

SUNG BY MR. SANTLEY.

IN E FLAT.

SIMON the CELLARER
SONG
The Words by W. H. Bellamy

Composed by

JOHN L. HATTON.

PAXTON & CO
251, SWANSTON STREET, MELBOURNE,
19, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

SIMON THE CELLARER.

Words by
W. H. BELLAMY, Esq^r

Music by
J. L. HATTON.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

1. Old Si-mon the Cellar-er keeps a large store, Of Malmsey and Mal-voi-sie..... And
 2. Dame Mar-ge-ry sits in her own still room, And a Ma-tron sage is she..... From
 3. Old Si-mon reclines in his high-back'd chair, And talks a-bout ta-king a wife;..... And

Cy-prus, and who can say how many more! For a cha-ry old soul is he..... A
 thence oft at Cur-few is waft-ed a fume; She says it is Rose-ma-rie,..... She
 Mar-ge-ry of-ten is heard to de-clare She ought to be set-tled in life,..... She

cha-ry old soul is he..... Of Sack and Ca-na-ry he ne-ver doth fail, And
 says it is Rose-ma-rie..... But there's a small cupboard be-hind the backstair, And the
 ought to be set-tled in life;..... But Mar-ge-ry has (so the maids say) a tongue, And she's

ad lib. 3

all the year round there is brew-ing of ale, Yet he ne-ver ail-eth he
 maids say they of-ten see Mar-ge-ry there- Now Mar-ge-ry says- that she
 not ve-ry hand-some, and not ve-ry young: So some-how it ends with a

leggiere. *colla voce.*
a tempo. *sosten.*

quaint-ly doth say, While he keeps to his so-ber six fla-gons a day: But
 grows ve-ry old, And must take a some-thing to keep out the cold! But
 shake of the head, And Si-mon he brews him a tank-ard in-stead. While

a tempo. *p.*

ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew How oft the blackJack to his lips doth go But
 ho! ho! ho! old Si-mon doth know, Where ma-ny a flask of his best doth go, But
 ho! ho! ho! He will chuckle and crow, What! mar-ry old Mar-ge-ry? no, no, no! While

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