

Good news! Great news!



In every mental lore



Although of native maids the cream



Go away, young bachelor



The traitor lies!



Respectable English lady



Five years have flown since I took wing



When the tempest rose and the ship went "So"



We stood as the escort, First Life Guards



It's understood, I think, all round



Why do they portray you with such a big nose?



This is a Lord High Chamberlain



In towns I make improvements great, which go to swell the County Rate



And if you ask him in respectful tone, he'll show you how you can protect your own



Some seven men form an Association



A tenor can't do himself justice



It really is surprising



The cup of tea and plate of mixed biscuits



Eagle high on cloudland soaring



With fury deep we burn



I've got it now!



At last a capital plan we've got



Oh sweet surprise, Oh dear delight



Oh would some demon power



... is but a mask on nature's face



Repulsive thing!



Oh rapture unrestrained



Down with the Flowers of Progress!



There's a little group of isles beyond the wave