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

WITMARK PRODUCTION SUCCESSES

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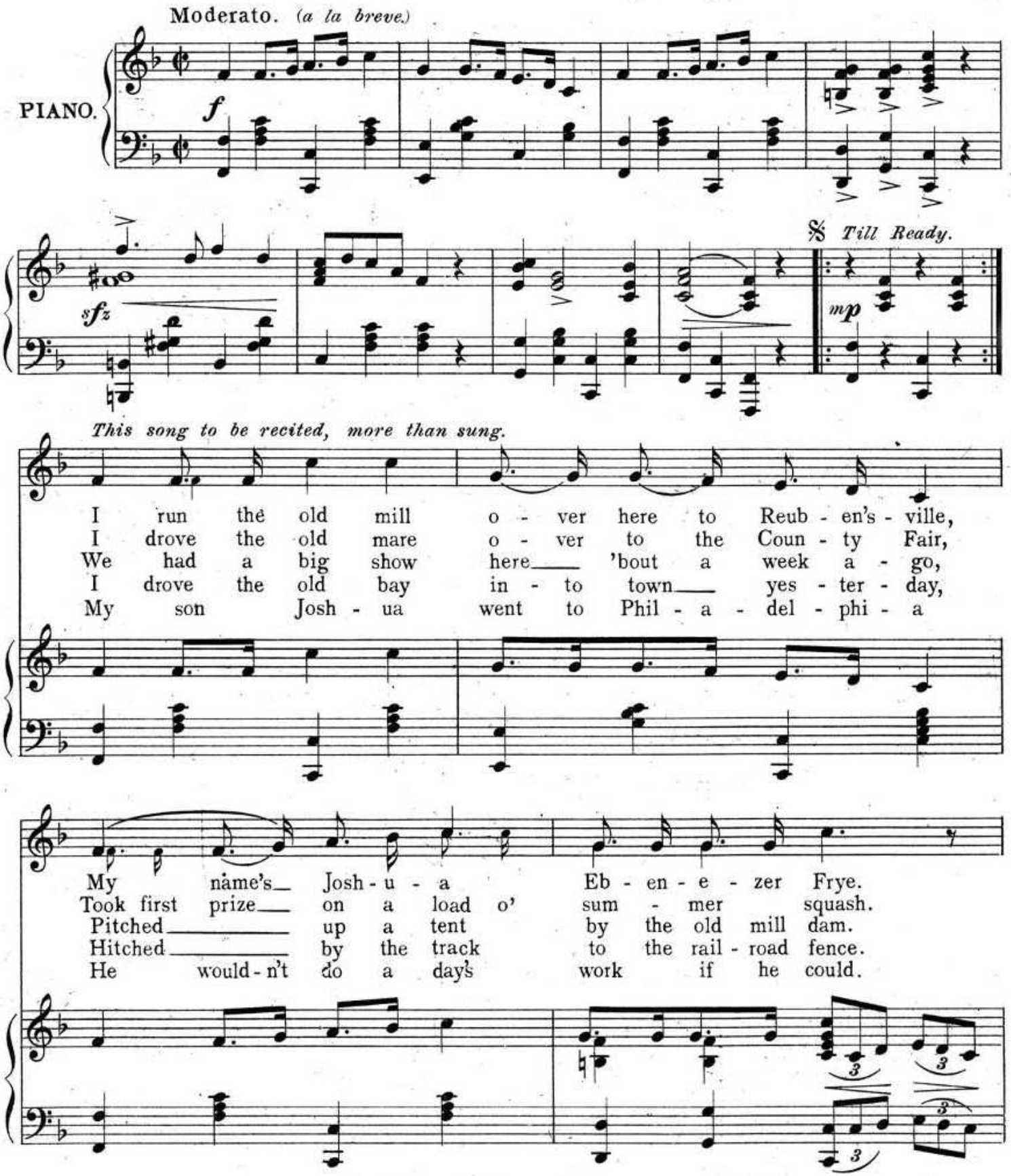
Wal, I Swan!

Ebenezer Frye.

Words and Music
By BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BURT.



