

JOHN TYLER'S LAMENTATION.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

T. C. STEPHENS,

OF THE UTICA CLAY GLEE CLUB:

MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

WILLIAM APPO.

As Sung by the Utica Clay Glee Club,

AT THE CLAY CLUB CONVENTION,

HELD AT UTICA, JUNE 5th, 1844.

Respectfully Dedicated to

PALMER V. KELLOGG, ESQUIRE, OF UTICA,

SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF ONEIDA.

UTICA, N. Y.

R. W. ROBERTS, PRINTER, 78 GENESEE STREET.

1844.

[Price 25 Cents Nett.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, for the Northern District of New York.]

Deposited June 18. 1844

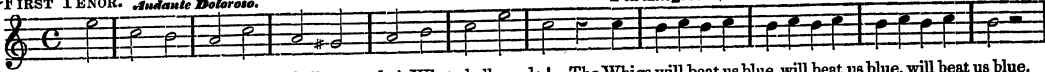
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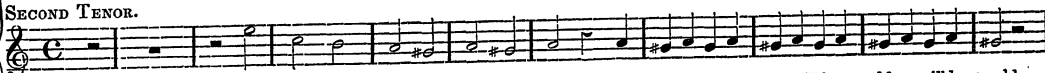
Respectfully Dedicated to Palmer D. Kellogg, Esquire, of Utica.

FIRST TENOR. *Andante Doloroso.* *Pia Allegro.*




Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall we do! What shall we do! The Whigs will beat us blue, will beat us blue, will beat us blue.

SECOND TENOR.



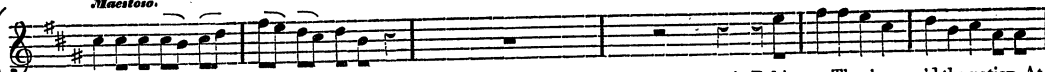
Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall we do! The Whigs will beat us blue, will beat us blue, will beat us blue.

BASS. *Pia Allegro.*

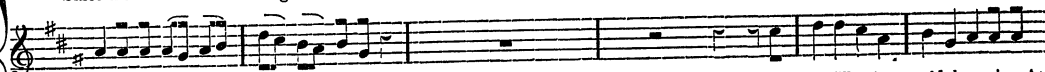


Oh dear! Oh dear! The Whigs will beat us blue, will beat us blue, will beat us blue.


Maestoso.



Since that tremendous Whig Convention, At Baltimore, They've mov'd the nation, At



Since that tremendous Whig Convention, At Baltimore, They've mov'd the nation, At



Since that tremendous Whig Convention, At Baltimore, They've mov'd the nation, At Baltimore, They've mov'd the nation, At



Baltimore, They've mov'd the nation, Since that tremendous Whig Convention. We can't depend, not for two hours, on any soul but

