Humorous Song

JOSHUA

by

G. W. Chadwick

Medium Voice, in G

50

Boston: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

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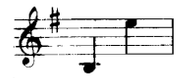
JOSHUA



(Original Key)

R. D. WARE

G. W. CHADWICK

Allegro moderato

VOICE

PIANO

1.*) Josh - u -
2. But the

f

a was the son of Nun And he led the He-brew band Out
Ca-naan-ites would not come out, And they would not let him in, Which

p

from the hor-rid wil - der-ness In - to the Prom-ised Land. But
riled old Josh, the game old scout, And he got mad as sin, So

cresc.

f *sf*

*) pronounced: Josh-u-ay

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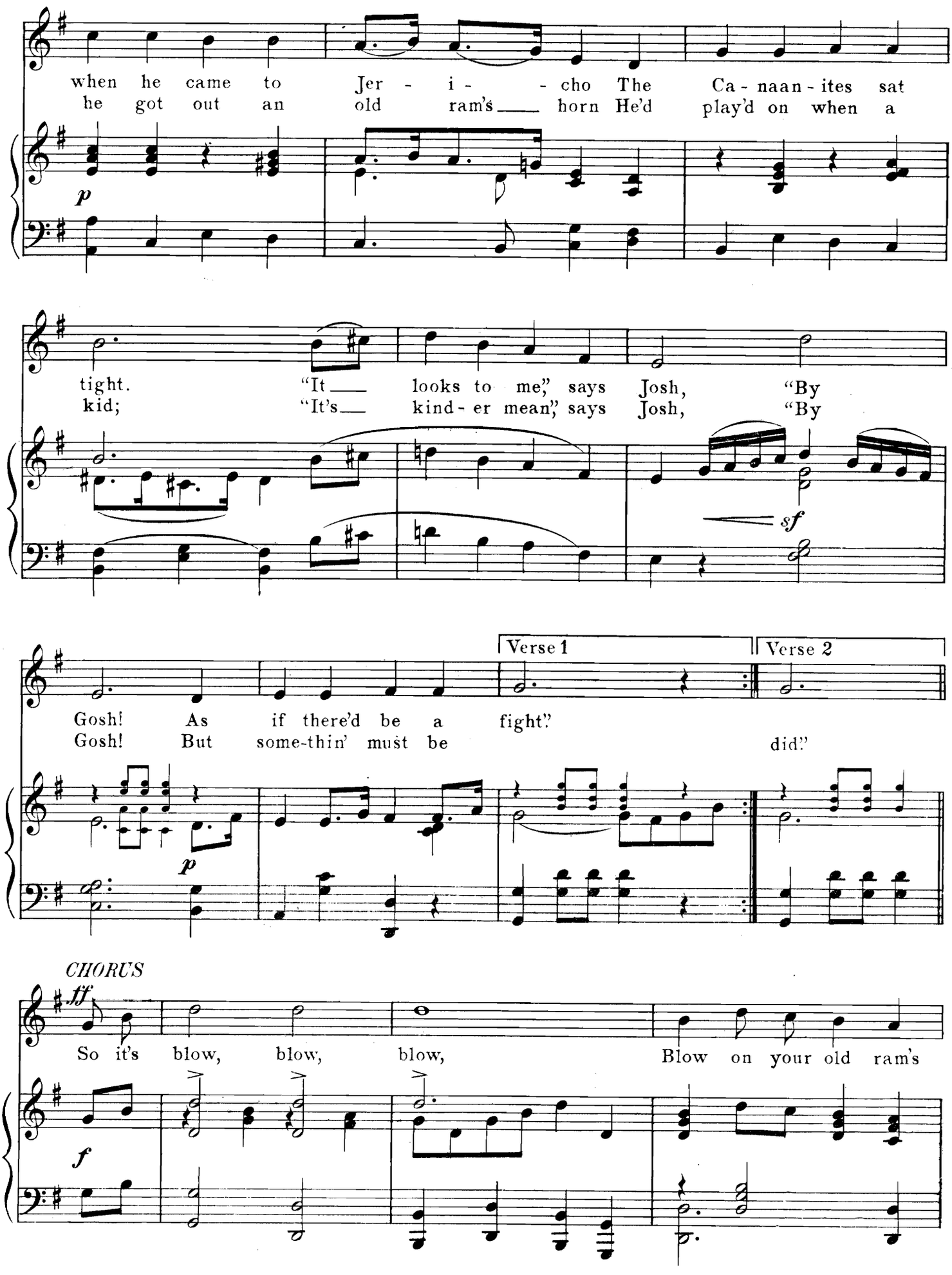
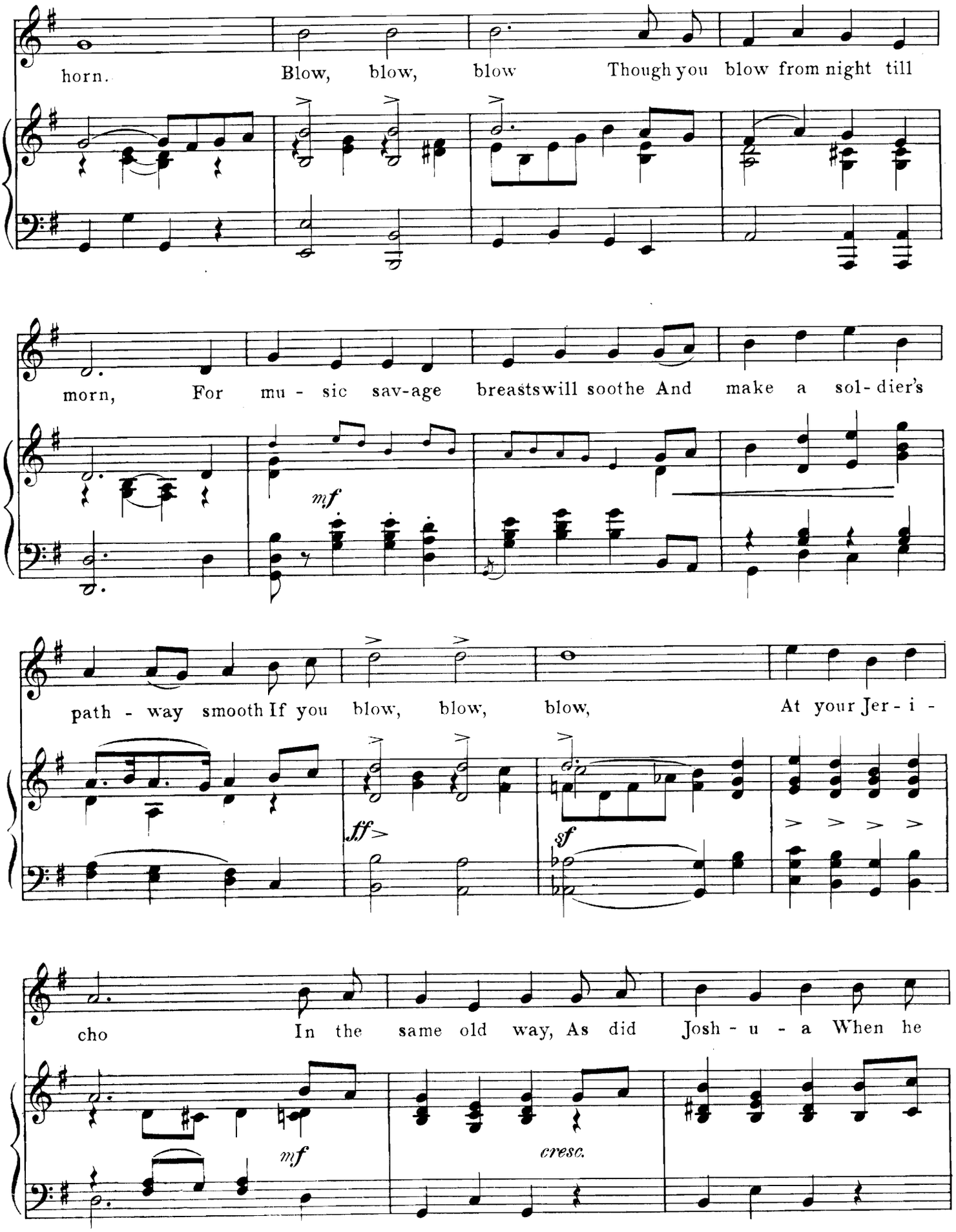
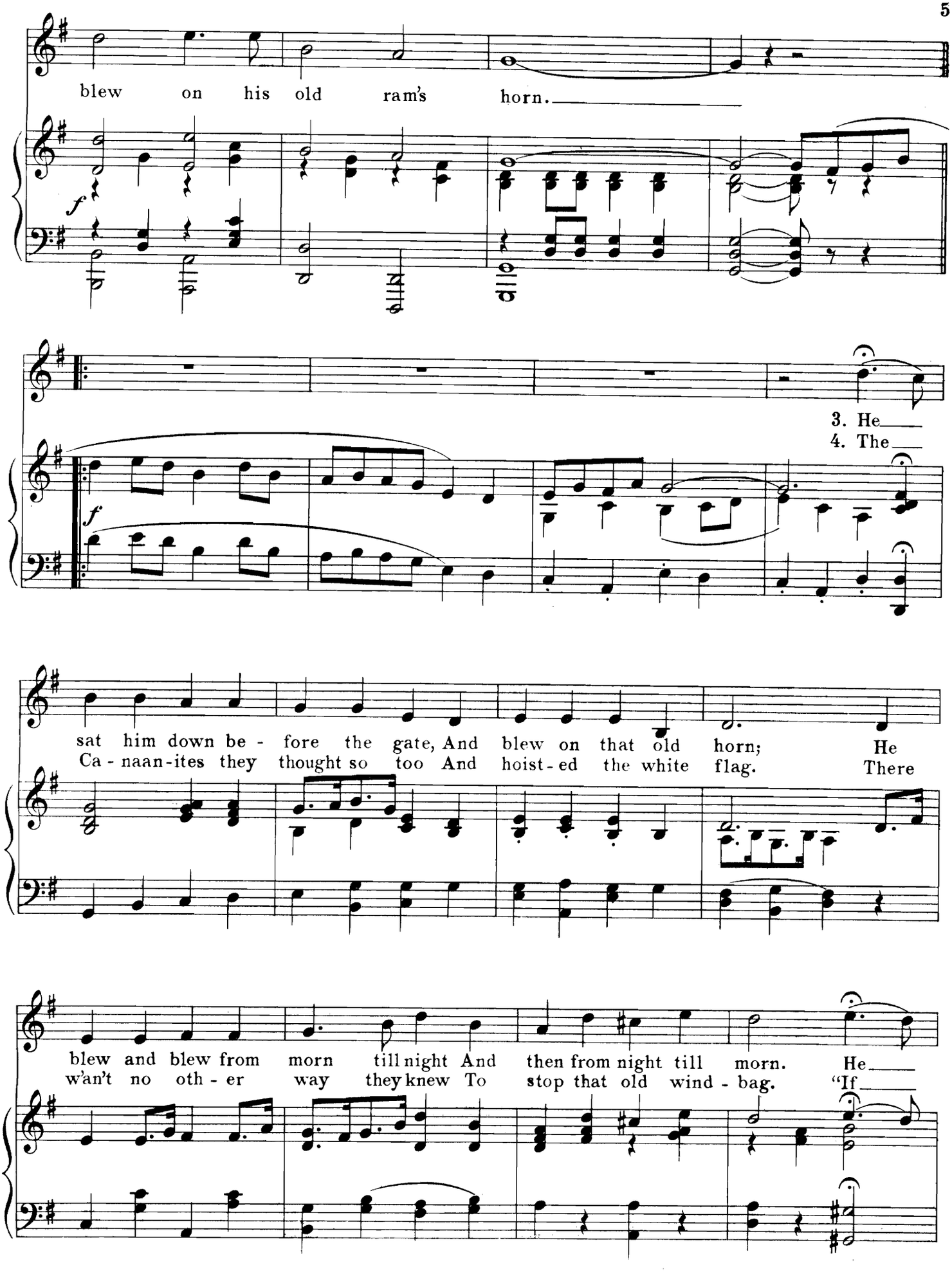
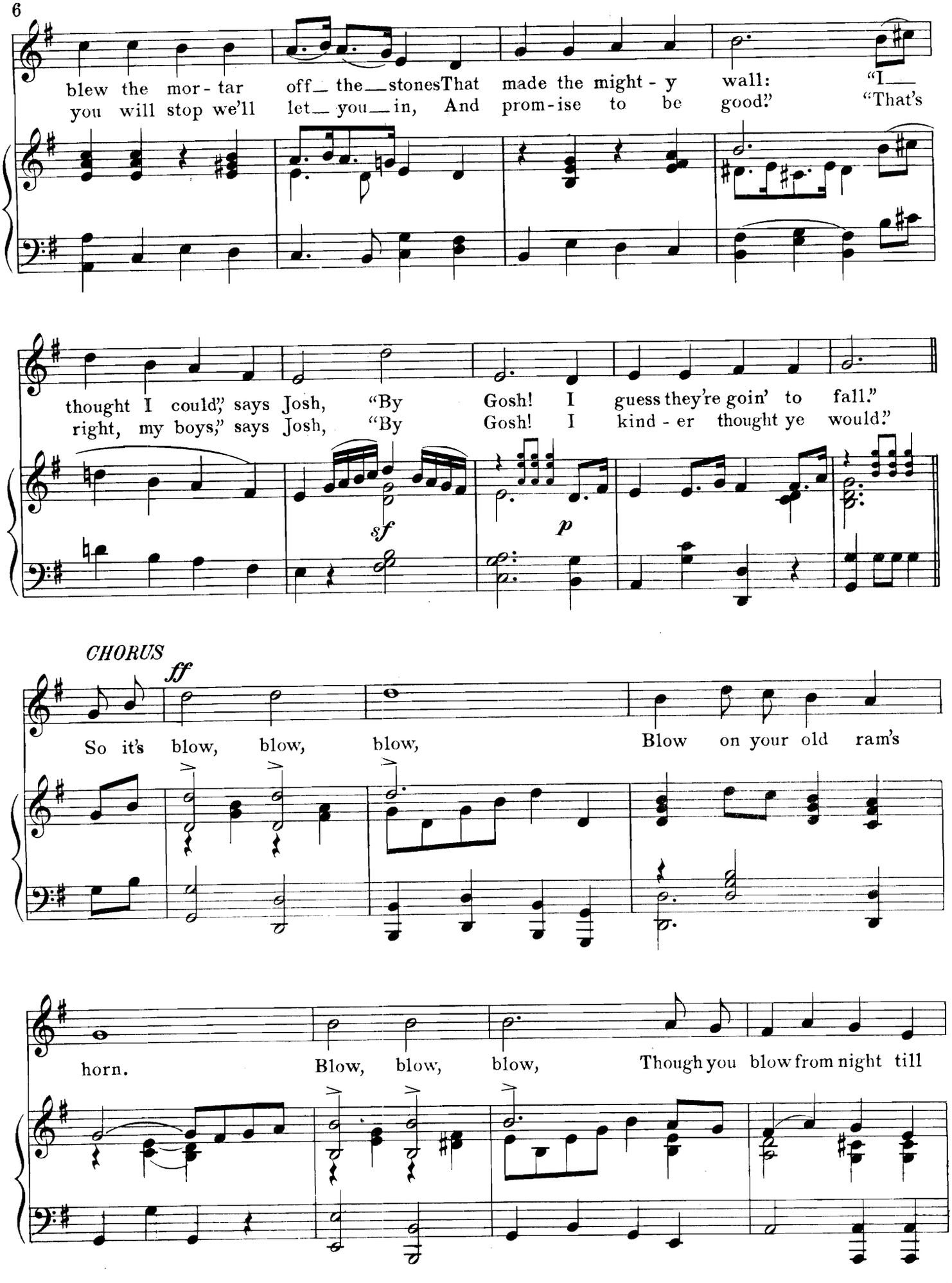
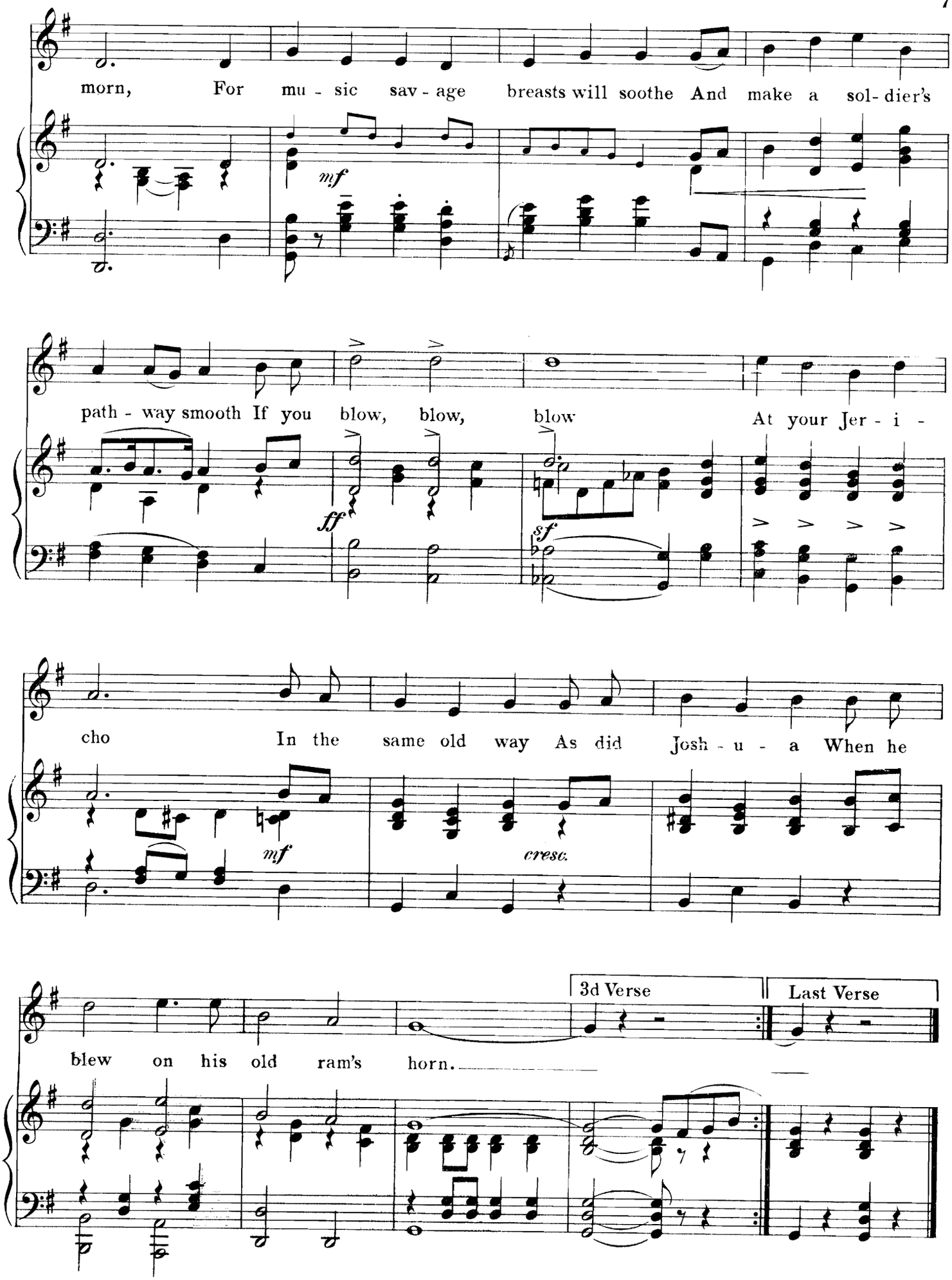

