

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Why not a Sil-ver Churn?" His most ac - the - tic - Ve-ry mag-ne - tic -

Fan-cy took this - turn - "If I can wheedle A knife or a needle, Why not a Sil-ver

Churn?" And

Iron and Steel ex - pressed sur - prise, The nee - dles o - pened their well - drilled eyes, The

pen - knives felt "shut up," no doubt, The scissors declared them - selves "out - out,"

*ff* *p* *mf*

GROSVENOR

The kettles they boiled with rage, 'tis said,

*p* *mf*

While ev\_ery nail went off its head, And

*p*

hi\_ther and thi\_ther be - gan to roam, Till a hammer came up

*cres - cen - do*

and drove them home. It drove them home?

*p*

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

It drove them home! While this mag - ne - tic, -

GROSVENOR.

Pe-ri.pa - te - tic— Lov.er he lived to— learn, By no en - dea - vour Can

mag - net e - ver At - tract a Sil - ver Churn! While this mag - ne - tic,—

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Pe-ri.pa - te - tic— Lov.er he lived to— learn. By no en - dea - vour Can

CHORUS AND GROSVENOR.

*rall.* mag - net e - ver Attract a Sil - ver Churn! *a tempo*

*rall.* *ff*