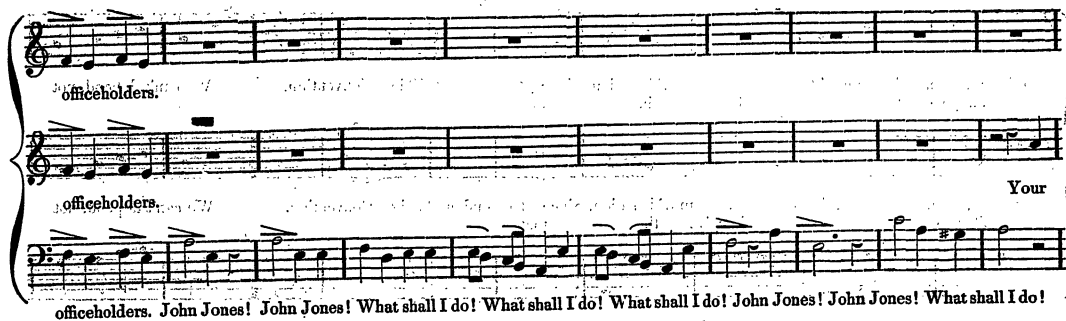


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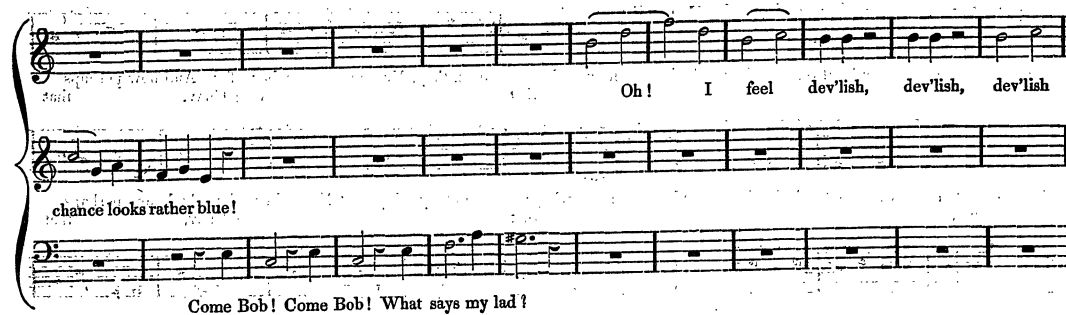


Baltimore, They've mov'd the nation, Since that tremendous Whig Convention. We can't depend, not for two hours, on any soul but

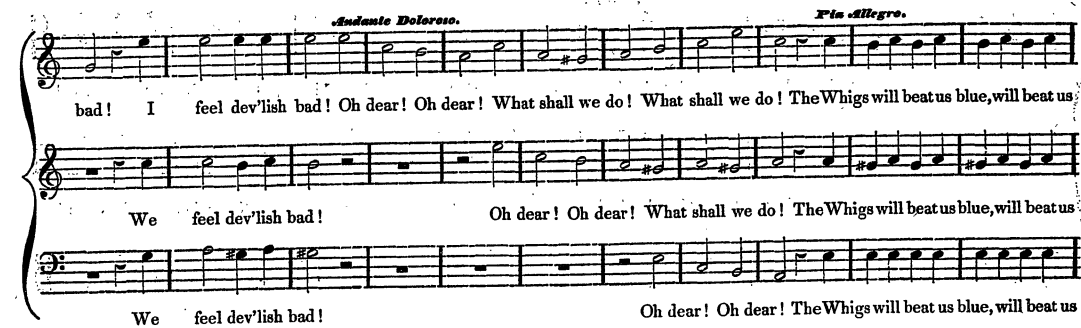
JOHN TYLER'S LAMENTATION.



officeholders. officeholders. Your officeholders. John Jones! John Jones! What shall I do! What shall I do! What shall I do! John Jones! John Jones! What shall I do!



Oh! I feel dev'lish, dev'lish, dev'lish
 chance looks rather blue!
 Come Bob! Come Bob! What says my lad?



Andante Doloso. *Fine Allegro.*
 bad! I feel dev'lish bad! Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall we do! What shall we do! The Whigs will beat us blue, will beat us
 We feel dev'lish bad! Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall we do! The Whigs will beat us blue, will beat us
 We feel dev'lish bad! Oh dear! Oh dear! The Whigs will beat us blue, will beat us



Maestoso.
 blue, will beat us blue! Since that tremendous Whig Convention, At
 blue, will beat us blue! Since that tremendous Whig Convention, At
 blue, will beat us blue! Since that tremendous Whig Convention, At Baltimore, They've mov'd the nation, At

JOHN TYLER'S LAMENTATION.

Baltimore, mov'd nation, At Baltimore, mov'd nation, Since tremendous Whig Convention. We can't depend, not
 They've the They've the that

for two On any soul but officeholders. And now perhaps even they, May next November for And now perhaps
 hours, that vote CLAY, that

Adagio.
 even they, May next November vote for CLAY! And now perhaps that even they, May next November vote for CLAY!

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]