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BENNETT, T.C. STERNDALE-
The Carol Singers

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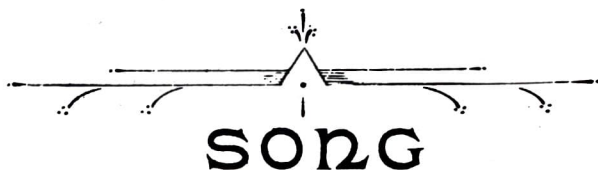
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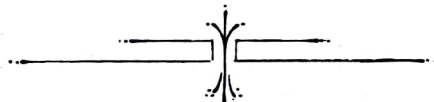


THE CAROL SINGERS.



SONG

WORDS BY
CHARLES HAYES.



MUSIC BY

T.C. STERNDALE-BENNETT.

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THE CAROL SINGERS.

1. In our village, Christmas time,
I sez to sev'ral mates,
"Look 'ee lads," I sez, sez I,
"Now what about some waits?"
We gets a carol, larns it up,
An' on an ev'nin' wintry
We muffles up an' sallies forth
To try it on the gintry.

Refrain. "Good King Wenceslas looked out"
Sings we with splendid pow-wer,
Sev'ral neighbours looked out too,
To see what all the row were.
We sings forte, sounded like a hunderd,
Even in the soft bits 'ow we thundered!
Bill our bass 'e 'urt 'is face,
(We thought that it were torn)
But all agree there were none like we
To 'ail the 'appy morn.

2. Perkins took the treble line,
A lovely voice 'eh got;
I were tenor, Bill were bass,
An' Fred were all the lot
'E wandered up an' down the scale
But still 'e rather marred it,
Becos' 'e never knowed no words
An' so 'e 'la-la-lad' it.

Refrain. "La la la la looked out"
Sings 'e with splendid pow-wer,
Sev'ral neighbours looked out too,
To see what all the row were.
We sings forte, sounded like a hunderd,
Even in the soft bits 'ow we thundered!
Ev'ry verse got worse an' worse,
But though we all felt worn
Yet all agree there were none like we
To 'ail the 'appy morn.

3. Still we never got no cash,
Which didn't seem quite just,
Seein' we'd stood there fer hours
A'singin' fit to bust.
Then our p'liceman—ole Bob Bates
Comes up a'scowlin' proper,
"Good ole Bob" young Perkins sez,
"At last we've got a copper!"

Refrain. "Good King Wenceslas looked out"
We still keeps on recordin';
Bob sez "Yes, you look out too,
It's seldom I've 'eard more din."
Then a change came on the situation,
Bob got nasty an' took us to the station!
"Look 'ere Bates, we're Christmas waits"
I sez to 'im with scorn,
'E sez with a snarl, "Well, WAIT in 'ere
An' greet the 'appy morn!"

CHARLES HAYES.

The Carol Singers.

1

Words by
CHARLES HAYES.

Composed by
T.C. STERNDAL-BENNETT.

VOICE. *Moderato.*

PIANO. *f*

In our vill-age, Christ-mas time, I sez to sev-'ral mates,—

mf

"Look 'ee lads; I sez, sez I, "Now what a-bout some waits?" We

gets a car-ol, larns it up, An' on an ev'nin' win-try, We

muf-fles up an' sal-lies forth, To- try it on the gin-try.

rall

mf a tempo

"Good King Wen-ces-las looked out," Sings

mf a tempo

we with splen-did pow-er, Sev-'ral neighbours looked out too, To

see what all the row were! We sings for-te sound-ded like a hun-derd,

Ev - en in the soft bits 'ow we thun - dered! Bill, our bass, 'e

'urt 'is face, (We thought that it were torn!) But

rall all a - gree there were none like we, *a tempo* To - 'ail the 'ap - py morn. ____

f *rall* *a tempo*

f

Perk - ins took the treb - le line, A love - ly voice 'e's got; —

mf

I were ten - or, Bill were bass An' Fred were all the lot, 'E

wan - dered up an' - down the scale, But still 'e ra - ther marred it, Be -

cos 'e ne - ver knowed no words, An' so 'e 'la la la'd' it.

rall

a tempo

"La la la la la looked out," Sings

mf a tempo

'e with splen-did pow-er, Sev-'ral neigh_bours looked out too, To

see what all the row were! We sings for-te, soun-ded like a hun-derd,

Ev-en in the soft bits 'ow we thundered! Ev-'ry verse got worse an' worse, But

though we all felt worn, Yet all a - gree there were none like we, To *a tempo.*

'ail the 'ap - py morn. —

Still we nev - er got no cash, Which did - n't seem quite just. —

See - in' we'd stood there fer hours, A' sing - in' fit to bust. —

Then our plice - man, ole Bob Bates, Comes up a' scow - lin' pro - per,

mf

Then a change came on the sit - u - a - tion, Bob got nas - ty an'

took us to the sta - tion, "Look 'ere, Bates, we're Christ - mas waits," I sez to 'im with

scorn, 'E sez, with a sneer, "Well, WAIT in 'ere An' greet the 'ap - py

rall

ff a tempo

morn".

ff a tempo