

THE GREAT COMET!

FORLORN HOPE



A FEARFUL TRAGEDY. WRITTEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT
BY
H WALKER.

ca 1886



THE GREAT COMET.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY.

H. WALKER.

VOICE.

ALLEGRO MA NON TROPPO.

When Mister Bupps was first inform'd that

PIANO-

FORTE.

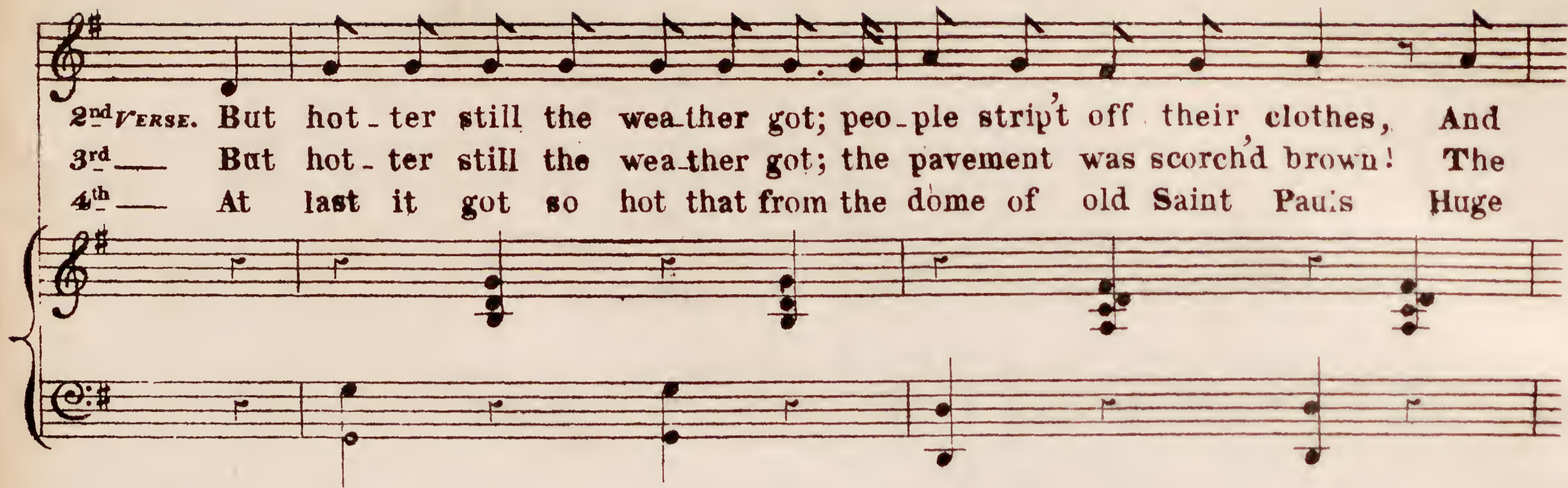
one of these fine days, A Comet's tail would strike the earth and set it in a blaze, And

that the heat was owing to the Comet drawing near, He said, "poo-hoo ri-dik-a-lus" but

