectively) with a fermata. The piano accompaniment is divided into three systems. The first system has three measures: the first measure has a treble clef with a G4 note and a bass clef with a G3 note; the second measure has a treble clef with a G4 note and a bass clef with a G3 note; the third measure has a treble clef with a G4 note and a bass clef with a G3 note. The second system has three measures: the first measure has a treble clef with a G4 note and a bass clef with a G3 note; the second measure has a treble clef with a G4 note and a bass clef with a G3 note; the third measure has a treble clef with a G4 note and a bass clef with a G3 note. The third system has three measures: the first measure has a treble clef with a G4 note and a bass clef with a G3 note; the second measure has a treble clef with a G4 note and a bass clef with a G3 note; the third measure has a treble clef with a G4 note and a bass clef with a G3 note. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments.

(R & C^o 557.)

I have a tale to tell Of a charm-ing lit-tle

maiden, Her face is sim-ply - well! With beau-ty it is

la - den. Such lips of ro - sy red, You en - vy those who've

kiss'd 'em, Her beau-ti-ful eyes are as blue as the skies, And you

(R & C? 557.)

real-ly can't re-sist 'em. She's twen-ty-one, or hard-ly that!

Not too round, and not too flat, She flirts with the thin, she flirts with the fat, Does the

gid-dy lit-tle girl in the big black hat. She's love-like, she's dove-like, She's an

an-gel from a-bove, like, You meet her, you greet her, You've

(R & C? 557.)

never seen a girl look sweeter! So you raise your hat with a "How are you?" She

quickly answers "How d'ye do? I *thought* you look'd like a fellow I knew." "Quite

truel-Met you-at Kew!" Then off you go pit-a-pat! pit-a-pat! With the giddy little girl in the

Big Black Hat!

(R & C^o 557.)

1

I have a tale to tell
 Of a charming little maiden,
 Her face is simply— well!—
 With beauty it is laden.
 Such lips of rosy red,
 You envy those who've kissed 'em,
 Her beautiful eyes
 Are as blue as the skies,
 And you really can't resist 'em.
 She's twenty-one, or hardly that!
 Not too round, and not too flat,
 She flirts with the thin, she flirts with the fat,
 Does the giddy little girl in the Big Black Hat!
 She's love-like,— she's dove-like,—
 She's an angel from above, like,
 You meet her,— you greet her,—
 You've never seen a girl look sweeter!
 So you raise your hat with a "How are you?"
 She quickly answers "How d'ye do?"
 I *thought* you looked like a fellow I knew."
 "Quite true! Met you—at Kew!"
 Then off you go— Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat!
 With the giddy little girl in the Big Black Hat!

3

And so you fairly start,
 And everything is honey,
 Begin to lose your heart,
 And ditto, ditto, money.
 You squeeze her little hand,
 And softly whisper, "Dolly,
 What do you say
 To a matinee?"
 "Oh! quite *too* awfully jolly!"
 She's twenty-one, or hardly that!
 Not too round, and not too flat!
 She flirts with the thin,— she flirts with the fat,
 Does the giddy little girl in the Big Black Hat!
 She's love-like,— she's dove-like,
 She's an angel from above, like,
 You're happy, *so* happy!
 And she calls you "Dear old chappie!"
 Then a couple of stalls you soon engage,
 Put the people in the pit into a terrible rage,
 "Take off that hat!" "Can't see the stage!"
 "D'ye hear?—Wot cher!—Oh dear!"
 Then you make for the door, Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat!
 With the giddy little girl in the Big Black Hat!

2

You stroll her round the town,
 And find her very charming,
 The fellows look and frown,
 And wonder who you're 'arming.'
 You feel so jolly proud,
 Address her all the louder,
 She'll heartily laugh
 At your innocent chaff,
 Which makes you all the prouder.
 She's twenty-one, or hardly that!
 Not too round, and not too flat,
 She flirts with the thin, she flirts with the fat,
 Does the giddy little girl in the Big Black Hat!
 She's love-like,— she's dove-like—
 She's an angel from above, like,
 You know it,— you show it,—
 And you make love like a poet.
 Then you trot, trot, trot, to a jeweller's shop,
 The diamonds— well, they make her hop,
 A word— a look— then in you pop.
 "Tip top" nice shop— can't stop—
 Then you toddle off again Pit-a-pat! pit-a-pat!
 With the giddy little girl in the Big Black Hat!

4

You drive away to dine,
 She raises no objection,
 She rather likes the wine,
 It's good for the complexion.
 And so you order more,
 She says that it will warm us,
 But the sight of the bill
 Makes you feel very ill,
 For it simply is enormous.
 She's twenty-one, or hardly that!
 Not too round, and not too flat!
 She flirts with the thin,— she flirts with the fat,
 Does the giddy little girl in the Big Black Hat!
 She's love-like,— she's dove-like,
 She's an angel from above, like,
 She knows it, she shows it,
 She's a 'flyer,' and she goes it.
 But altho' she's as bright as a morning star,
 She takes you just for what you are,
 And clears you out, then "Tra la la!
 Ta-tah!— Pa-pa!— Not far!"
 Then off she goes, Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat!
 Good-bye to the girl in the Big Black Hat!