

2. FATHER AND MOTHER AND SUKE

Written and Composed by

MR. DIBDIN

and sung by him in his

new ENTERTAINMENT

called CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Price 25 cents.

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Mark. Street.

Allegro

(N^o 5.)

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff for piano accompaniment. The second system adds a vocal line in the treble staff. The third system continues the piano accompaniment and vocal line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Says my father says he one day to I Thou know'st by false friends we are

undone Should my lawsuit be lost then thy good fortune try Among our relations in London Here's

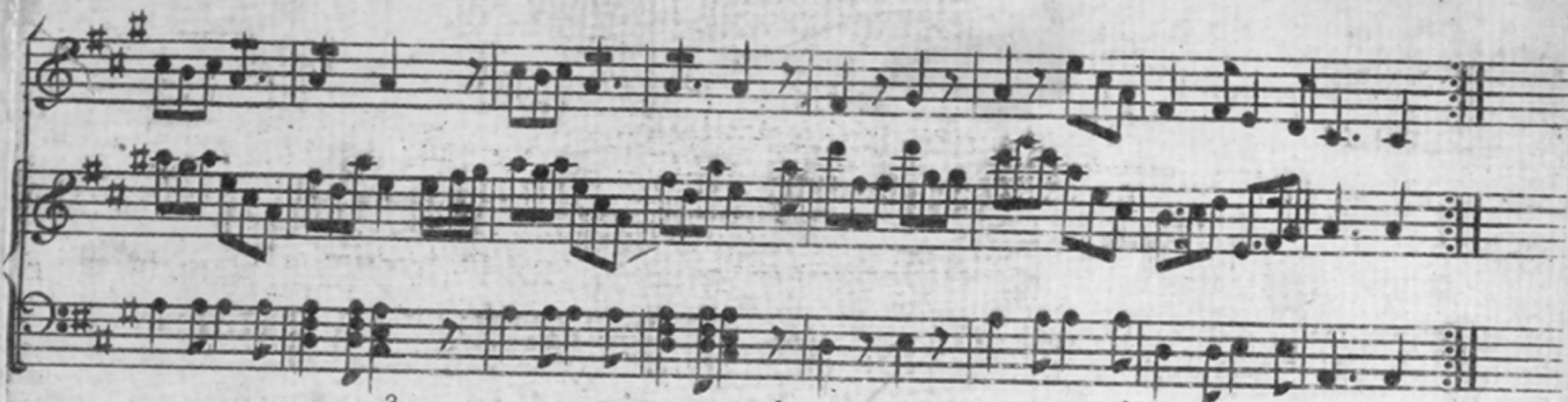
Sukey the poor orphan child of friend Grist Who once kept thy father from starving When thy

fortune thou'lt made thou shall take by the fist For a wife for she's good and de- serving But

mind thee in heart this one maxim our Jack As thou'lt read thy good fate in a book Make

honour thy guide make honour thy guide make honour thy

guide or else ne- - ver come back To Father and Mother and Suke.



So I bus'd Suke and mother and greatly concerned,
 Off I set with my father's kind blessing,
 To our cousin the wine merchant where I soon learn'd
 About mixing, and brewing, and pressing.

But the flow juice, and rats bane, and all the fine joke
 Was soon in my stomach a rising,
 Why don't it, cried I would you kill the poor folk?
 I thought you sold wine and not poison:

Your place my good cousin won't do for you 'lack
 To make your broth another guest's cook;
 Besides without honour I cannot go back
 To Father, and Mother, and Suke.

To my uncle the doctor I next went my ways;
 He teach'd me the mystery quickly,
 Of those that were dying to shorten the days,
 And they in good health to make sickly

Oh the music of groans! cried my uncle dear boy,
 Vapours set all my spirits a flowing,
 A fit of the gout makes me dancing for joy,
 At an ague I'm all in a glowing,

Why then my dear uncle cries I you're a quack,
 For another assistant go look,
 For you see without honour I must go back
 To Father and Mother and Suke.

From my cousin the parson I soon came away
 Without either waiting or warning,
 For he preach'd upon sobriety three times one day,
 And then came home drunk the next morning

My relation, the author, stole other folks thoughts,
 My cousin the bookseller sold them,
 My pious old Aunt found in innocence faults,
 And made virtue blush as she told them.

So the prospect around me quite dismal, and black,
 Scarcely knowing on which side to look,
 I just sav'd my honour and then I came back,
 To Father, and Mother, and Suke.

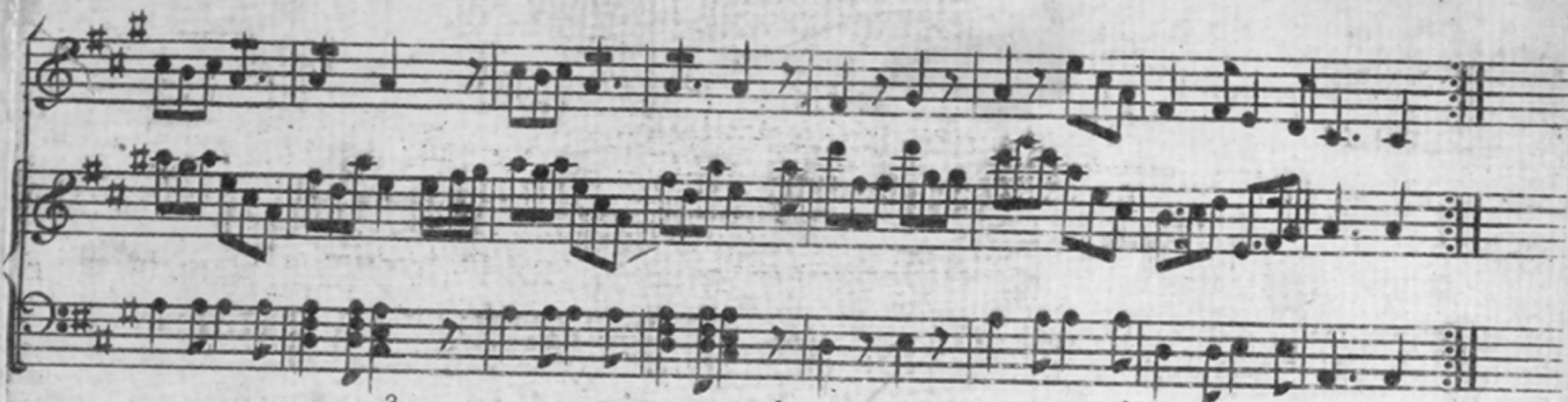
I found them as great as a king on his throne;
 The lawsuit had banished all sorrow:
 I'm come said I father, my honour's my own,
 Then thou shalt have Sukey to-morrow.

But how about London? I won't do for a clown
 There vice rides with folly behind it,
 Not you see that I say there's no honour in town,
 I only say I could not find it.

If you sent me to starve, you found out the right track,
 It to live the wrong method you took
 For I poor went to London, and poor I'm come back,
 To Father and Mother and Suke.

FOR TWO FLUTES





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