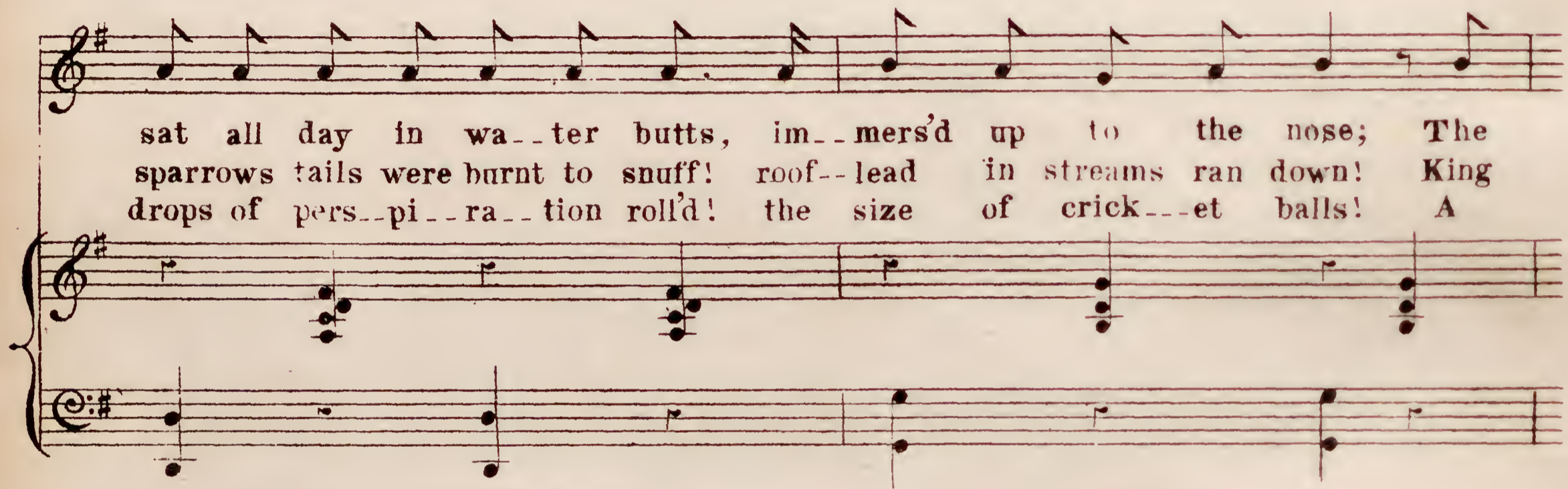
felt un-common queer. In fact the heat was very great, it could not well be worse, Some

trades rejoic'd exceedingly, and others the re-verse; For while the "Penny Ice Shops" were by

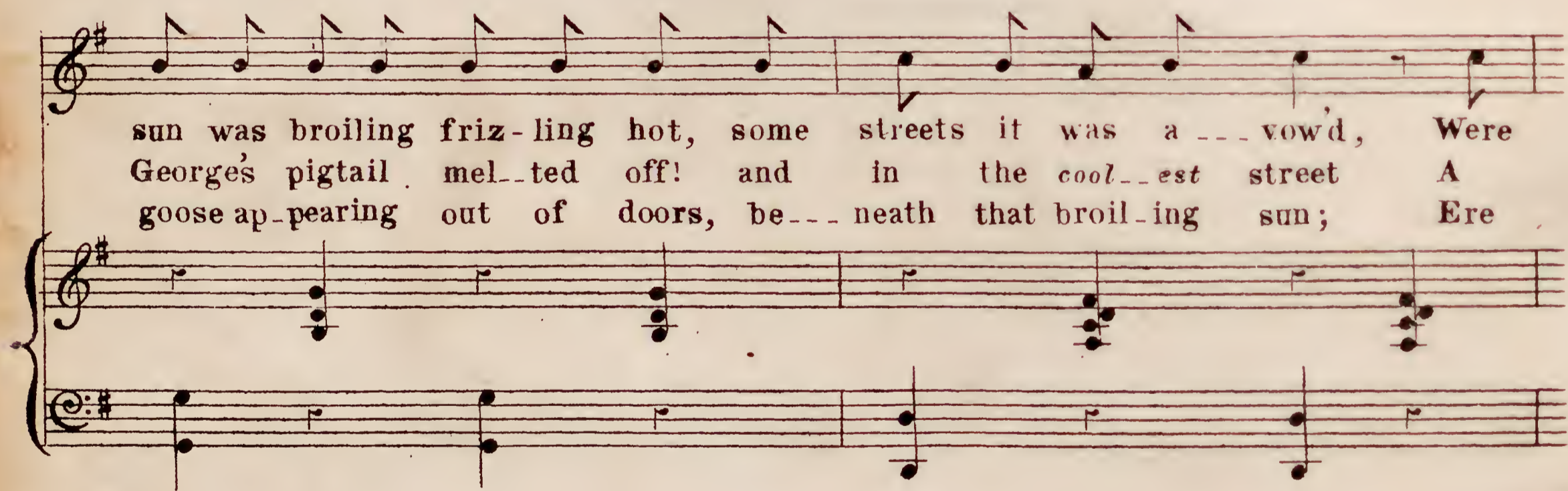
eager crowds be set, Hot pie and Baked potatoe Men went in-to the Gazette.



