

RAM

Sung by Harry Chapman

GOES THE

Written & Adapted by
Eugene Raymond

WEASER.

Gillingham.



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Successors to E. D. Benteen.

POP GOES THE WEASEL.

COMIC SONG.

WRITTEN AND ADAPTED

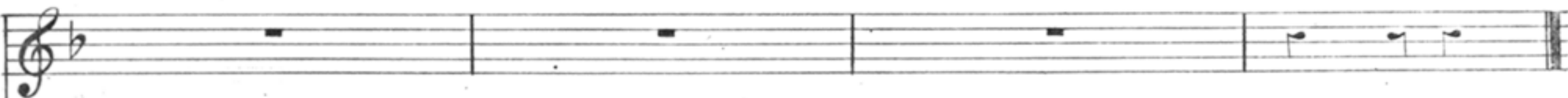
BY EUGENE RAYMOND.

Lively.

VOICE.



PIANO.

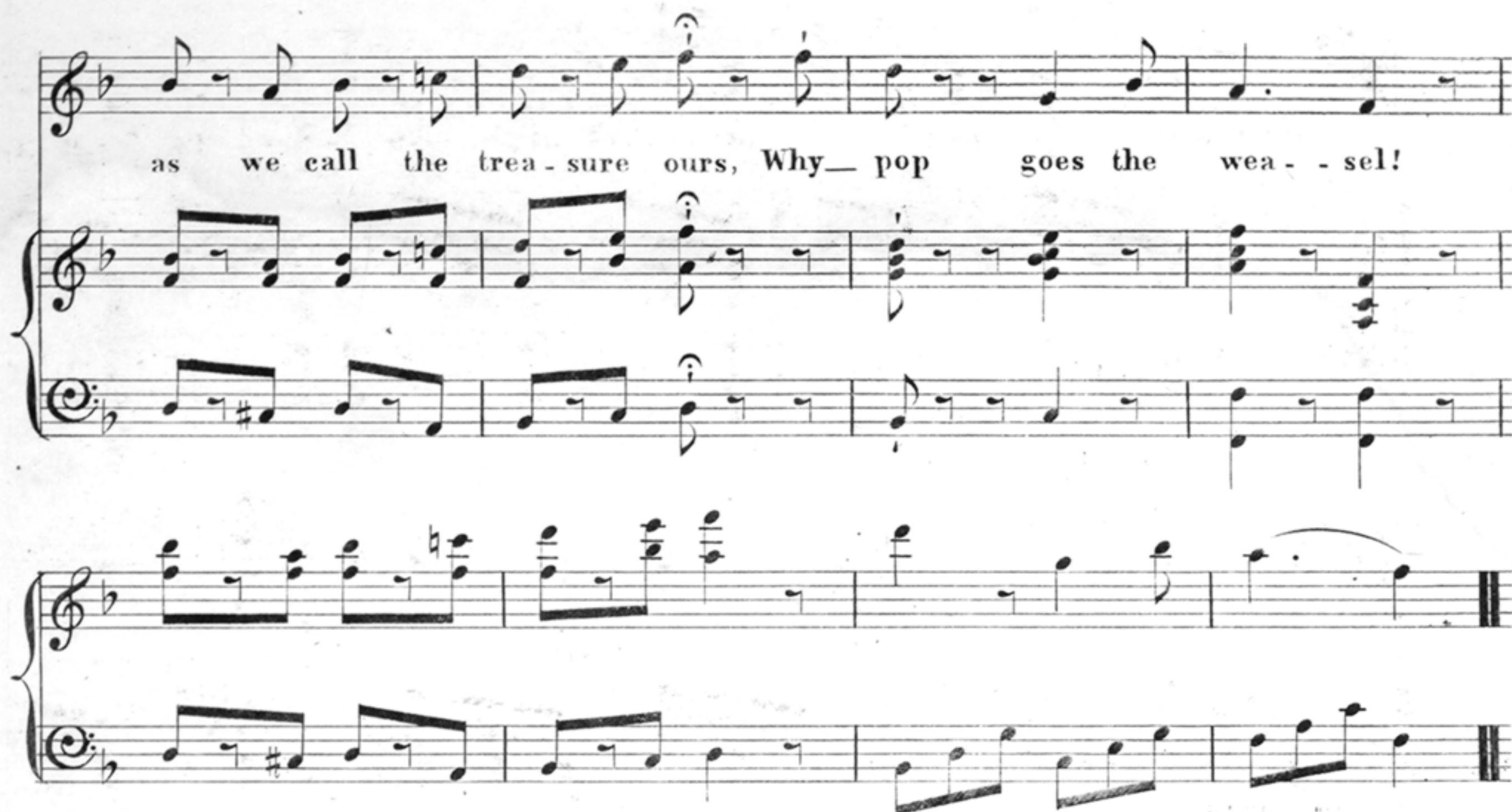


This world is but a scene of strife, The school to learn hum-

bug - - - ging; 'Tis fame or for - - tune we pur - sue, An

ai - - - ry phan - tom hug - - - ging. But when we've got with-

in our reach The sketch on Fan - - cy's ea - - - sel, Just



2.

The politician thinks he's safe,
 By siding with a party;
 The cause is quite a noble one,
 And his support is hearty.
 He mounts the stump and speechifies,
 Says his opponant see's ill;
 But, when the ballot box speaks out,
 Then— pop goes the weasel!

3.

We've got a host of fast young men,
 Who go it with a rush, sirs ; ,
 They spend their money and their health,
 And that without a blush, sirs.
 But soon their merry reign is o'er,
 A lean purse seems to please ill;
 The Sheriff soon is at their heels,
 Then— pop goes the weasel!

4.

The dashing belle before her glass,
 Sees no defect or error;
 Her charms will set the world on fire,
 If she believes the mirror.
 A "dem foin fellar" comes along,
 She flirts like Lady Teazel;
 He's at her feet, and asks her hand,
 Then— pop goes the weasel!

5.

I have no moral to my song,
 But this I've got to say, sirs,
 We're but the beings of an hour
 And soon will pass away, sirs.
 Like others, I must "gang my gait,"
 And hope my song don't please ill;
 There's nothing more for me to say—
 But— pop goes the weasel!