

# SHORT MEMORY

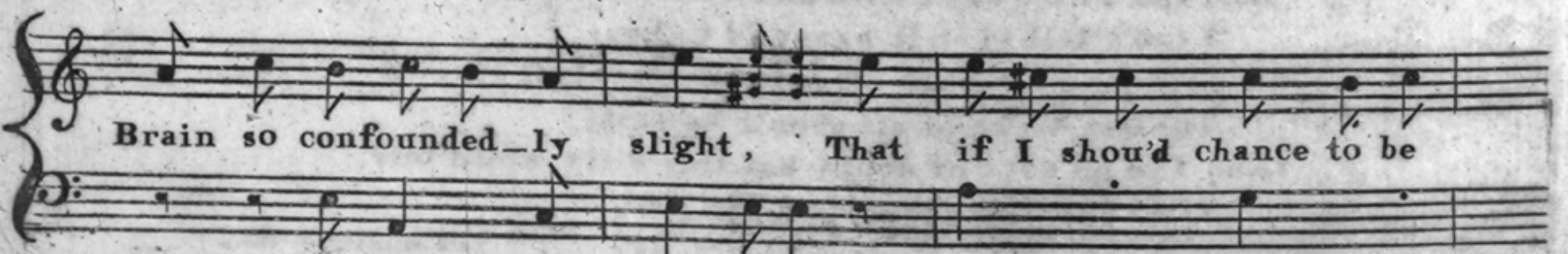
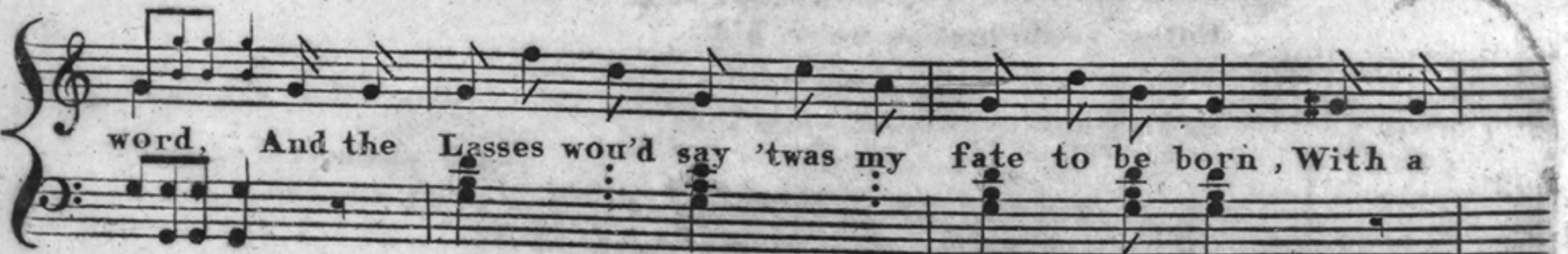
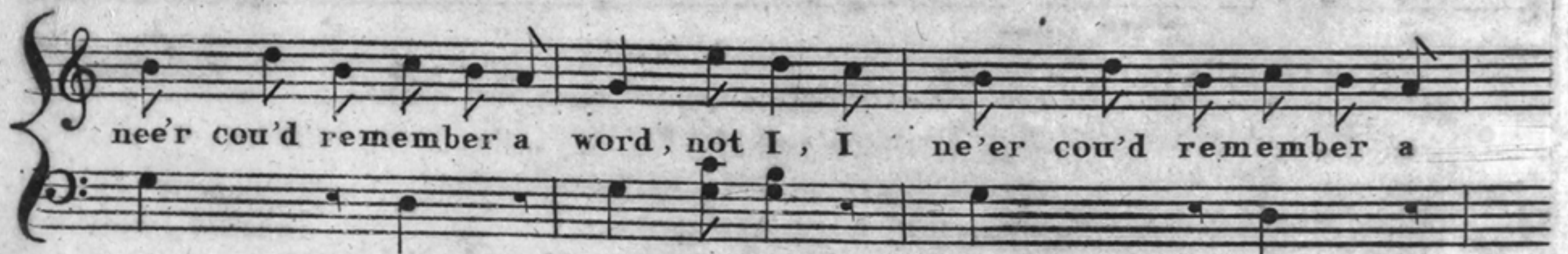
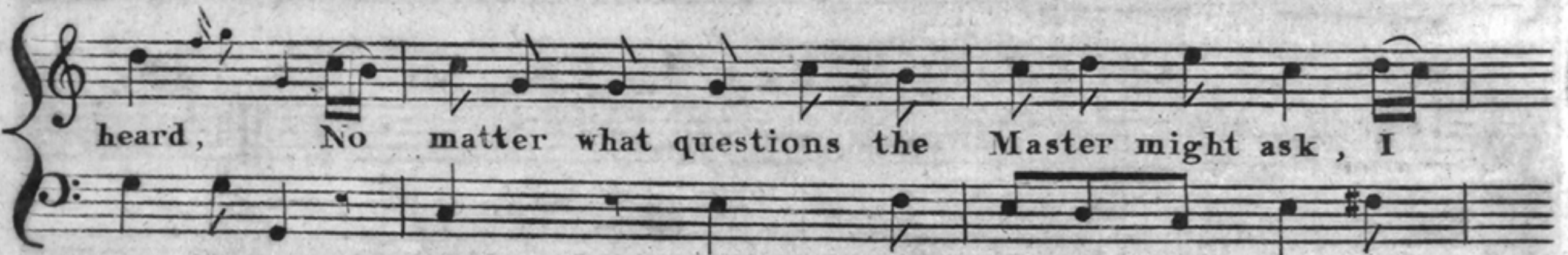
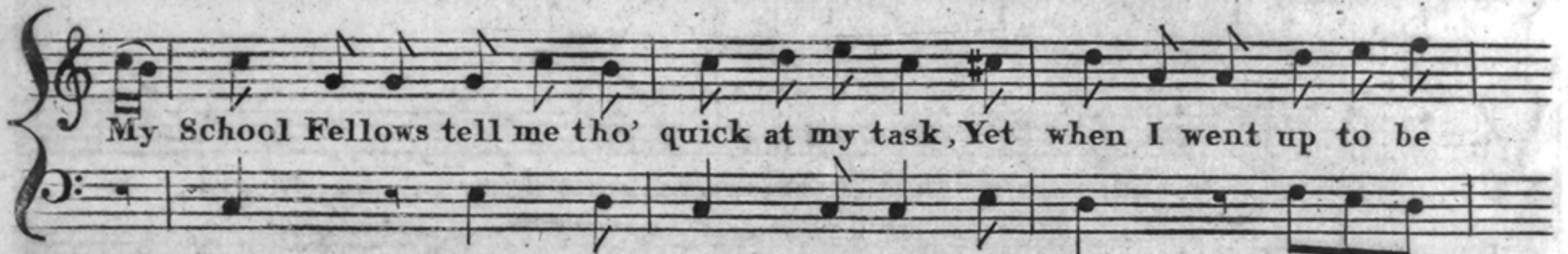
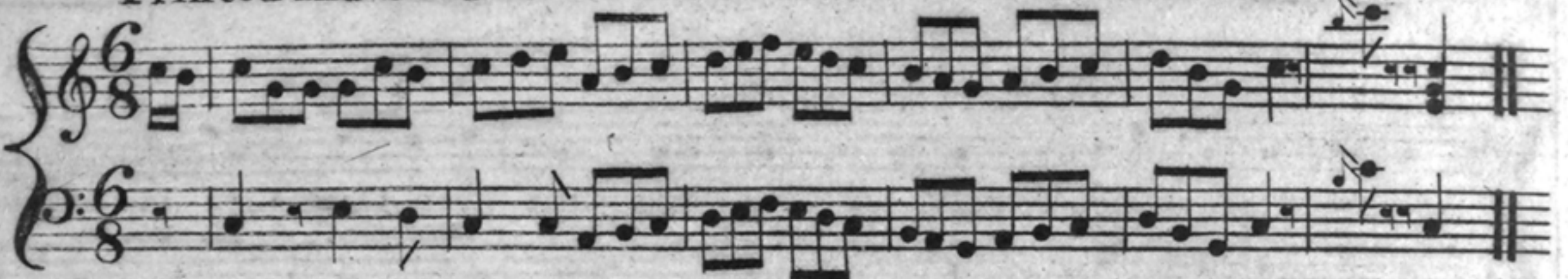
Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Incedon.

Written by M<sup>r</sup> T. Dibden.

Composed by W. Reeve.

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MODERATO.



Married some Morn, That if I shou'd chance to be Married some Morn, I'd be

sure to forget it at Night, Yet what ever thro' Life is our

up and down Lot, Be our Joys still remember'd our sorrows forgot.

2

Brother Soldiers wou'd laugh when of Foes not afraid,  
 I was willing for England to fight,  
 For they never cou'd get me at, any parade,  
 To think of the left from the right.  
 And our Foes too may laugh, for they've threaten'd I know,  
 Unless we do just as we're bid,  
 They'd Conquer our Island a long while ago,  
 But I can't recollect when they did.

3

Yet whatever &c.

There are Doctors I'm sure, who to Drug ye are loth,  
 Some Lawyers dispense with a Fee,  
 And tho' I dare say I have met with'em both,  
 I can't tell when it happen'd to be.  
 In singing a Song too we know pretty well,  
 The last Verse of all shou'd be best,  
 And I've no sort of doubt but this ditty wou'd tell,  
 If I cou'd but remember the rest.

Yet whatever &c.