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OWEN FAWCETT'S SONGS!

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MUSIC DEPARTMENT



AS SUNG BY THE POPULAR COMEDIAN

OWEN FAWCETT.

GOODBYE JOHN.
LAD FOR THE LASSES

Philadelphia **LEE & WALKER** 922 Chestnut St.
W. H. Borer & Co. 1102 Chestnut St.

NOBODY
SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

D. Ditson & Co. Boston

Chas. W. Harris N York

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SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

As sung by the popular Comedian,

OWEN FAWCETT.

Allegro.

VOICE

PIANO.

Our im-

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). It begins with a whole rest followed by a quarter note G4, then a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bottom staff is for the piano, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. It begins with a forte dynamic marking (f) and a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. The piano part continues with chords and single notes in both hands.

mor - tal poet's page Says that all the world's a stage, And that

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The voice staff continues with a quarter note C5, a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, a quarter note B5, a quarter note C6, a quarter note D6, a quarter note E6, a quarter note F6, a quarter note G6, a quarter note A6, a quarter note B6, and a quarter note C7. The piano part continues with chords and single notes in both hands.

men with all their airs Are nothing more than play-ers, Each.

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The voice staff continues with a quarter note D6, a quarter note E6, a quarter note F6, a quarter note G6, a quarter note A6, a quarter note B6, a quarter note C7, a quarter note D7, a quarter note E7, a quarter note F7, a quarter note G7, a quarter note A7, a quarter note B7, and a quarter note C8. The piano part continues with chords and single notes in both hands.

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u - sing skill and art, In his turn to, play a part, All to

fill up the far - ci - cal scene, O! En - ter - here, ex - it there, Stand in

view, mind, your cue, Hey down, ho down, der-ry der-ry down, All to

fill up the far - ci - cal scene, O!

2. First, the infant on the lap,
 Mewling, pewling for its pap,
 Like the rabbit which we truss,
 Is swaddled by its nurse,
 Who to please the puppet tries,
 As he giggles and he cries,
 All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
 Hush a by, wipe an eye,
 Mamma's baby mustn't cry.

(SPOKEN.— Ha, Ha! it was mamma's pretty; and if he is a good boysey poisey, he shall go a ridey pidey in the coachey poachey — and there he goes up, up, up, and here he goes—)

Hey down, &c.

4 Then the Lover next appears,
 Soused over head and ears,
 Like a lobster in the fire,
 Sighing ready to expire;
 With a deep hole in his heart,
 You might thro' it drive a cart,
 All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
 Beauty spurns him, passion burns him,
 Like a wizzard eats his gizzard!

(SPOKEN.— Oh, my most adorable Amelia, had I words sufficiently strong to express my admiration of your beauty, you would at once believe me your devoted lover, and complete my bliss by flying to his arms who must for ever — without the possession of that angelic form — pine, and be quite —)

Hey down, &c.

6. Then the justice in his chair;
 With his broad and vacant stare;
 His wig of formal cut,
 And belly like a butt,
 Well lined with turtle-hash,
 Calipee, and calipash,
 All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
 Justice brief, rogue or thief,
 At his nod, go to quod.

(SPOKEN.— Now, sirrah, what's your name? John. John what? No, sir, not John What, John Thomas. What do you mean sirrah? If you are impudent I will draw up your mitimus and send you to —)

Hey down, &c.

7. Then the slipper'd Pantaloon,
 In life's dull afternoon.
 With spectacles on nose,
 Shrunk shank in youthful hose:
 His voice, once big and round,
 Now whistles in the sound,
 All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
 Vigor spent, body bent,
 Shaking noddle, widdle waddle.

(SPOKEN.— Aye, times are altered now; old folks are laughed at, and boys alone are respected. Oh; dear me, how my cough annoys me. Ho — ho — ah — dear me, I'm getting quite —)

Hey down, &c.

3. Then the pretty Babe of Grace,
 With his shining morning face;
 And his satchel on his back,
 To school, alas! must pack;
 While like a snail he creeps,
 And for black Monday weeps,
 All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
 Books mislaid, truant played,
 Rod in pickle, hack to tickle.

(SPOKEN.— Imitates schoolmaster and boy. — Come up, sirrah, and say your lesson. What letter is that? A. Well, what is the next? That, sir. It is not that, sir, it is this, sir — now spell B-i-r-m-i-n-g-h-a-m, — well, sir, what does that spell? Birmingham. Put out your hand, sir — there (slapping boy's hand,) it is Brummagem, sir — so now please to go and sit —)

Hey down, &c.

5. Then the soldier, ripe for plunder,
 Breathing slaughter, blood and thunder!
 Like a cat among the mice,
 Kicks the dust up in a trice;
 Talks of naught but streaming veins,
 Shattered limbs and scattered brains,
 All to fill up this farcical scene, O!
 Fight or fly, run or die,
 Pop or pelter, helter skelter.

(SPOKEN.— Ah! I shall never forget the last battle I was in. Such marching and countermarching up the hill, and down the hill, right and left, flank and rear. Bless your heart, I have fought up to my knees in blood. At the very last battle I fought in, I had six horses shot under me. Saw my comrades mown down like hay, and just as a twenty four pounder was coming towards me, I drew my broadsword, and cut it right in two; one half went up into the air, and the other half went to —)

Hey down, &c.

8. Then to finish up the play,
 Second Childhood leads the way,
 And, like sheep that's got the rot,
 All our senses go to pot,
 When death amongst us pops,
 And down the curtain drops,
 All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
 Then the coffin we move off in,
 While the hell tolls the knell.

(SPOKEN.— Aye, thus the scene finishes; then while we are here, why shouldn't we enjoy life? And how can we do better than assemble as we have done — enjoy a good song, and endeavor to make each other happy, by singing —)

Hey down, &c.

