

ENCORE!
A BOTTLE MORE

A decorative flourish consisting of two curved lines forming an arch, with a central diamond-shaped ornament and symmetrical scrollwork on either side.

Humorous Song.

London:
HART & CO 22, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

708.

ENCORE! A BOTTLE MORE!

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

VOICE.

PIANO. *p* *cres.* *ff*

1. A long time in one house had lived The
2. He stoppd and drank out all the folks As

mer - ry Mis - ter Clay, Till he to please his new made wife One morn'ing moved a -
well as lights and wine, And then cried 'Waiter bring my hat - not that, that isn't.....

way That ve - ry day he was engaged To dine at "The Blue Boar," And
mine!" "It must be yours no a thork left" Oh, Wait - er you're a sad one It

there he went and drank his fill Besides "a Bot-tle more"— En-core; en-core! "a does_n't fit, and what is worse It's such a shock_ing bad one It does_n't fit and

bot_tle more" En-core a bot_tle more.....
what is worse It's such a shock_ing bad one.

3.

At last he toddled off, by wine
Almost bereft of sense,
And naturally his legs took him
To his old residence.
Where on that day as he moved out
Some other folks moved in,
Who much fatigued, slept sound till Clay
A knocking did begin.
Singing tol de rol de riddle lol,
Ri fol de rol de ray.

4.

He rapped and rung and said, surprised,
"Why don't they open the door?
My wife's asleep, I wish I'd stopped
And had a bottle more!"
He knocked again a man looked out
And said, "Pray who are you?"
And Clay replied It's I my dear,
The door, come, open do!
Encore! encore! a bottle more!
The door come open do.

5.

"Oh Ill my dear you" said the man
While Clay, for fear he'd fall,
The knocker held fast, till a voice
"Come, let it go!" did bawl.
Said Clay "that's very easy spoke,
But I have studied cocker,
And this I know, that down I go
If I let go the knocker!
And this I know, that down I go
If I let go the knocker!"

6.

Police was called, and Clay was charged
And put into the cage,
In vain he swore it was his house,
And flamed with jealous rage,
At last o'er powered he fell asleep
And that revived reflection,
And he awoke not much refreshed
Except in recollection,
And he awoke not much refreshed
Except in recollection,

7.

When taken to the Magistrate
Clay pardon did implore;
"Your Worship I was forced to stop
And take a bottle more
Which stole my memory, and made
Me to my old house stray,
And make a fuss, for I'd forgot
That I had moved away
And make a fuss, for I'd forgot
That I had moved away

8.

The Justice shook his head and said
Because you choose to soak
And eke an extra bottle crack
The peace must not be broke
You shall be fined for being drunk
And knocking at the door,
Five shillings you must pay and that
Is just a bottle more,
So pay, encore a bottle more
Yes just one bottle more.