

EAWR FOLK,

A Lancashire Ballad,

SUNG BY

P. DELAVANTI,

WORDS BY

EDWIN WAUGH,

(Author of Lancashire Sketches)

Music Composed

BY

JOSEPH J. HARRIS.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 3/-

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WHERE MAY BE HAD

COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER & ME 3/4 WHAT AILS THEE MY SON, ROBIN 3/4 ITS COURTN NEET 3/4

E A W R F O L K .

*Words by Edwin Waugh.**Music by Joseph J. Harris.*

LIVELY.

VOICE. 

PIANO  *f*

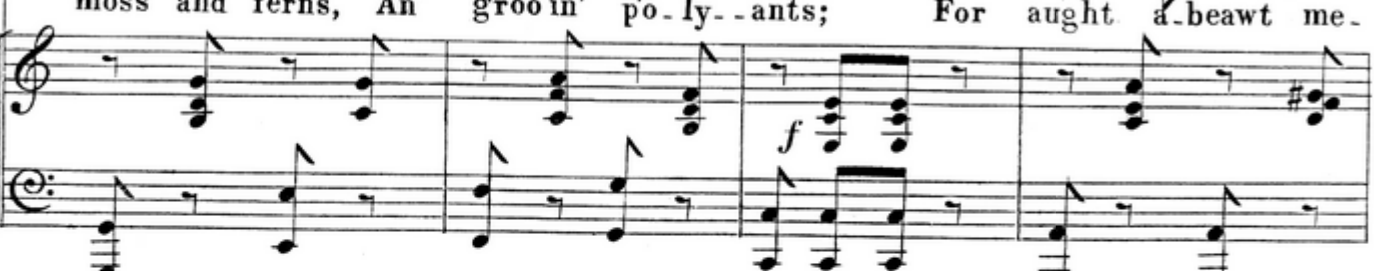
FORTE.  *p*

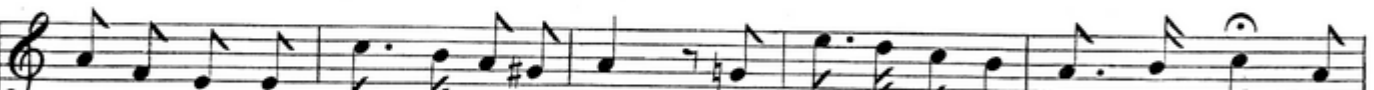
Er Johnny gi's his

 mind to books; Er Abram studies plants,— He caps the dule for



 moss and ferns, An' grooin' po-ly-ants; For aught a-beawt me-

 *f*

 chanic-kin, Er Ned's the very lad; My un-cle Jamie roots the stars. E-



nough to drive him mad. Er Alick keeps a badger's shop. An' teyches sunday

schoo', Er Joseph's welly blynt, poor lad; Er Timothy's a foo'!— He's

tried three diff'rent maks o'trades, An olez miss'd his tip;— But then, he's prattist

whistler That e-ver cock'd a lip.

2nd Verse.

Er Tummy's taen to prietchin',- He's a topper at it too; But

then,- what's thuse,-er Bill comes in, An' swears it winnut do When

t'one's bin strivin' o' he con To awter wicked men, Then t'other mays some

marlocks, an' con-varts 'em back a - gain Er A-bel's yung'st, an'

next to Joe, My Mo-ther likes him t'best; Hoo gi's him brass a-

boon his share, To keep him nice-ly drest: He's gettin' in with

qual-i-ty, An' when his clark-in's' done, He's o-les oather

cricket-in'. Or shootin' wi' 'a gun.

3rd Verse.

My Uncle Sam's a fiddler; An' aw fain could yer him play Fro'

set o' sun till win-ter neet Had melt-ed in-to day; For

eh, - sich glee - sich ten-der-ness! Thro' ev' ry changin' part, It's

p calando

p colla voce

th' heart 'at stirs his fiddle An' his fiddle stirs his heart Then

ad lib.

f u

tempo

heres to Jone, an Ab, an' Ned, An' Matty, - an'er Joe. - My Feyther, an' my

*ad*

Mother; an'er t'other lads, an' o'; An' thee, too, owd mu-si-cianer, - Aw

*lib:**a tempo*

wish lung life to thee, - A mon 'at plays a fiddle weel Should



never awse to dee!



Eawr Folk.