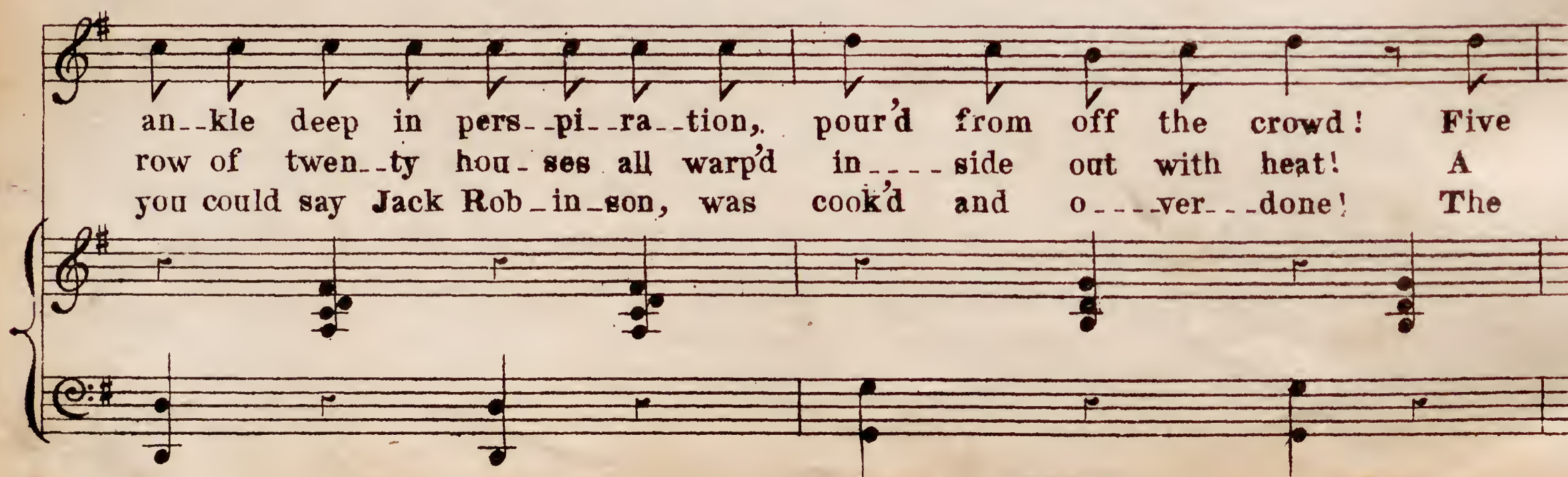
2nd VERSE. But hot-ter still the weather got; peo-ple stript off their clothes, And
 3rd — But hot-ter still the weather got; the pavement was scorcht brown! The
 4th — At last it got so hot that from the dome of old Saint Paul's Huge



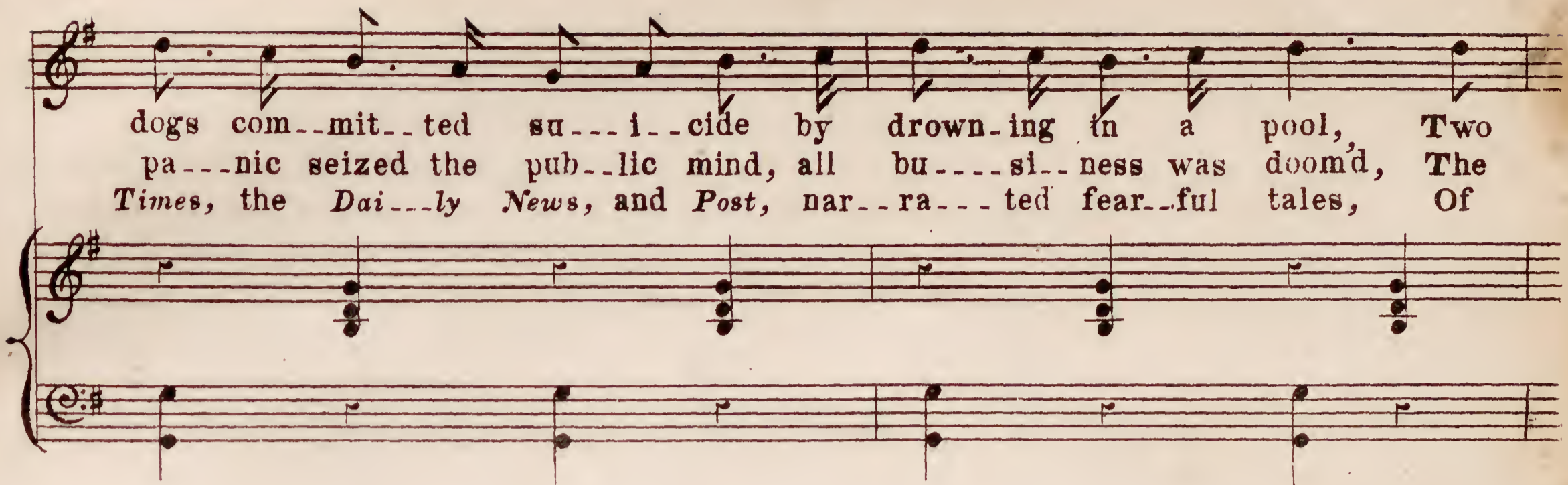
sat all day in wa-ter butts, im-mers'd up to the nose; The
 sparrows tails were burnt to snuff! roof-lead in streams ran down! King
 drops of pers-pi-ra-tion roll'd! the size of crick-et balls! A



