

LADY ABERDEEN'S RECEPTION.

SONG AND CHORUS.

I.

My friend and I the other night went to a reception,
Given by the Governor and Lady Aberdeen,
We slid in there as best we could, not of the exception
To those who entered otherwise, 'tis easily to be seen.

II.

It took eight men to see us through to see Lord Aberdeen,
But then these are formalities adhered to every time,
Though you can think how easier the matter would have been,
To go straight up and shake their hands and save this silly

[rhyme.

III.

You should have seen the ladies, the veils and feathers too,
But most of them so plain you know their dresses showed
I've heard of a young lady, who was prettier: Duckfoot Soo,
Helas! she was not there th it might to be with them in touch.
[too much,

IV.

The boys after reception, I'm to'd, did then repair
Towet their little throats somewhere, for they got nothing there,
And the bare "two hundred," now I know were a disap-
[pointed lot.

So had a good time somewhere else, this is the end. A dot

CHORUS.

Go go, my Montrealers go, but careful *where* you go to,
And though we are but rank and file we're just as good as any
Go, Go, by all means go, but through *one* door not two!
[stye,

Great women were tall.

And most great men were small.