

# The Bell goes a-ringing for Sa-i-rah!



Waltz,



SONG AND CHORUS BY

Song,



**G. W. HUNT.**

**Boston: OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington St.**

NEW YORK: C. H. DITSON & CO.

J. C. HAYNES & CO.

C. W. A. TRUMPLER.

JOHN CHURCH, JR.

LYON & HEALY,

# THE BELL GOES A RINGING FOR SAI-RAH.

C. W. HUNT.

PIANO. *f*



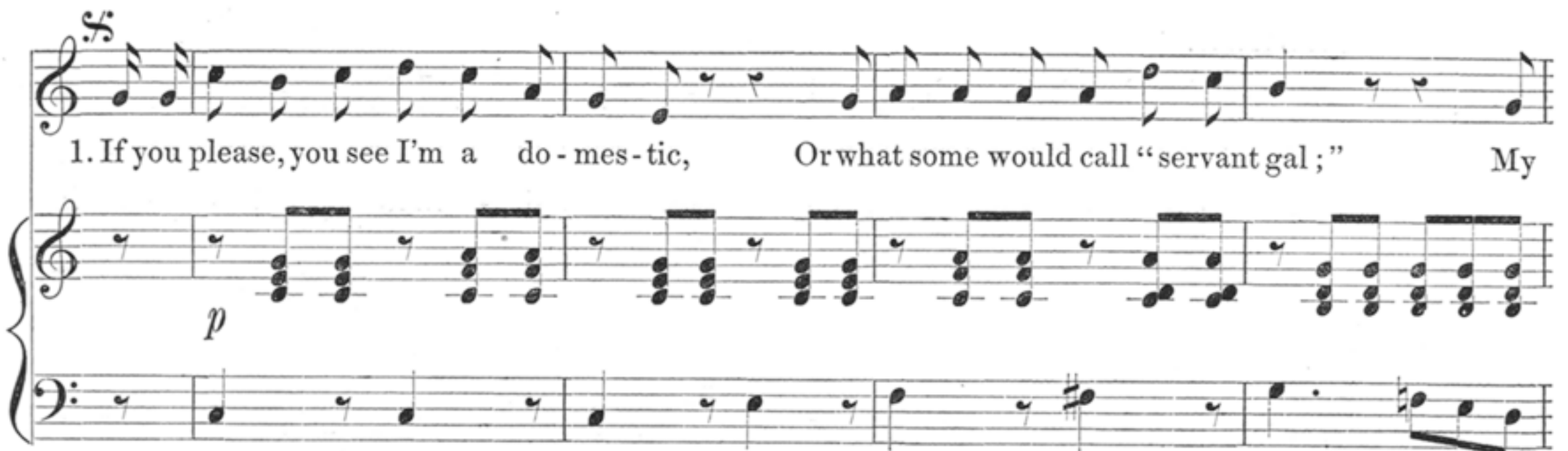
The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



The second system of the piano introduction continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, ending with a double bar line.

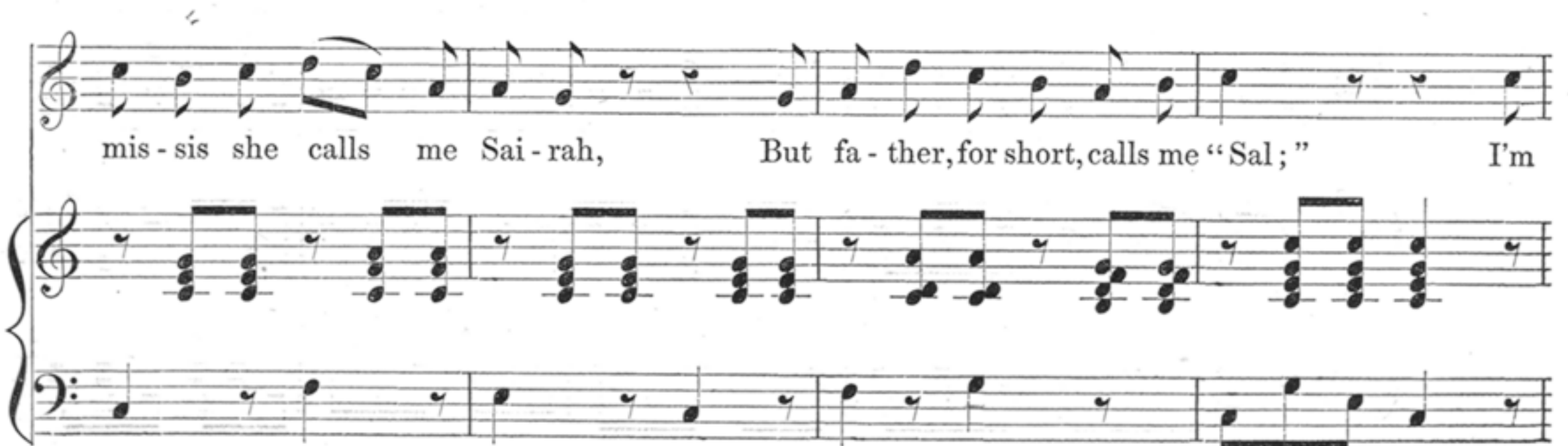
1. If you please, you see I'm a do - mes - tic, Or what some would call "servant gal ;" My