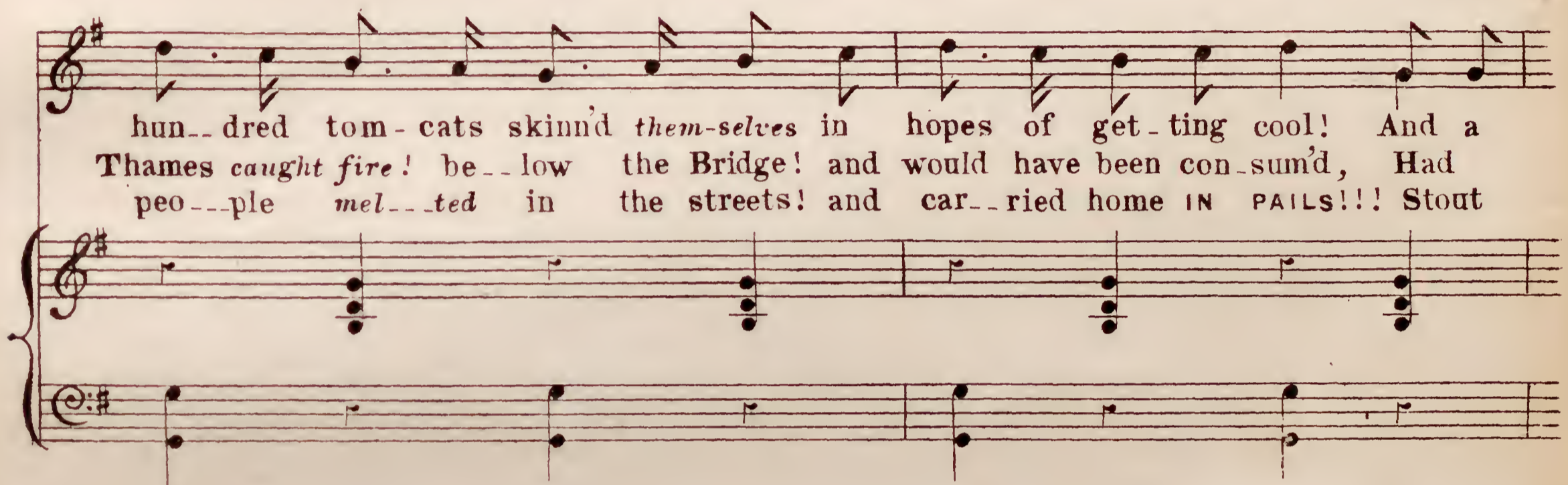
sun was broiling friz-ling hot, some streets it was a - - - vow'd, Were
 George's pigtail mel-ted off! and in the cool-est street A
 goose ap-pear-ing out of doors, be- - - neath that broil-ing sun; Ere



