## ENCORE! A BOTTLE MORE

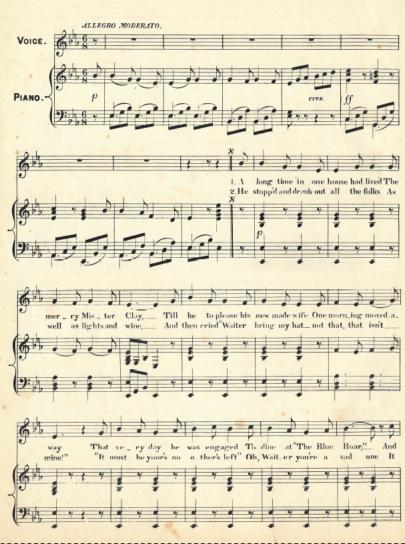


## Humorous Song.

London; HART & C? 22, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

708.

## ENCORE! A BOTTLE MORE!





At last he toddled off, by wine
Almost hereft 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 tolde rolde riddle lol,
Ri folde rol de ray.

He rapped and rung and said, surprised, "Why don't they open the door? My wife's asleep, I wish Id stopped And had a bottle more!" 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!

"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'fdid baw!. 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!"

The door come open do.

Police was called, and Clay was charged And put into the cage; In vain he swore it was his house, And foamed with jealous rage. At last o'er nowered 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

"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

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.

Encare! a hattle more!