

WHEN THE MINISTER COMES TO TEA

Humorous Song

Composed and Sung
BY

LESLIE HARRIS.

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WHEN THE MINISTER COMES TO TEA.

MUSIC BY LESLIE HARRIS.

Quickly and Cheerfully.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

Oh! they've swept the par-lour car-pet, and they've dust-ed ev-'ry chair, And they've

mf Smoothly.

got the ti - dies hang-ing just ex - act - ly on the square, And the

what - not's fixed up luv - ly and the mats have all been beat, And the

pan - try's brim - ming o - ver with the bul - ly things to eat. Sis has

got her Sun - day frock on, and she's friz - zing up her bangs, Ma's got

on her best al - pack - y and she's ask - ing how it hangs. Pa has



shaved as slick as can be, and I'm rigged way up in G, And it's



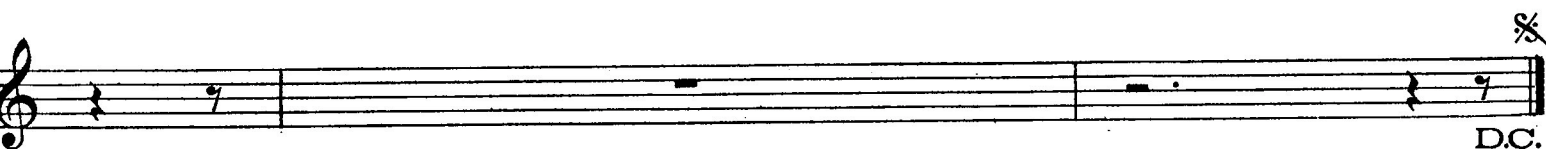
all be_cause we're goin' ter have the Min_is_ter ter tea.



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WHEN THE MINISTER COMES TO TEA.

1

Oh! they've swept the parlour carpet, and they've dusted ev'ry chair,
And they've got the tidies hanging just exactly on the square—
And the what-not's fixed up luvly and the mats have all been beat,
And the pantry's brimming over with the bully things to eat.
Sis has got her Sunday frock on, and she's frizzing up her bangs,
Ma's got on her best alpacky and she's asking how it hangs.
Pa has shaved as slick as can be, and I'm rigged way up in G,
And it's all because we're goin' ter have the minister ter tea.

2

Oh! the table's fixed up gaudy with the gilt-edged chiny set,
And we'll use the silver teapot and the comp'ny spoons you bet.
And we're goin' ter have some fruit-cake and some thimbleberry jam,
An' riz biscuits, an' some doughnuts, an' some chicken, an' some 'am.
Mar'll 'pollergize like fury and say ev'rything is bad,
An' sich awful luck with cooking she is sure she never 'ad.
But, of course, she's only bluffin', for it's prime as it can be,
And she's only talking that way coz the minister's ter tea.

3

Everybody'll be smilin' and as good as ever wuz,
Pa won't grumble at the vittles like he generally does,
And he'll ask me would I like another piece of cake— but oh!
That, of course, is only manners, and I'm s'posed to answer "No."
Sis'll talk about the church work, and about the Sunday school,
Mar'll say she liked that sermon all about the golden rule.
And if I upset my tea cup they won't say a word ter me—
Oh, a boy can eat in comfort when the minister's ter tea!

4

Say, a minister, you'd reckon— wouldn't say what wasn't true—
But that isn't so with ours, and I can prove it to yer too—
For when Sis plays on the organ so it makes yer want ter die—
He just sits and sez it's luvly— an' that seems to me a lie.
But I like him all the samey, and I only wish he'd stay
At our 'ouse for good and always, and eat wiv us every day.
Only think of having goodies ev'ry evenin'— Jiminee!
And I'd never get a scoldin' wiv the minister ter tea.