SOUERTAKER'S MAN



WORDS BY

MUSIC BY

JOHN GOOKEJUNE VINCENT DAYIES

"JONES'S LITTLE SPREE" & C & C. WHEN THE MOON TURNS TO GREEN CHEESE &C Birmingham.

ENT. STA. HALL.

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PRICE 4

WHAT I'VE SUFFERED THERE'S NOBODY KNOWS MRJOHN DALLA

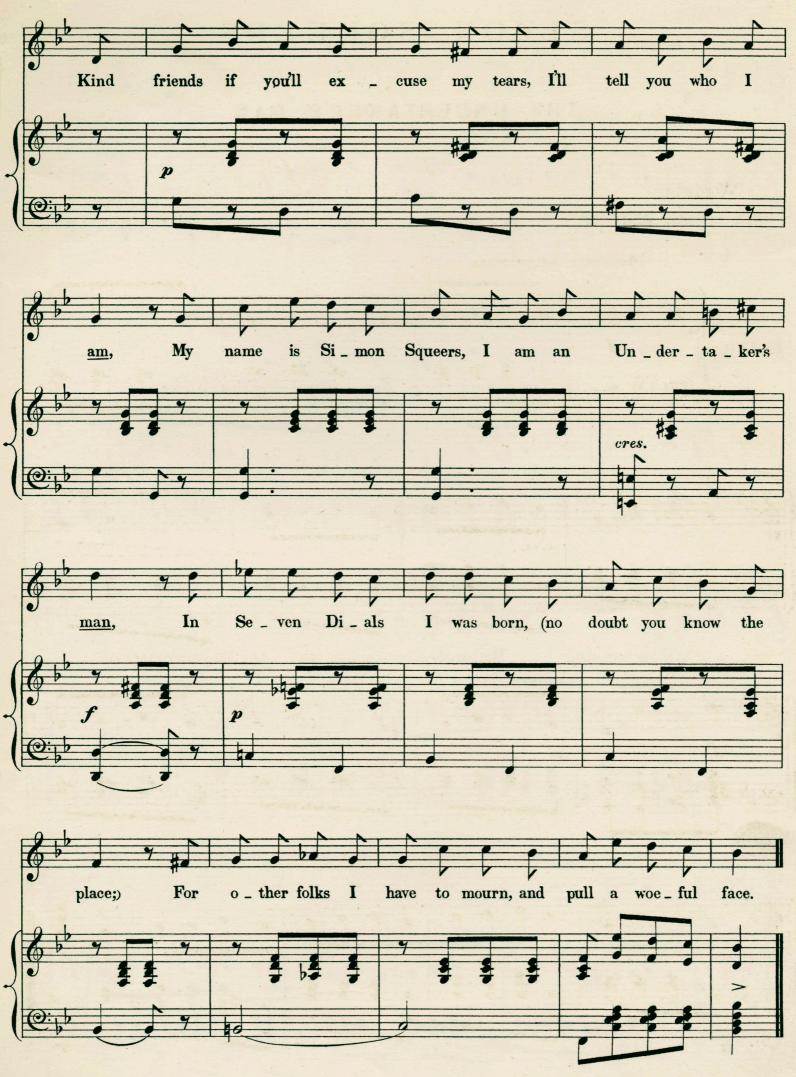
HERE'S LUCK TO A JOLLY OLD PAL

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SIMON SQUEERS.

