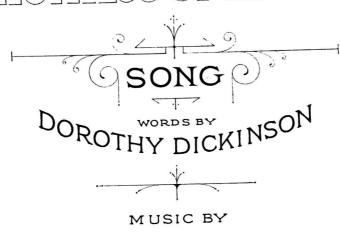




THE MISTRESS OF THE MASTER



H. LYALL PHILLIPS

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The Mistress of the Master.

Squire's the master at the Hall,
He's often told me so:
I've garden'd there, both man an' boy,
Since forty years ago;
Forty years come Michaelmas,
An' this I always says,
I know the Master thro' and thro',
An' all his little ways.

For he knows, an' I knows,
An' Missus knows as well,
But what we knows we never says,
It doesn't do to tell;
The Squire's the master of the house,
On that we all agree,
But how the Missus gets her way,
It do beat me!

Missus is the Squire's wife,
She's little an' she's sweet;
But she's a way of doing things,
That sweeps you off your feet.
An' if she says she wants a thing,
That thing is sure to be;
Yet how it comes about like this,
Fair seems a mystery

For he knows, an' I knows,
An' Missus knows as well,
An' what we knows we never says,
It doesn't do to tell;
The Squire's the master of the house,
On that we all agree,
But Missus knows a thing or two,—
And may-be three!

If Master orders cabbages
Put in a certain row,
An' Missus says "It's flow'rs I want!"
'Tis flow'rs is sure to grow.
An' when they're all a-bloomin'
An' me all feelin' scared,
The Squire 'e turns an' looks at me,
An' we never says a word!

For he knows, an' I knows,
An' Missus knows as well,
But what we knows we never says,
It doesn't do to tell;
The Squire's the master of the house,
And ev'rywhere he goes,
But who's the master of the Squire?
Why, ev'rybody knows!

DOROTHY DICKINSON.

THE MISTRESS OF THE MASTER. Song.

Words by DOROTHY DICKINSON.

Music by H. LYALL PHILLIPS.

















