

A Gay Old Oyster.

(A FABLE IN A SONG.)

Words and Music by CHARLES D. BINGHAM.

Con Anima.

Piano. *f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

Once an oys - ter lived in the bot - tom of the sea, And of
And this oys - ter came from the bot - tom of the sea, In an

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "Once an oys - ter lived in the bot - tom of the sea, And of / And this oys - ter came from the bot - tom of the sea, In an". The piano accompaniment includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking.

good - ly size was he, He was mum as mum and this
oys - ter net came he, But 'tis sad to state his was

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "good - ly size was he, He was mum as mum and this / oys - ter net came he, But 'tis sad to state his was". The piano accompaniment includes a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic marking.

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oys - ter he was dumb, As an oys - ter in his shell. could
 not the hap - py fate That he dreamed an oys - ter's fate should

be; But one day this oys - ter 'woke, and he
 be; For he found him - self next day, in a

found his voice and spoke, To the oys - ter fry a - round him he did
 swell New York Caf - é In a half a ton of ice they'd packed him

roar From these wa - ters cold and dark I am
 tight Where a girl from Bos - ton town said she'd

go - ing for a lark, And to see the sights they say are seen a - shore.
love him if fried brown, Or up - on the half - shell he'd be out of sight.

Refrain.

For a gay old oys - ter full of fun am I And a
For a gay old oys - ter full of meat was he He was

jol - ly sport the girls will love you'll see And when
just the sport the girls would choose you bet Ere he'd

once I step a - shore, girls will seek me by the score And my
been a - shore a day, this re - mark he made, they say: "I was

Oys - ter Pat - ty each will want to be, For I
 in the sea, but in the soup I'll get;" For he

am no lob - ster, as you all may guess, Nor a
 was no lob - ster, as you all may guess, Nor a

rub - ber neck clam, no, no! In a fos - sil - a - ted shell, I will
 rub - ber neck clam, nay, nay! And the girl who loved him most, ate him

now no long - er dwell, Say ta - ta to me my boys be - fore I go.
 served up hot on toast, By a wait - er in a swell New York Caf - é.