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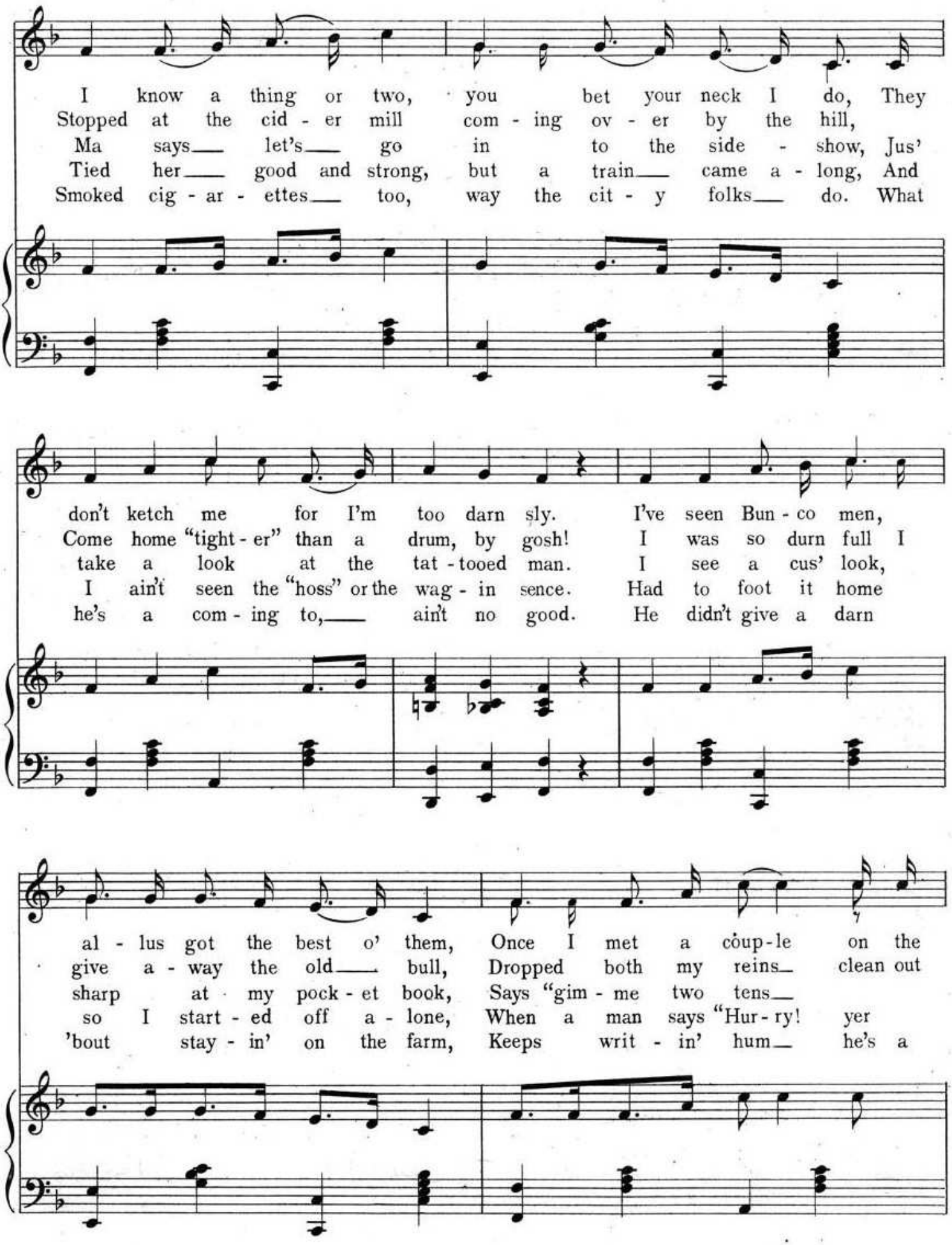
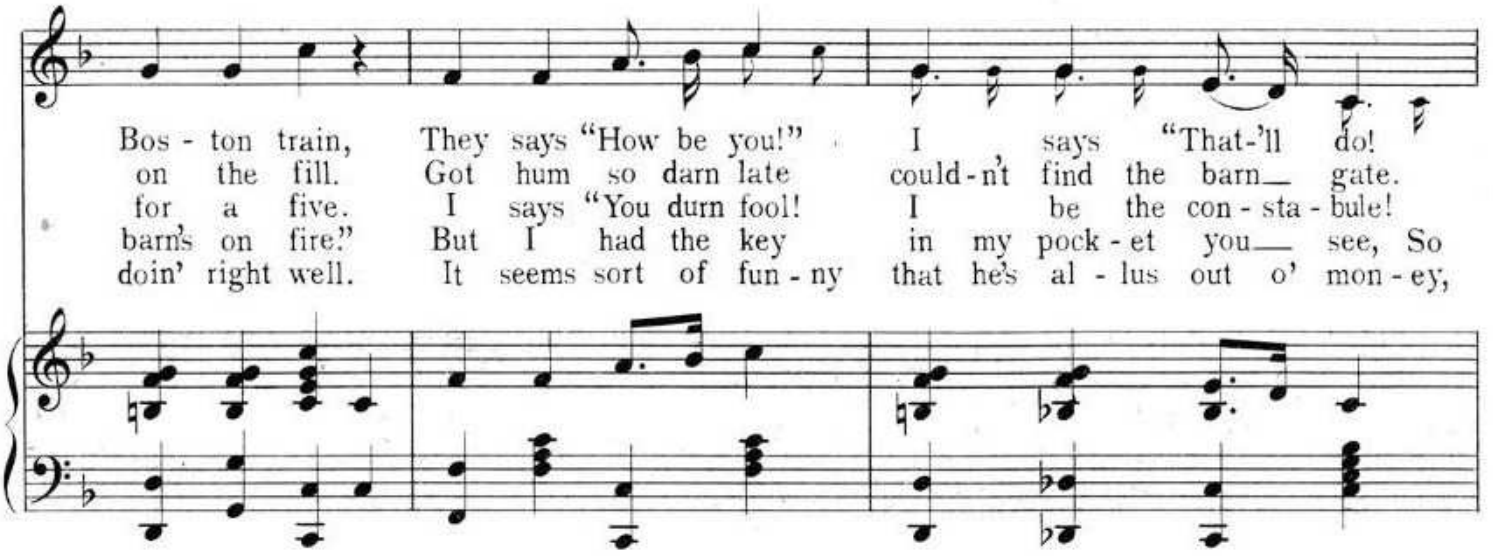
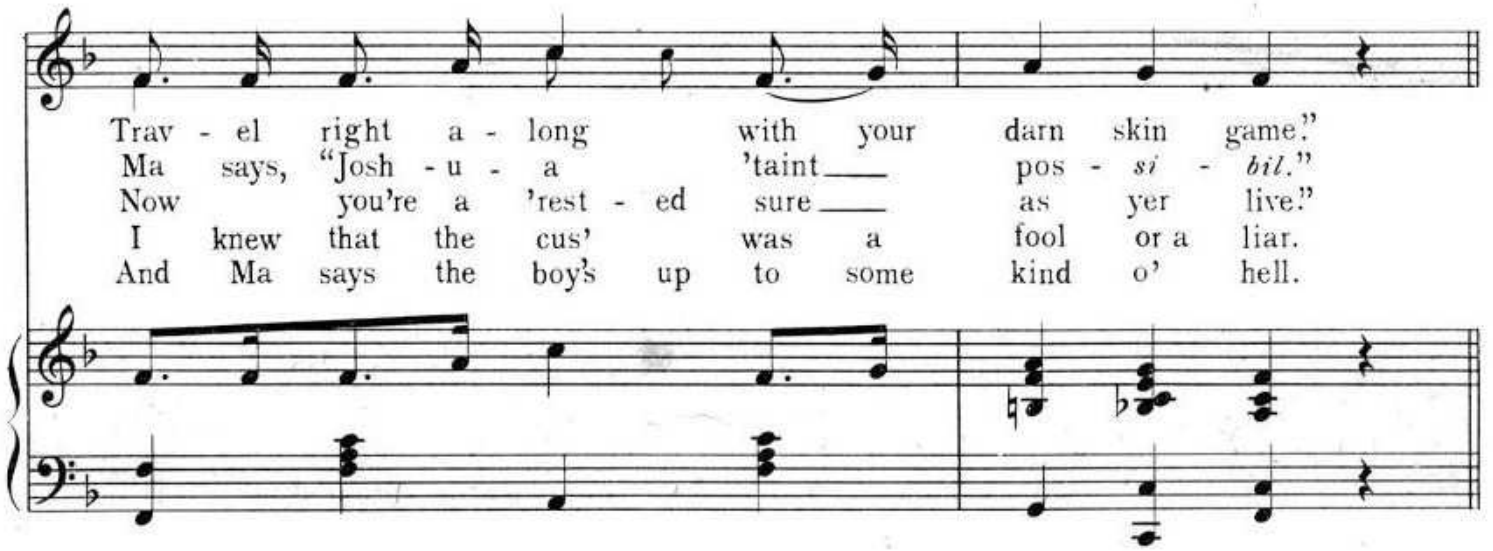
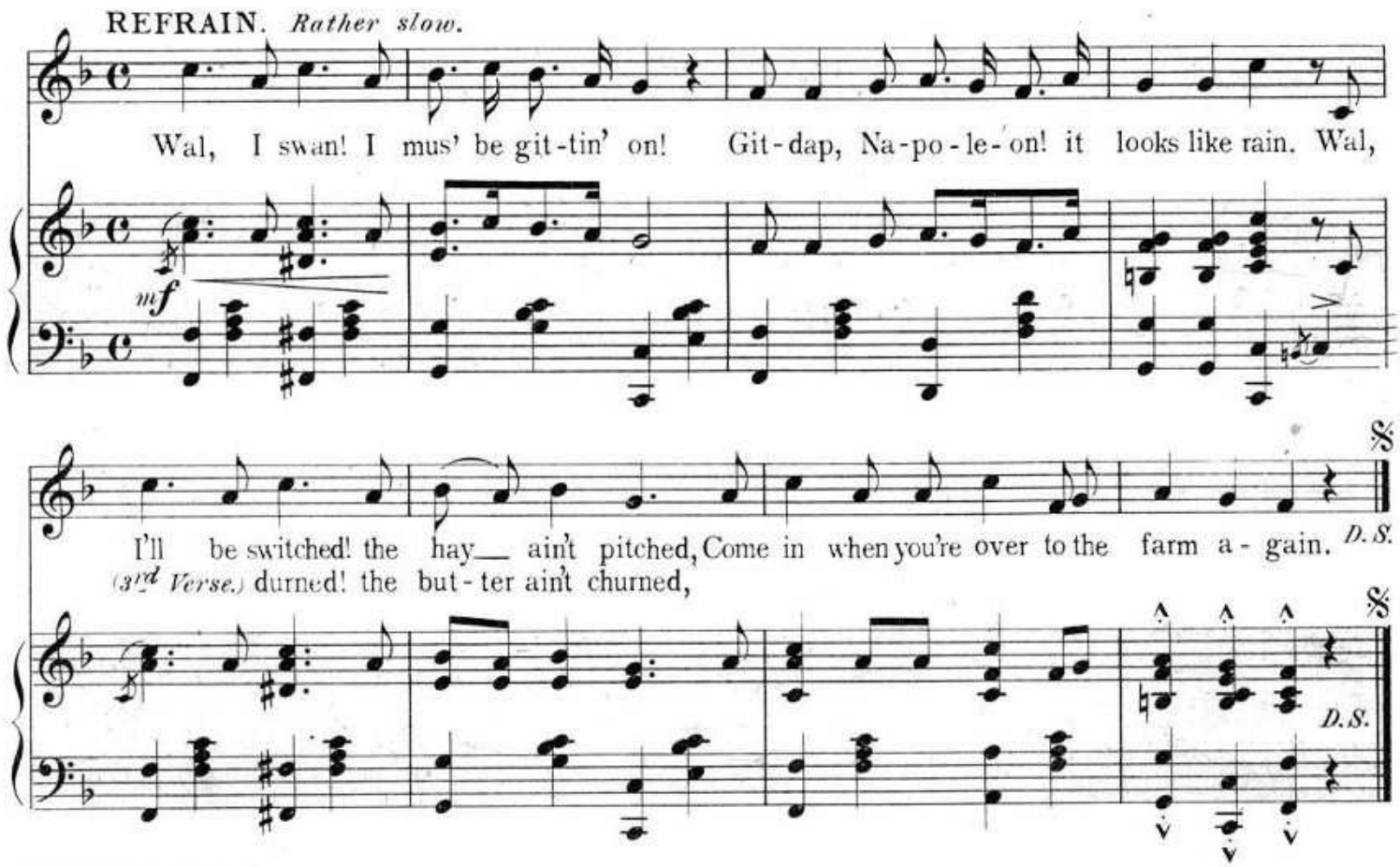

I know a thing or two, you bet your neck I do, They
Stopped at the cid - er mill com - ing ov - er by the hill,
Ma says let's go in to the side - show, Jus'
Tied her good and strong, but a train came a - long, And
Smoked cig - ar - ettes too, way the cit - y folks do. What
don't ketch me for I'm too darn sly. I've seen Bun - co men,
Come home "tight - er" than a drum, by gosh! I was so durn 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-n't 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,
mf
I'll be switched! the hay_ ain't pitched, Come in when you're over to the farm a - gain. D.S.
(3rd Verse.) durned! the but-ter ain't churned,
D.S.