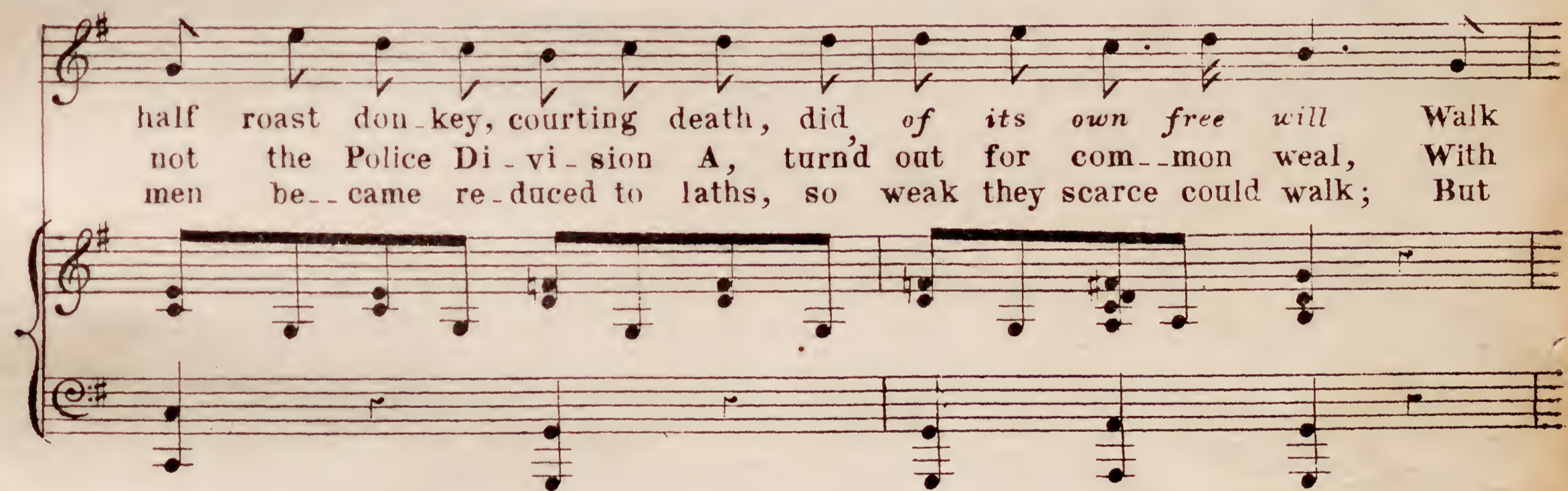
an- - - kle deep in pers-pi-ra-tion, pour'd from off the crowd! Five
 row of twen-ty hou-ses all warp'd in - - - side out with heat! A
 you could say Jack Rob-in-son, was cook'd and o - - - ver - - - done! The



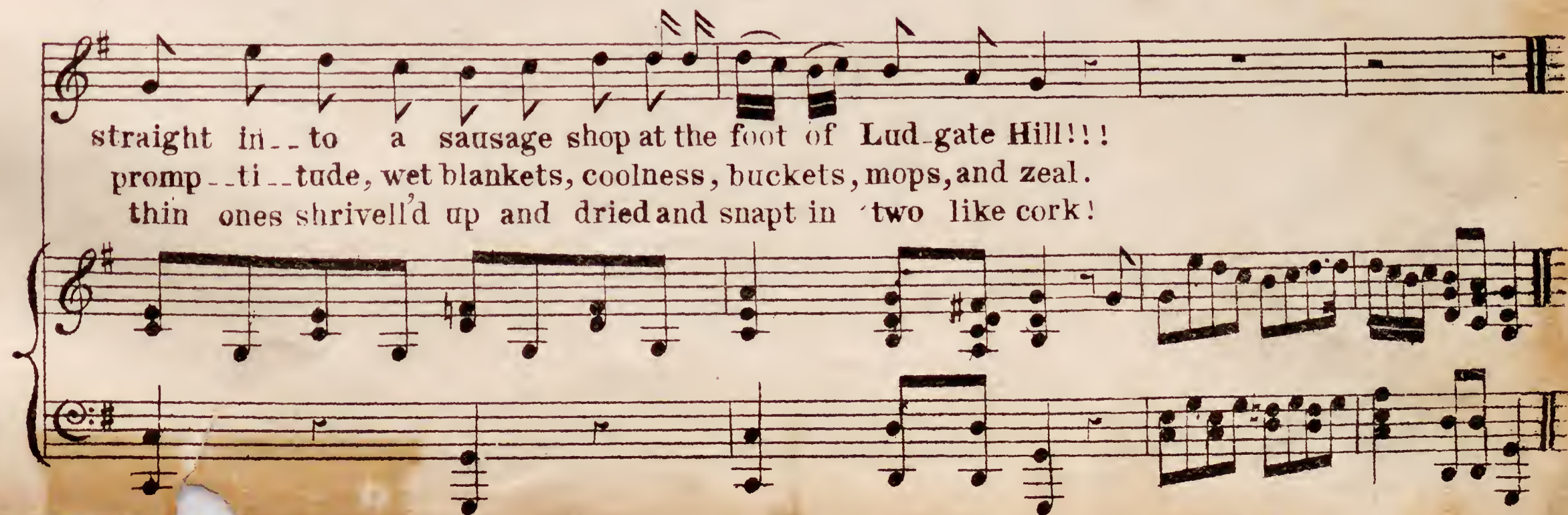
dogs com-mit-ted su-i-cide by drown-ing in a pool, Two
pa-nic seized the pub-lic mind, all bu-si-ness was doom'd, The
Times, the Dai-ly News, and Post, nar-ra-ted fear-ful tales, Of