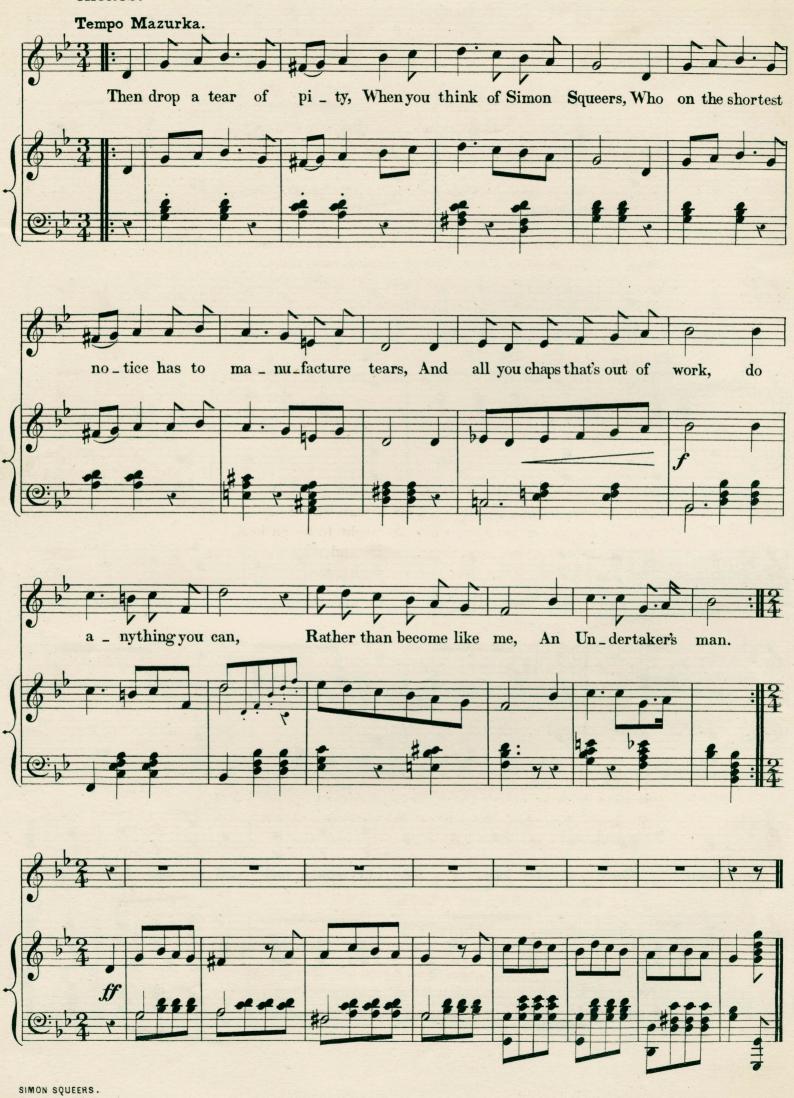
THE UNDERTAKER'S MAN





SIMON SQUEERS.

CHORUS.



ıst

Kind friends if you'll excuse my tears, I'll tell you who I am, My name is Simon Squeers, I'm an Undertaker's man, In Seven Dials I was born (no doubt you know the place;) For other folks I have to mourn, and pull a woeful face.

CHORUS.

Then drop a tear of pity, when you think of Simon Squeers, Who on the shortest notice has to manufacture tears. And all you chaps, (that's out of work,) do anything you can, Rather than become like me, an Undertaker's man.

2nd

I have to wear a suit of black, upon this noble frame.
On Sundays as on other days, my clothes are just the same;
The girls all laugh and titter as they see me passing by,
And say to one another, Oh! My! isn't he a Guy.

CHORUS. Then drop a tear of pity &c.

3rd

Before I got this berth, I had a sweetheart good and true, But now she's gone and left me, for a man whose clothes are blue; I often see that pleeceman, when he ought to be on beat, Sitting on the area steps, eating bread and meat.

CHORUS. Then drop a tear of pity &c.

4th

If any lady present here would like me for her beau,
I'll make her sleeping partner in the firm of Squeers & C?
I've got a tidy bit of coin put by for a rainy day,
So if any one will have me, will she kindly step this way.

Spoken_ (After pausing awhile.) What? will no one have me. (Weeps.)

CHORUS. Then drop a tear of pity &c.

5th

I've mourned for quite a hundred folks within the present year, It wont be long before they'll have to mourn for me I fear; My heart is broken and I know I'm wasting fast away___ Upon this stage I know I have'nt very long to stay.

Spoken___ And when I'm gone they'll bury me in a corner of the churchyard, and out of my hard earned savings erect a bit of a stone, and this will be my epitaph__

CHORUS.

Then drop a tear of pity, when you think of Simon Squeers, Who on the shortest notice had to manufacture tears; And all you chaps, (that's out of work) do anything you can, Rather than become like him an Undertaker's man.

H. BERESFORD'S

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