

No. 17

Chorus

Roused from peaceful dreaming
By a feminine screaming,
Hasten the neighbours, each with lamp,
Natural terror masking,
Each of himself is asking,
"Is it a burglar, or a tramp?"

Lanterns dimly shining,
All for home are pining,
Doubting whom the foe will fly on,
Blinking, stumbling, blundering,
All are timidly wondering
Is it a tiger, or a lion?

Sh! Sh! stealthily gliding,
Sh! Sh! where is he hiding?
Tiger, burglar, scout or spy;
Once he's discovered the wretch shall die.

No. 18

Chorus

The Lambs

Aroused by a reprobate's jeers,
We left you to follow him far,
But hasten with penitent tears
To tell you how sorry we are,
Oh say that you pardon us quite,
Oh smile on your flock as of yore,
We promise that out of your sight
We never will wander more.