hun-dred tom-cats skinn'd them-selves in hopes of get-ting cool! And a
Thames caught fire! be-low the Bridge! and would have been con-sum'd, Had
peo-ple mel-ted in the streets! and car-ried home IN PAILS!!! Stout



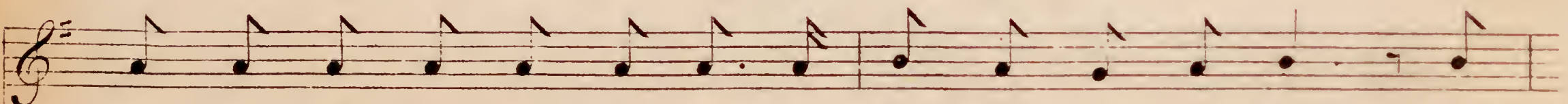
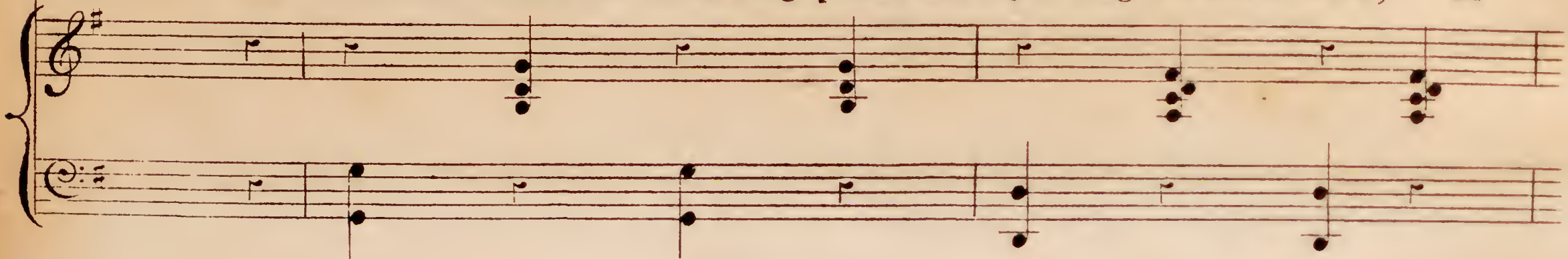
half roast don-key, courting death, did, of its own free will Walk
not the Police Di-vi-sion A, turn'd out for com-mon weal, With
men be-came re-duced to laths, so weak they scarce could walk; But