when he came to Jer - i - - cho The Ca - naan - ites sat
he got out an old ram's horn He'd play'd on when a
p
tight. "It looks to me," says Josh, "By
kid; "It's kind - er mean," says Josh, "By
sf
Verse 1
Verse 2
Gosh! As if there'd be a fight."
Gosh! But some-thin' must be did."
p
CHORUS
ff
So it's blow, blow, blow, Blow on your old ram's
f


horn. Blow, blow, blow Though you blow from night till
morn, For mu - sic sav-age breastswill soothe And make a sol-dier's
mf
path - way smooth If you blow, blow, blow, At your Jer - i -
ff
sf
cho In the same old way, As did Josh - u - a When he
mf
cresc.


blew on his old ram's horn.
3. He
4. The
sat him down be - fore the gate, And blew on that old horn; He
Ca - naan-ites they thought so too And hoist - ed the white flag. There
blew and blew from morn till night And then from night till morn. He
w'an't no oth - er way they knew To stop that old wind - bag. "If


blew the mor - tar off_ the_stonesThat made the might - y wall: "I_
you will stop we'll let_ you_in, And prom-ise to be good." "That's
thought I could," says Josh, "By Gosh! I guess they're goin' to fall."
right, my boys," says Josh, "By Gosh! I kind - er thought ye would."
sf
p
CHORUS
ff
So it's blow, blow, blow, Blow on your old ram's
horn. Blow, blow, blow, Though you blow from night till


morn, For mu - sic sav - age breasts will soothe And make a sol- dier's
mf
path - way smooth If you blow, blow, blow At your Jer - i -
ff
sf
cho In the same old way As did Josh - u - a When he
mf
cresc.
3d Verse
Last Verse
blew on his old ram's horn.

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REFRAIN
Slowly and dreamily

I'm dream - ing a - lone in the twi - - light,

mf molto express.

Dream - ing, my dear, of you; The long emp - ty years Brought

cresc.

sor - row and tears, But tho' I am lone - ly I love you on - ly!

cresc.

f

Come to me now in my dream - ing, Bid ev - 'ry grief - ade.

f

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