

THE GREAT MOGUL
AND

THE BLUE BOTTLE

Celebrated Comic Song,

FOR THE

Piano Forte,

as sung, with enthusiastic applause,

by

LORD BURY.

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THE GREAT MOGUL AND THE BLUE-BOTTLE.

AS SUNG BY LORD BURY.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

Oh! the great Mo_gul call'd Ba_bor, Was a little fat Pun_chi_nel_la On his Ot_toman gay he

doz'd all day, Squat un_der a grand Um_brel_la, When a Mo_narch so de_spo_tic yielded

Slower

to the drowsy God, Spreading round him a nar_co_tic, all his court began to nod. For they

all nod_ded, nid, nid, nod_ded, and they all nod_ded round the great Mo_gul, When he

chanc'd to awake, How brisk they all grew, And a_gain when he nodded, then they all nodded too, For they

Quicker.

all nod_ded, nid,nid, nodded,and they all nod_ded round the great Mo_gul. But it

happend one day when to sleep he reclin'd, that a mighty big Fly of the Hin_dos.tan kind,Came

buzzing just un_der the great Mogul's nose, "By Ma_ho.med,"bel_low'd the Em_pe_ror then, "if that

Blue-Bot_tle e_ver should tease me a_gain, My first Lord in waiting that moment shall die, Un_

_less he im_mEDIATE_ly cat_ches the Fly, that dares to disturb my Im__pe_rial re_ _pose."

Slower.

A_ gain soft slum_bers coming, The Em_pe_ror ceas'd to speak,..... A_

Easter.

- gain the Fly came humming, and settled on his cheek: Then the first Lord in waiting took

aim with a grace, Calling all the good stars to assist him And dealt the Mo-gul a sound

slap in the face, Crying "Curse the Blue-Bottle I've miss'd him, Rot it how dull, woe on my scull, The

Fly has es-caped and I've floor'd the Mo-gul." The Mo-gul got up with fu-ry fraught, A

Lim-ner then his likeness caught, Which makes him look so grim they say, On Packs of Cards in the

present day, in the present-day, in the present day, On Packs of Cards in the present day.