



**WAL,  
I SWAN!**

**(EBENEZER FRYE)**



SUNG  
BY  
**RAYMOND  
HITCHCOCK**  
IN  
HENRY W. SAVAGE'S  
PRODUCTION *of*  
**THE YANKEE TOURIST**

WORDS & MUSIC BY  
**BENJ. HAPGOOD BURT**

**M. WITMARK & SONS**

NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON PARIS  
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# Wal, I Swan!

Ebenezer Frye.

Words and Music  
By BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BURT.

Moderato. (*a la breve*.)

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two systems. The first system is marked *f* and features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with chords and single notes. The second system is marked *sfz* and includes a repeat sign with a first ending. The tempo is *Moderato. (a la breve.)*.

§ Till Ready.

*This song to be recited, more than sung.*

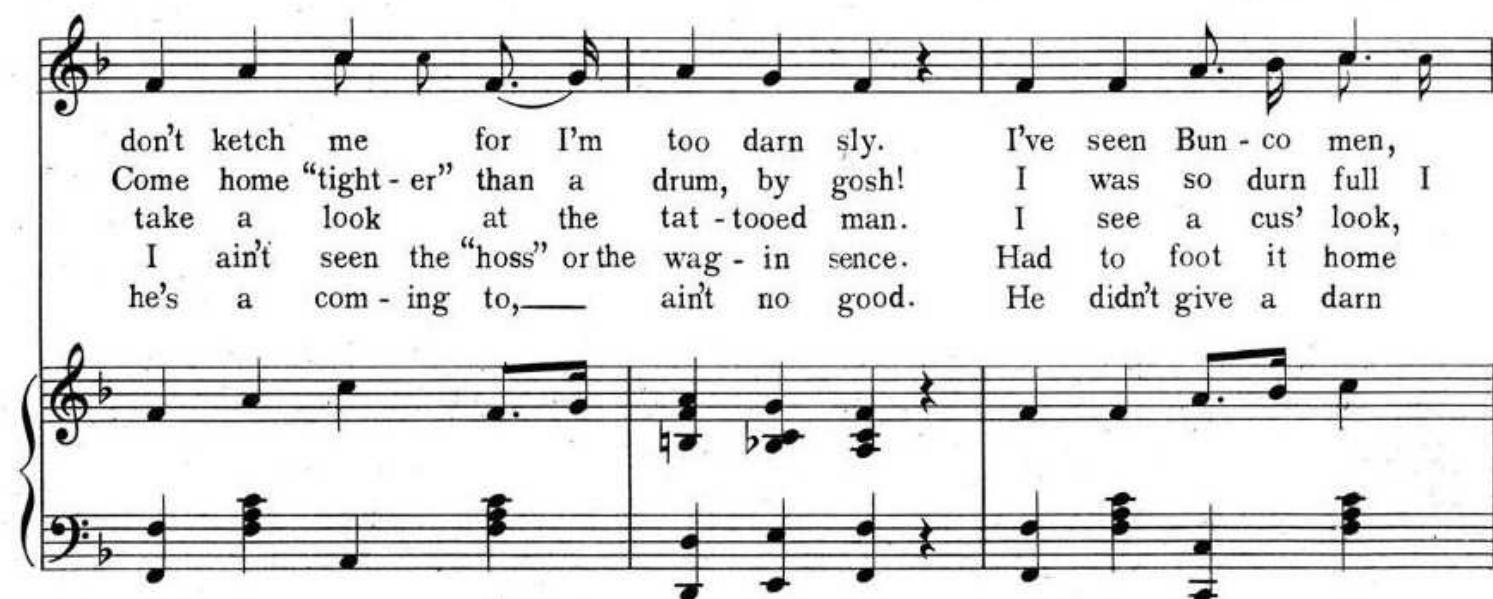
The first system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: I run the old mill o - ver here to Reub - en's - ville, I drove the old mare o - ver to the Coun - ty Fair, We had a big show here 'bout a week a - go, I drove the old bay in - to town yes - ter - day, My son Josh - ua went to Phil - a - del - phi - a.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: My name's Josh - u - a Eb - en - e - zer Frye. Took first prize on a load o' sum - mer squash. Pitched up a tent by the old mill dam. Hitched by the track to the rail - road fence. He would - n't do a day's work if he could.

