

*James A. Stedman*  
I just dropped in! Hope I don't intrude!



*THE*  
ADVENTURES of PAUL PRY,  
As Sung by  
MR. HILSON.

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Sym:

I've just dropp'd in to make a call, I hope I don't in-trude now, 'Tis but Paul Pry how

are you all Pray do not think me rude now They say that I've gone

out of town but that's in-deed a sto-ry, Or how could I ap-pear to make my

handsome bow be-fore ye, Poor Paul Pry, Ev'-ry bo-dy



2

Because I take an interest in other people's business,  
 I'm bump'd and thump'd and snubb'd and drubb'd until I feel a dizziness.  
 Which makes me vow I'll never do a kind or worthy action,  
 For whatsoe'er I meddle in — I ne'er give satisfaction.

Poor Paul Pry.

Every body fleers and jeers at Poor Paul Pry.

3

One night as next the wall I walk'd, my way with caution groping,  
 I spied a ladder next a window, placed there for eloping,  
 I knew this was not Quite correct so to the top did clamber,  
 And as I just dropp'd in I saw a man hide in a chamber.

Poor Paul Pry.

What a situation 'twas for Poor Paul Pry.

4

Who should the Lady's father be, but my friend Colonel Hardy,  
 I pointed to his daughters room and bade him not be tardy,  
 He quickly kick'd me out of doors, and call'd me lying fellow,  
 But I came back — because I had forgotten my umbrella.

Poor Paul Pry.

Every body's mischief falls on Poor Paul Pry.

5

This umbrella cost me one and ninepence in the city,  
 To lose an article so useful would be shame and pity,  
 I often too forget my gloves — affairs my mind distract so,  
 While people can't forbear from laughing when they see me act so.

Poor Paul Pry.

Every body laughs when they behold Paul Pry.

6

One lucky act has crown'd my life — I sav'd a man from marrying,  
 By fishing up some letters that down the stream were hurrying,  
 A Housekeeper she tri'd to hook her gudgeon of a Master,  
 But I sav'd the old bachelor from such a sad disaster.

Poor Paul Pry.

Every body laughs when they behold Paul Pry.

7

They've got me in the Picture Shops — they have upon my honor,  
 I'm next to Venus — which they say is quite a libel on her.  
 No matter, if my friends still smile — their plaudits ne'er denying,  
 To yield them more amusement — why I'll still continue — Pry-ing.

Pry - Pry - Pry -

Every body laughs when they behold Paul Pry.