

(CHORUS.) Oh, Chateaugris, etc.
Some more ! some more ! some more !

CHAT. This was the founder of our line, sir,
He, in the time of Charlemagne
Slew a mosquito that to dine, sir,
On the proboscis royal was fain.
Then did the king in gratitude
Give him, so daring,
Six of those insects sharp and rude
The right of bearing.

ESCAR. } Six mosquitos rampant on a field of gold!
MAD. GIG. } Lucky Chateaugris with ancestor so bold.
PIP. } Oh, Chateaugris, with such a noble story,
BAB. } Oh Chateaugris
How noble you must be !
(CHORUS.) Ah Chateaugris, etc.

CHAT. This to be grand chief butler rose, sir,
Bearing the bottles here you see.
That, with the honour to hand the king's hose, sir,
Quartered the royal fleur-de-lis.
This was a noble, most discreet
Of back-stair pages.
On his escutcheon, wag-tails meet
In place of wages.

ESCAR. } Twenty silver bottles, blue the field, we see—
MAD. GIG. } Four and twenty wag-tails and a fleur-de-lis.
PIP. } Oh Chateaugris with ancestors so noble,
BAB. } Ah Chateaugris
How noble you must be !
(CHORUS.) Ah Chateaugris, how noble you must be !
No more ! no more ! no more !

CHAT. This was a Lord——

(CHOR.) That is as much as we can swallow;
Give us a rest of a month or so.

CHAT. This was a——

(CHOR.) On to your branches we can't follow;
We've learned as much as we ought to know.

CHAT. This was——

(CHOR.) Oh, Chateaugris,
With such a family tree,
Ah, Chateaugris,
How noble you must be !

CHAT. This——

(CHOR.) No more ! no more ! no more !