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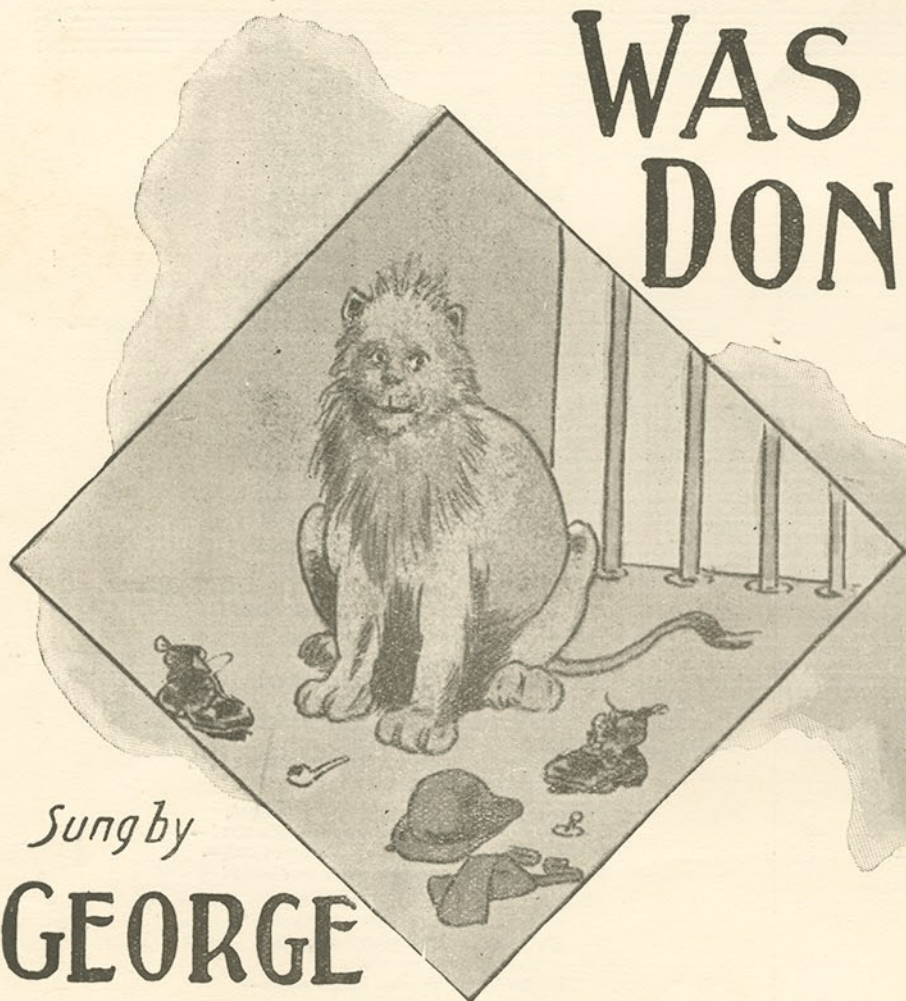
Written and
Composed by
T. W. CONNOR

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AND HIS DAYS WORK WAS DONE



Sung by
**GEORGE
BROOKS.**



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Written and Composed by T. W. CONNOR.

Sung by GEORGE BROOKS.

KEY G.

1. I of - ten lie a - bed and think What an aw - ful thing is work; I know a lot who've
 start - ed it And fin - ished with a jerk. There's "Beer - y Bob," he got a job To
 drive a mo - tor car; Said, "Blow the p'lice! I'll let 'em see I know what mo - tors are!"

CHORUS. 8

One hun - dred miles an hour he went, And quite en - joyed the fun; A
 brew - er's dray got in his way— And his day's work was done! One done!

1st time. D.S. 2nd time.

2. A shooting competition was
 The end of Jimmy Duff:
 He got a job as "marker," for
 The first time in his "puff."
 He didn't understand the work,
 But when he heard the shots,
 He thought it must be time for him
 To go and mark the spots.
 CHO.—So he stood in front of the target
 For to see which man had won.
 He stopped a shot in a tender spot—
 And his day's work was done!
3. I knew a man who got a job
 With a menagerie;
 'Twas just to feed the animals,—
 As easy as could be!
 He didn't know their appetites,
 That was the funny part;
 Still, when the feeding-time came round
 He had to make a start.
 CHO.—He went into the lion's den
 And offered it a bun;
 The lion smiled, and then got wild—
 And his day's work was done!
4. To be a strong-man was the fad
 Of Jerry Macintyre.
 And just for practice now and then
 He let himself on hire.
 He went to do a moving job,
 Some heavy things to shift.
 And just to let the others see
 How much weight he could lift,
 CHO.—With a grand piano on his back,
 Upstairs he tried to run,
 Trod on a stair that wasn't there,—
 And his day's work was done!
5. A man was up a ladder,—
 Cleaning windows was his job,
 But all the time was spooning with
 Young Mrs. Thing-a-my-bob.
 Her husband came along just as
 Their lips in kisses met!—
 He didn't rave and carry on
 As if he was upset,—
 CHO.—He simply pulled the ladder away,
 And said, "This takes the bun!"
 The man up top he came down flop,—
 And his day's work was done!

6. Now, Tim he got work in a field
 Some cabbages to pull;
 No sooner had he started than
 He saw a "barmy bull"—
 His rudder cocked up in the air
 And making for him, too!
 Said Tim, "I'll turn my back to him
 And just see what he'll do!"
 CHO.—So he shut his eyes, and waited
 While the bull kept on the run;
 Then he got a shock that "stopped his clock"—
 And his day's work was done!
7. Young Willie made a football that
 Would make his playmates stare,
 And pumped it full of gas instead
 Of filling it with air.
 A "bobby" took it from him just
 For playing in the street,
 And later in the evening, when
 He went to take a seat,
 CHO.—He sat down on that football,
 And it went off like a gun!
 They found his feet right up the street,—
 And his day's work was done!
8. When Jack was only fifty-six,
 He ran away to sea;
 The first day out, the captain said,
 "We've got no milk for tea!
 Who'll go ashore?" "I will," said Jack,
 "I never act the goat."
 And while the sea rolled mountains high
 He went off in a boat.
 CHO.—The water rushed into the boat,
 But Jack—brave mother's son!—
 Cut holes about to let it run out,—
 And his day's work was done!
9. Now, Pat went for a sailor, and
 He thought the job was "soft";
 He'd hardly got aboard when he
 Was ordered up aloft.
 He funk'd a bit, but up he went—
 In fact, he had no choice—
 Was hanging on a top rope when
 He heard the captain's voice.
 CHO.—"Let go that rope!" the captain yelled,
 Says Pat, "He means this one!"
 At once let go—came down below,—
 And his day's work was done!

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