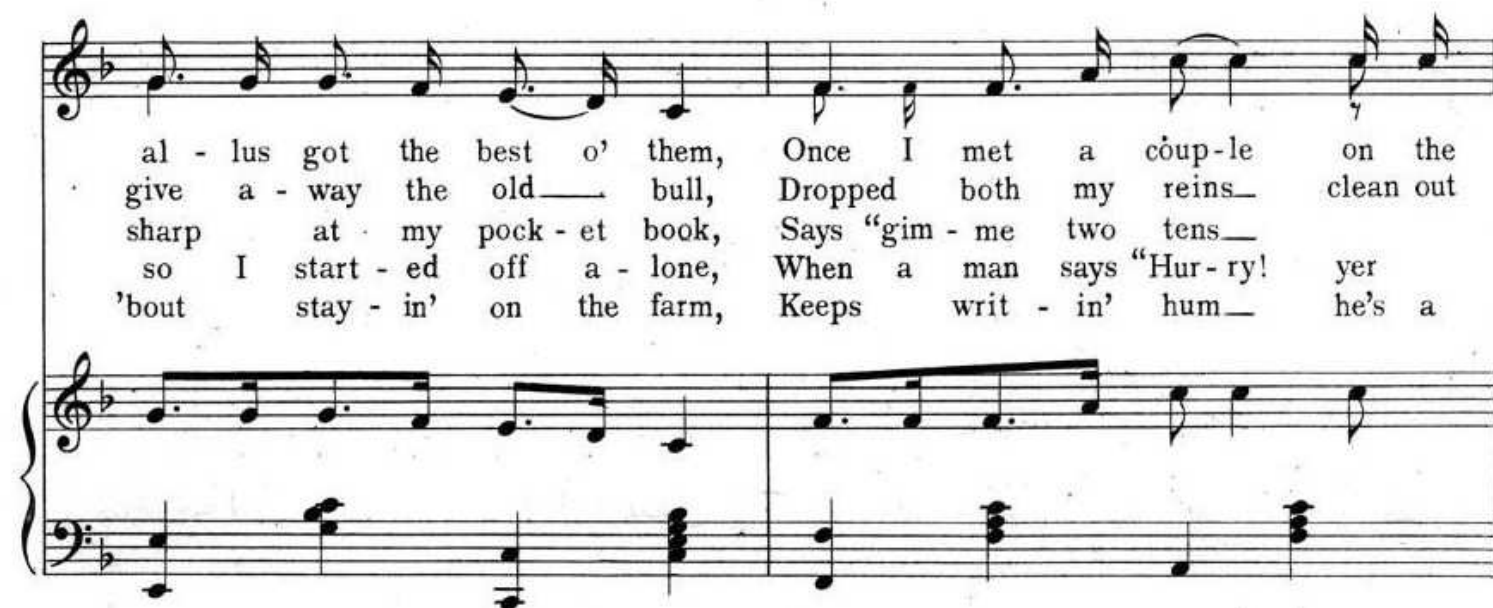
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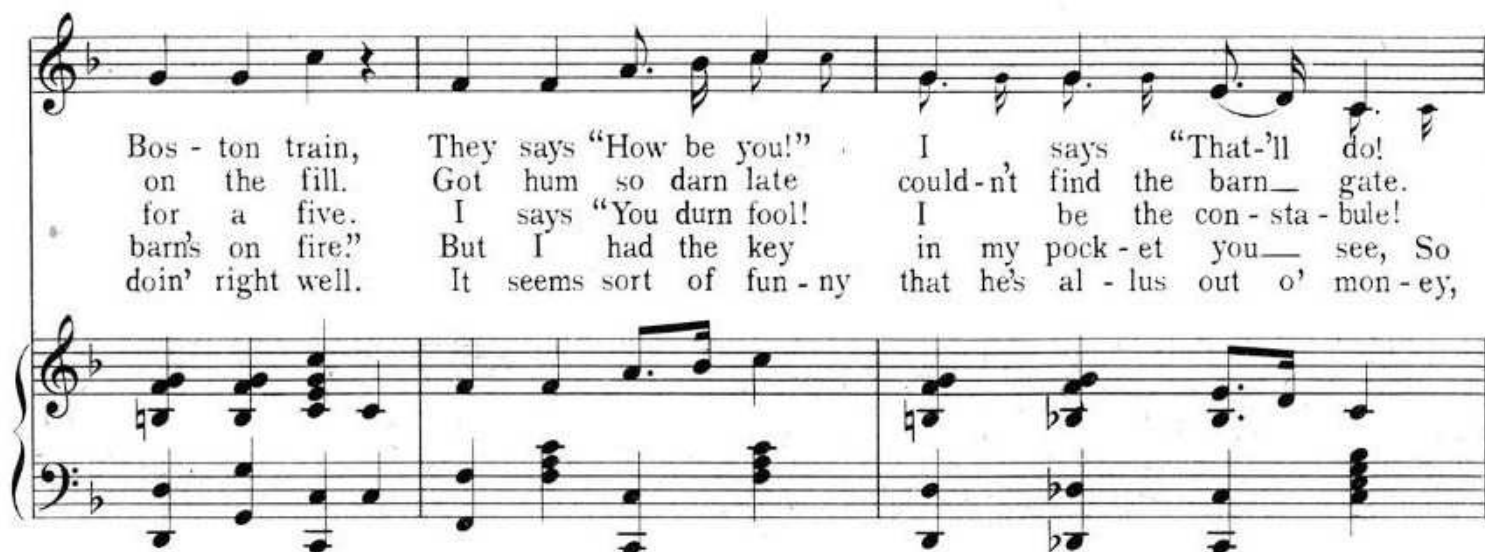
I know a thing or two, you bet your neck I do, They  
 Stopped at the cid - er mill com - ing ov - er by the hill,  
 Ma says— let's— go in to the side - show, Jus'  
 Tied her— good and strong, but a train— came a - long, And  
 Smoked cig - ar - ettes— too, way the cit - y folks— do. What



