

MAY 17 1900

Music Department

THE QUEER
OLD BACHELOR.

Comic Song and Chorus.

By WM. T. MEYER

Price 30c.

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THE QUEER OLD BACHELOR.

COMIC SONG FOR BARITONE OR BASS.

Words and Music by WM. T. MEYER.

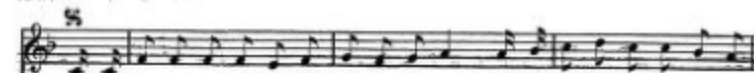
PIANO.



The first system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



The second system of piano accompaniment continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, ending with a double bar line.



The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It consists of a single staff with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. If you'll lis - ten, dear friends, I will sing you a song, It's a - bout an old bach'lor, they
2. Yes, his feet are quite large, and of course it don't suit For a small man like him to wear
3. But our friend soon got tired of a bach - e - lor's life, So he would he would try and --
4. He soon had his hat in a pret - ty good trim, As he start - ed a - gain b'ing de--
5. When o - ver his fright, he con - tin - ued his steps, Nev - er mind - ing the fre - quent un--
6. The next thing he did he po - lite - ly crawl'd out, And look'd whether an - y one



The third system of piano accompaniment continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

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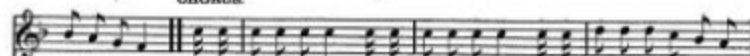
call Uncle John; And he lives by himself in a little log frame, 'Way out on the green at the such a large boot; But he does not go fetting, no he'll laugh and he'll sing, And he feels just as hap-py as cure a good wife; Soon he heard of a beauty they call'd Molly Brown, Who lived on a farm, bout a ter-mined to win; Next he went thro' a field which the farmer did keep, For the pur-pose of feeding and pleasant mishaps; Soon he came to a log that lay 'cross a small stream, Which look'd very slip-p'ry, and else was a-bout; But his fine clothes were spoil'd, and the starch was all gone, Which knocked all his plans, and made

end of the lane. He is call'd ver-y queer, yet he's tid-y and neat, On-ly wears number tens on his though he were king. He is chief cook and washer, yes, does his own baking, And the clothes that he wears are 'most mile out of town. So he start-ed at once, thro' an orchard he passed, Which was laden'd with apples that herd-ing his sheep. Thus he pass'd slowly on, nev-er thinking of fear, Till he heard a strange noise that was smooth as a bean. He paused a few moments be-fore he would go, And when he did go took it ev-ery thing wrong. Now this was too much for our friend Uncle John, And he pull'd down his face till it

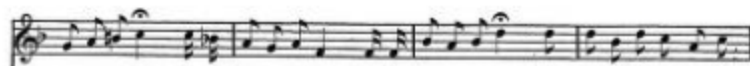
dear lit-tle feet; And he looks ver-y odd with his old-fashioned clothes, But the queerest of all is his all his own making; And the evenings he pass-es by smoking his pipe, To drive away care, and to were ripening fast; As he pass'd by a tree a two-pou-nder fell down, Which hit his silk hat, and of now ver-y near; Just a glance! and he saw an old sheep on his track, Which gave him a whack that he aw-fel-ly slow; As he'd pass'd half way o-ver he made a few reels, And he slipp'd in the wa-ter all look'd rather long; Yes, he vow'd he would soon live bach-e-lor's life, Than to go thro' such trials to se-

CHORUS

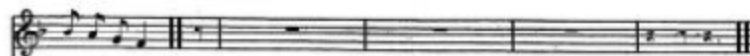
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aw - ful big nose.
 make his heart light. Yet he'll sing and he'll laugh, and he'll laugh and he'll sing, Till his lit - tie log cab-in with
 flew on his back,
 head o - ver heels,
 cure a good will.



mu - sic doth sing; He's a jol - ly old soul, be it sunshine or rain, This queer lit - tie chap at the



end of the line.

