

THE BLUE AND HUNGRY ORCHESTRA

As boundless as the ocean's tide,
Its fame has spread both far and wide,
No other stands a chance beside
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Our pianist, Miss Polly Hood,
Will show you how an artiste should
Comport herself—How's that for good?
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Our violin (first) is Mrs. Dunn,
Whose music, ere 'tis scarce begun
In raptures to her side has won
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Jim Robertson our 'cello plays,
His touch is good and fine always,
Small wonder all the papers praise
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

The Misses Ritchie, Smith and Dollar,
As artistes equal Lewis Waller,
All dancing masters try to collar
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Then we have MacKenzie-Bain,
Our bell performers, Molly's twain,
The purest music we maintain,
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

All kinds of instruments we find,
There's Reid and Powell, we must mind,
And Mr. Dunn's the man behind
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Tom Connachie we can't forget;
He's been a help to us you bet;
His place will be the leader yet;
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.