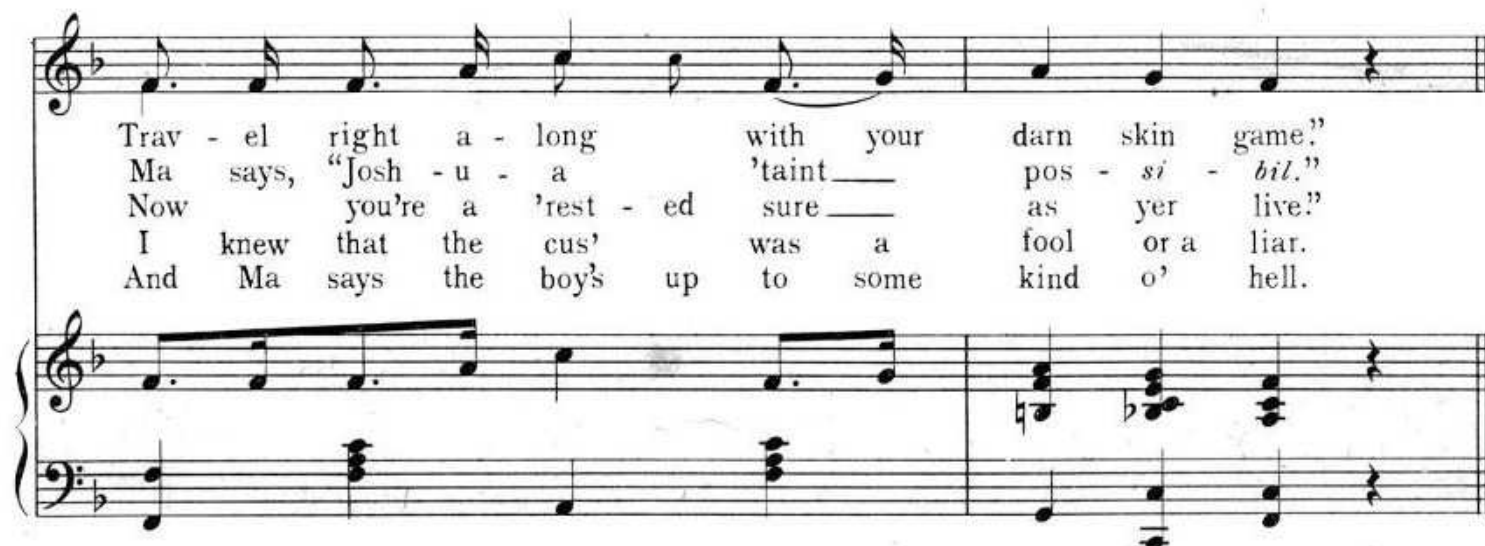
don't ketch me for I'm too darn sly. I've seen Bun - co men,  
 Come home "tight - er" than a drum, by gosh! I was so darn full I  
 take a look at the tat - tooed man. I see a cus' look,  
 I ain't seen the "hoss" or the wag - in sence. Had to foot it home  
 he's a com - ing to,— ain't no good. He didn't give a darn



