Title:	At Croquet [from] Miss Emma Alford's Songs
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Miss Emma Alford's Songs

1. At Croquet 3½
2. Show me the man 3½
3.
4.
5.
6.

W. F. Walker, Engr.

BOSTON
White & Goulland.
86 Tremont St.
Wm. A. Pond & Co. N. York. S. Brainard & Sons Cleveland.
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AT CROQUET.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

mf

Gentlemans' version. A friend of mine asked me one day if I'd go, To his

Ladies' version. Oh! there's one charming game, we girls like to play, And for

p

snug lit-tle box out of town; The in-vite I ac-cept--ed, and

me there are few can sur-pass; The game of Cro-quet, when

start-ed next day, By the nine for-ty-five ex-press down, I

fine is the day, Then what fun can we have on the grass. We

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soon reach'd his place, and he said to me, My dear boy, while with us you stay, You can
play co - - quette as well as croquet, And we don't care a fig what they say; We

boat, shoot, or fish, do just as you wish, On con - dition that at Croquet you play.
change all our partners as of-ten as the game, And have new lov-ers ev'- ry day.

Chorus.

At Croquet, Croquet, a proper game to play, Croquet, Croquet I could play all day; There's

nothing can surpass, the sport upon the grass, In that awful jol-ly game call'd Cro - quet.

AT CROQUET.

LADIES' VERSION.

There is one charming game, we girls love to play,
And for me there are few can surpass;
The game of Croquet, when fine is the day,
Then what fun we can have on the grass.
We play the coquette, as well as Croquet,
And we don't care a fig what they say;
We change all our partners as often as the game,
And have new lovers every day.

CHORUS.

At Croquet, Croquet, a charming game to play,
At Croquet, Croquet, I could play all day;
For nothing can surpass, the fun upon the grass,
In that very jolly game called Croquet.

A friend of ours asked us one day if we'd go,
To his house in the country to stay;
And each sunny morn, a party on the lawn,
That charming game of Croquet would play.
With Captain De Bounce, and Major Fitz Blue,
A curate and a middy or two;
I am not a coquette, or what you'd call a flirt,
But must say I had partners a few.

At Croquet, &c.

With the major, the parson, and middy I played,
Which the captain didn't like I must grant;
It really was too bad, and nearly drove him mad,
As a partner to give him my aunt.
And the old lady thought, as all ladies will,
That she'd somehow won the captain's heart;
Her age is sixty-three, I knew it was for me,
The dear fellow tried to play his part.

At Croquet, &c.

When in the next game as his partner I stood,
He said remain my partner for life;
My heart he'd croqueted, never mind what I said,
But I fancy I shall soon be his wife.
So all through that game I shall soon change my name,
And to you single ladies I say;
That if you wish to mate, before it is too late,
Join a party in a game of Croquet.

At Croquet, &c.

AT CROQUET.

GENTLEMENS' VERSION.

A friend of mine ask'd me one day if I'd go,
To his sung little box out of town;
The invite I accepted, and started next day
By the nine forty-five express down.
I soon reach'd his place, and he said to me,
My dear Boy, while with us you stay,
You can boat, shoot, or fish, do just what you wish,
On condition that at Croquet you play.

CHORUS.

At Croquet, Croquet, a proper game to play,
At Croquet, Croquet, I could play all day;
There's nothing can surpass, the sport upon the grass,
In that Awful Jolly game call'd Croquet.

A nice little party he had at his house;
And each sunny day, as a treat,
At Croquet we'd play with such dear little girls,
Who in short dresses show'd pretty feet.
Soon one I selected as a partner for play,
Such a duck as a partner for life;
I croqueted the balls and croqueted the hoops,
And I tried to Croquet her for my wife.

At Croquet, &c.

Young De Bounce of the Blues didn't like it at all,
For with my partner he played as a rule;
So like Knights of old we retired to a wood,
And with our Mallets then we fought a duel.
We fenced and we fought till he cried "hold, enough—
The lady I'll resign unto you;
Tho' many years in the Blues I have been,
I'm now beaten black as well as blue."

At Croquet, &c.

Then back to my partner a victor I went,
And at Croquet and love play'd my part;
When we'd beat all the rest, I thought it the best,
To at once make a stroke for her heart.
We'd gone thro' the hoops, and struck both the posts,
When I asked her to be mine for life;
So well I'd played my part, I'd Croquet'd her heart,
And a Gold hoop soon made her my wife,

At Croquet, &c.

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