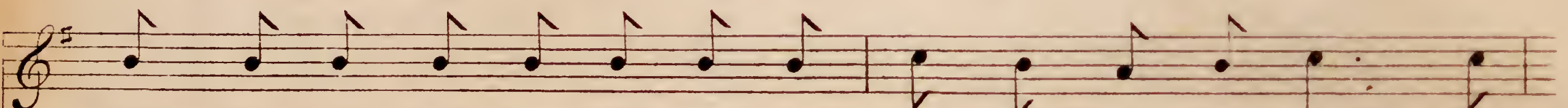
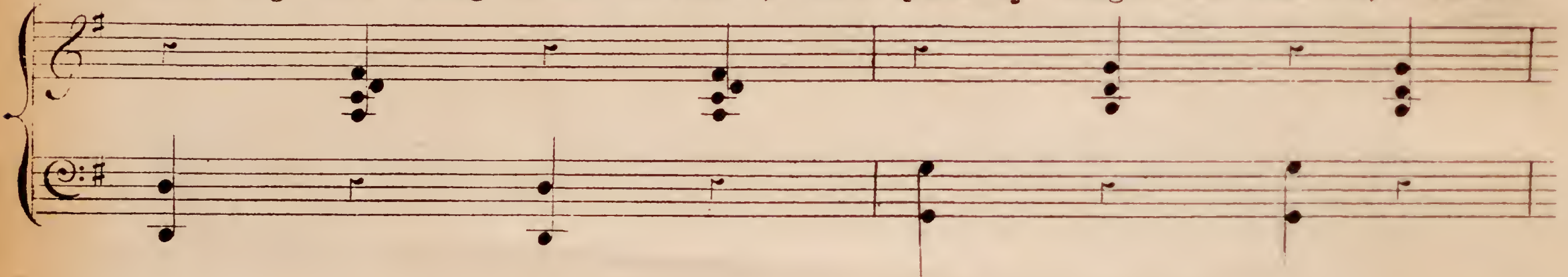
straight in-to a sausage shop at the foot of Lud-gate Hill!!!
promp-ti-tude, wet blankets, coolness, buckets, mops, and zeal.
thin ones shrivell'd up and dried and snapt in two like cork!



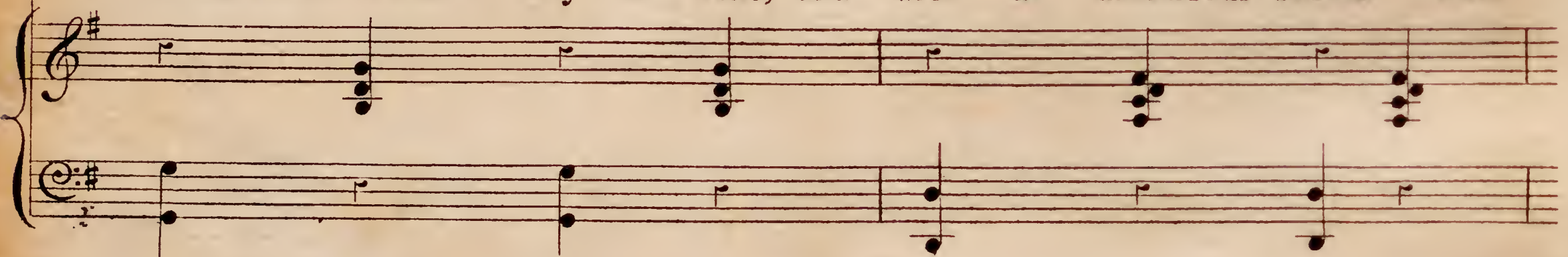
5th VERSE. Just at this cri-sis, Mis-ter B con-ceive'd his grand i--dea, Thought
 6th — Something went wrong, it pitch'd and roll'd, in vain poor Mister Bupp, Shriek'd
 7th — The thun-der roard in deaf'ning peals, the light'ning fol-low'd soon, In



he,—"I shall be roast-ed if I stop-thats ve--ry clear; The
 "gent--ly! dont! stead-ee! wo--ho," the car turn'd bot--tom up! He
 blind-ing daz-zling sheets of flame, which quick-ly caught the balloon, Whiz!-



Com--et soon will burn the earth, and all who on it stay; I'll
 wild--ly clutch'd the net--ting ropes, from which ex--al--ted berth He
 crack!-flash!-BANG!! a--way it went, and with a dread-ful shriek Poor



go up in a large bal-loon, and keep out of its way" The
 saw the pork pies gra--vi--ta--ting tow'rds the dis--tant earth; At
 Mis--ter B, was hurl'd in--to the mid--dle of next week! Down-