al - lus got the best o' them, Once I met a coup - le on the  
 give a - way the old— bull, Dropped both my reins— clean out  
 sharp at my pock - et book, Says "gim - me two tens—  
 so I start - ed off a - lone, When a man says "Hur - ry! yer  
 'bout stay - in' on the farm, Keeps writ - in' hum— he's a



Bos - ton train, They says "How be you!" I says "That-'ll do!  
 on the fill. Got hum so darn late could-nt find the barn— gate.  
 for a five. I says "You durn fool! I be the con - sta - bule!  
 barn's on fire?" But I had the key in my pock - et you— see, So  
 doin' right well. It seems sort of fun - ny that he's al - lus out o' mon - ey,

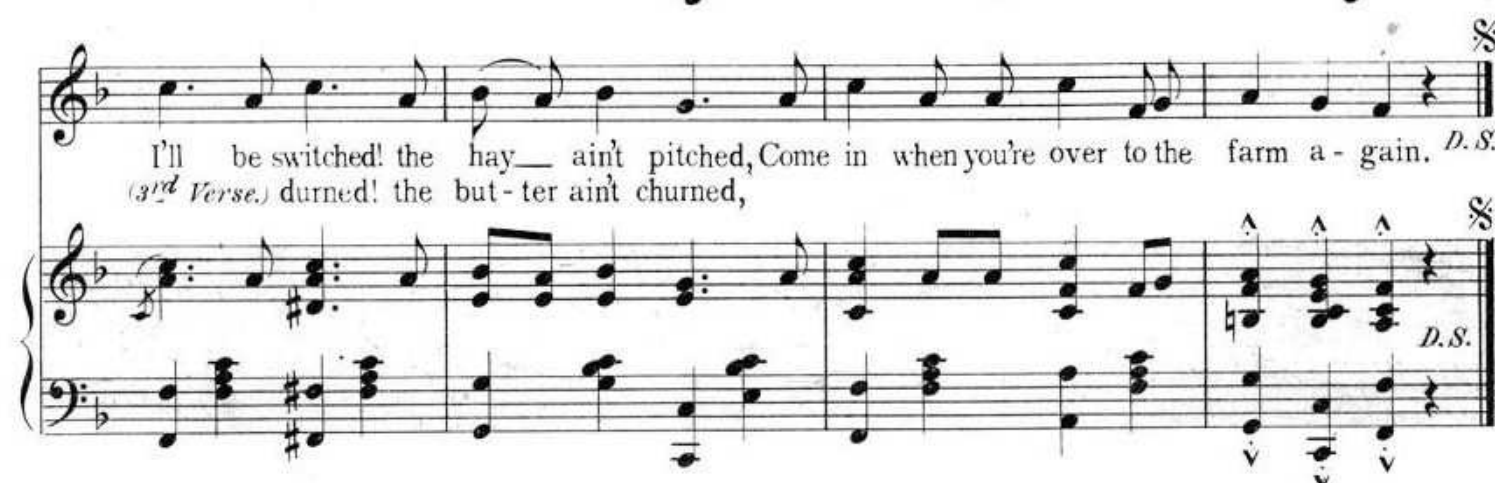


Trav - el right a - long with your darn skin game."  
 Ma says, "Josh - u - a 'taint pos - si - bil."  
 Now you're a 'rest - ed sure as yer live."  
 I knew that the cus' was a fool or a liar.  
 And Ma says the boy's up to some kind o' hell.

REFRAIN. *Rather slow.*



Wal, I swan! I mus' be git-tin' on! Git-dap, Na-po-le-on! it looks like rain. Wal,



I'll be switched! the hay— ain't pitched, Come in when you're over to the farm a - gain. *D.S.*  
 (3<sup>rd</sup> Verse.) durned! the but - ter ain't churned, *D.S.*