*p*



The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

mis - sis she calls me Sai - rah, But fa - ther, for short, calls me "Sal ;" I'm



The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same harmonic structure as the first line.

ge - ne - ral slave round the cor - ner, My wa - ges is small, you'll a - gree : I'm

slav - ing from morning till midnight, And I finds my own su - gar and tea. *Spoken—*And if I only sits down a minute to take breath.—

CHORUS.

SOPRANO. The bell goes a ring - ing for Sai - rah, Sai - rah, Sai - rah, The

ALTO. *mf*

TENOR. The bell goes a ring - ing for Sai - rah, Sai - rah, Sai - rah, The

BASS.

PIANO. *mf*

bell goes a ring-ing for Sai - - rah, From morn - ing un - til night. . . .

bell goes a ring-ing for Sa - - rah, From morn - ing un - til night. . . .

*f* D.S.

2

My master's a clerk in the city,  
 At six hundred fifty a year;  
 They comes out like a Dook and a Duchess,  
 How they does it to some's not quite clear:  
 They give parties, and hold up their heads  
 As though they *was* the first of the land.  
 Sometimes I've to wait for my wages,  
 Whilst they get a doing the Grand.

*Spoken.*—But people as do the Grand very often, “Do” somebody else at the same time; the butcher's ask'd for his bill for the last six months, and if *she* hears me a talking to him, O! you should hear—

CHORUS.—The bell goes a ringing, &c.

4

There's but one day I've five minutes quiet,  
 That's Sundays; for then, when I can,  
 I goes out after tea for an hour,  
 And 'scorted by my young man.  
 You must know, if you please, he's a sojer,  
 And he vows he's entirely mine:  
 I often wish there *was* four Sundays a week,  
 For I *has* to be in by nine.

*Spoken.*—Yes, and if I don't shew myself as the clock strikes, O!—

CHORUS.—The bell goes a ringing, &c.

3

My Missis talks of her connections,  
 Says her Grandfather's Pa was a Judge;  
 Lady Muff and Lord Puff are her cousins,  
 But 'tween us and the bed-post its “fudge.”  
 She says her blood's “Haristocratic,”  
 (About that I can't speak to be sure;)  
 But folks for their money come knocking,  
 And vow they won't come any more.

*Spoken.*—Yes, first I've to go to the door, then I've to go up four pair to make the beds, and, of course, just as I'm in the *middle* of 'em,—

CHORUS.—The bell goes a ringing, &c.

5

I'm lady's-maid, house-maid, and cook;  
 I do everything, honor, no joking:  
 I scarcely have time to draw breath,  
 For she'll ring if the fire wants poking.  
 With a book out of lib'ry she'll loll  
 On the couch in an indolent manner,  
 Or else for a change she'll sit down  
 And thump away on the *Pianner*.

*Spoken.*—Yes, we've got a *pianner*, tishn't paid for; but I must be off, for if she fancies I'm here a talking to you—

CHORUS.—The bell will go ringing, &c.