

I'LL STRIKE YOU WITH A FEATHER.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Or HILDEBRAND MONTROSE.

Allegretto.

1. I'll sing of Hil - debrand Montrose, (his proper name is Charlie.) He speaks as tho' with cold in his 'dose,' bad French he tries to *par-ley*; His

hair is in barber's ringlets, his eyes are "made up" dark, He walks up-on his 'up-pers' while strolling in the Park. Au re-voir, ta -

- ta! you'll hear him say To the Mar-chi-o-ness Clerkenwell, While bidding her good day; I'll strike you with a feather, I'll stab you with a

rose, For the darling of the la-dies, Is Hil-debrand Montrose.

2 His scarf, unlike himself, is green,
His gloves, 'no kid' are 'yaller,'
His wash'd-out pants are well strapp'd down,
He carries a 'fake' umbrella;
He never pays his tradesmen,
To him they'll give no trust:
He drinks dry champagne "cyder"
Until he's fit to 'bust.'—Chorus.

3 He stock in trade of socks count three;
He chalks his paper collars;
He always pays his taxes, for
His income's just two dollars.
He swears he'll wed a "Duckess,"
Though he waits 'till "all is blue,"
Though he goes to bed a beggar,
Wakes up the "Lord Knows Who."—Chorus.