The Forbidden Land.

Three Maids and a Man.

Lyric by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Piano.

Moderato.

Now once it transpired That three maids admired
The flirt she began her campaign in a manner That
An end to his scorn of love came one morning; He

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other oh gracious! Was very flirtatious; The third was demure. The winked "Marcony," And though he looked stony She did not despair. With felt of it lightly, And said very right-ly, "She'll suit me, I'm sure." Her

bold girl, more pretty By all means than witty, She par' sol she beckoned, Then lingered a second, And skirts were a crimple Of texture quite simple, And

wrote what a pity! Suggesting a date. She foolishly reckoned That he would reply. Not what a sweet dimple She had on her cheek! She
cool - ly al - lud - ed To some place se - clud - ed Where
one look he cast her; He walked all the fast - er; He
smiled up so faint - ly And court - e - sied quaint - ly. Her

no one in - trud - ed. And said she would wait...
went right on past her. And she won - dered why...
manner was saint - ly; He just had to speak...

REFRAIN.

There she wait - ed all in vain; Nev - er saw that man u - gain;
Now she is a gid - dy dame, And she has not chang'd her name;
Now they're mar - ried and they say They're as hap - py as the day
Got the mitt-ten Though she'd writ-ten In a ve-ry ten-der strain.

Long past thir-ty, And as flir-ty As she was then wrink-les some.

When so sweet-ly And com-plete-ly She first stole his heart a-way.

Now she lives the past to rue, With a cat and parrot too.

Any one could have her now For the ask-ing, but some-how.

Girls a moral can se-cure From my sto-ry, I am sure:

Poor old spin-ster! Time con-vinced her That she would-n't do.

When they spy her They re-tire With an ic-y bow.

They can mar-ry If they're ve-ry Mod-est and de-mure.