OLD ROGER
THE TIN MAKER MAN
As sung by the
Hutchinson Family
("Tribe of Asa."

Words by
Music by
C. C. HASKINS
W. B. RICHARDSON.

Published by S. BRAINARD'S SONS. Co.,
20 EAST 17th STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.
OLD ROGER THE TIN-MAKER MAN.

WORDS BY C. C. HASKINS.
Arranged by IRA C. STOCKBRIDGE.

Lively.

MUSIC BY W. B. RICHARDSON.

Prelude.

Twas jolly Old Roger the tin-maker man, Who lived in a garret in New Amsterdam, And

1. Twas jolly Old Roger the tin-maker man, Who lived in a garret in New Amsterdam, And

2. Now Roger's bald pate was as smooth as your nose, And buying his stockings he purchased half hose, For he

find him as clever and happy old man, As ever yet sodder'd a kettle or pan.

showered down blessings like rain in the Spring. On Maidsens and Matrons of him I will sing,

had but one leg, and he wore but one shoe, And the stump'd round his shop on a stiff timber toe.
His mallet and hammer the whole day long, Rang out a tin chorus to

His mallet and hammer the whole day long, Rang out a tin chorus to

Very quick.

old Roger's song. Oh, never was yet a boy or a man, Who

old Roger's song. Oh, never was yet a boy or a man, Who
better could mend a kettle or pan, A bucket, or skimmer, or dipper, or can, Than happy old Roger, the Tinkerman. Che-

better could mend a kettle or pan, A bucket, or skimmer, or dipper, or can, Than happy old Roger, the Tinkerman. Che.

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whang, Chewhang, Chewhang, Chewhang, Te-rattle, te-rattle, te-rattle, te-bang.

But jolly old Roger had two pair of eyes,
His glasses called specs were uncommon in size,
His nose, like a strawberry, rose and red,
Was a sniffer in daylight, a trumpet in bed.

CHORUS, But mallet &c.

His pipe was a mere sham of pottery clay,
He'd smoke it and he'd color it many a day,
Tho' short, black and stumpy, his teeth held it tight,
And he puffed up his business and cares by its light.

CHORUS, While mallet &c.