With Apologies,

Written,
Composed
& Sung,
With Great Success by
Harold Montague
in his musical sketch
"How We've Improved?"

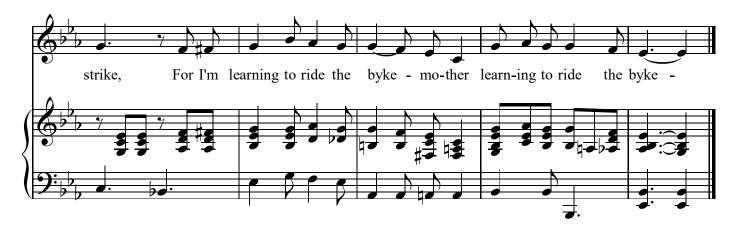
Learning to Ride the Byke Humorous Song

Compiled into Sibelius by Ross Boyle

LONDON Moore, Smith & Co. 1897

LEARNING TO RIDE THE BYKE.





LEARNING TO RIDE THE BYKE

Humorous Ditty

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear, For to-morrow'll be the happiest day of all the glad New Year Before it's breakfast time mother, when seven the clock shall strike For I'm learning to ride the byke, mother, learning to ride the byke.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you don't call me early ,my morning ride to take.
I must wear my bloomer dress, mother, the dress that you dislike,
For I'm learning to ride the byke, mother, learning to ride the byke.

I'll go down some quiet lane, mother, the while I learn to ride, Where no rude man can see me, as I wobble from side to side, For when I ride in the town, mother, the little boys chi-ike, When they see me riding the byke, mother, learning to ride the byke.

As I was riding yesterday, whom think ye I should see, But Robin, leaning over a gate, and casting eyes at me. 'Twas very windy, mother, but he rather seemed to like Watching me ride the byke, mother, learning to ride the byke.

I'm afraid he thought me rude, mother, for I didn't speak at all I daren't take my eyes off the handles, or I'm sure I'd have bumped the wall. Its awfully hard to steer, mother, you can't do what you like. And the wheel in front will waggle so, mother, learning to ride the byke.

He told me long ago,mother, that when I'd learnt to ride,
He'd ask me that same day, mother, to be his bloom(er)ing bride,
And when I've learn it properly, as every grill will od,
For our honeymoon, we'll go, mother, on a bicycle made for two.
HAROLD MONTAGUE