

"NOT FOR JOSEPH."

WITH ADDITIONAL WORDS.

ARTHUR LLOYD.



1. Jo - seph Bax - ter is my name, My friends all call me Joe; I'm
2. I used to throw my cash about In a reck - less sort of way; I'm
3. There's a fellow called Jack Ban - nis - ter, He's a sort of chap, is Jack, Who is

The vocal melody is on a single staff in D major. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand plays chords and the left hand plays a simple bass line. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the piano part.

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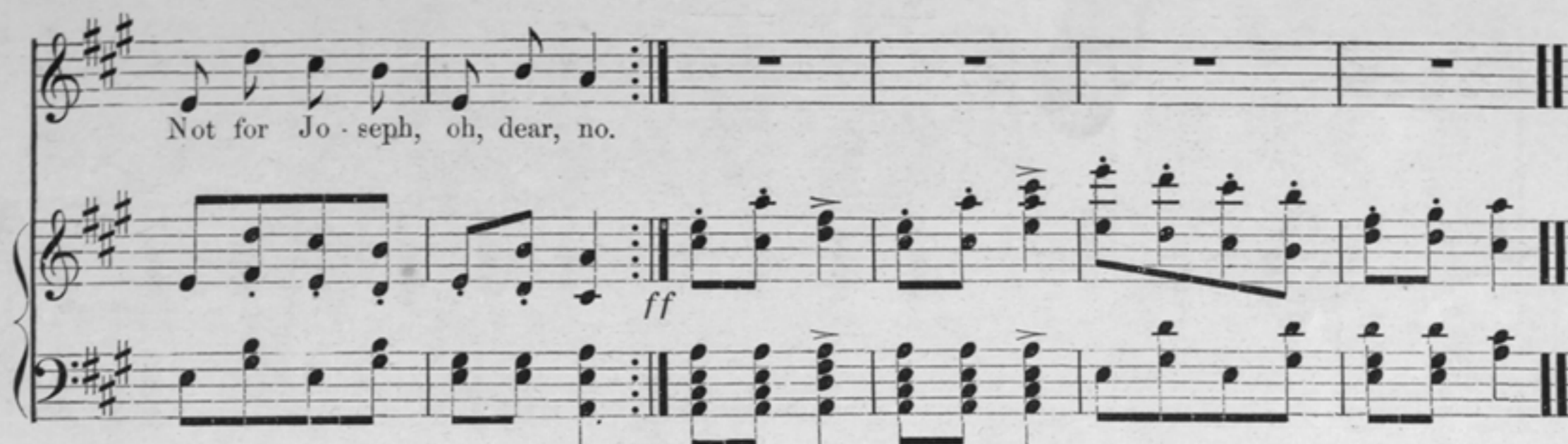
up, you know, to ev - ery game, And ev - ery thing I know: Ah! I
care - ful now what I'm a - bout, And cau - tious how I pay: Now the
al - ways mon - ey bor - row - ing, And nev - er pays ye back; Now, last

once was green as green could be, I suf - fered for it though, Now
oth - er night I asked a pal With me to have a drain— "Thanks,
Thurs - day night he came to me, Said he'd just re - turned to town,

if they try it on with me, I tell them not for Joe.
Joe," said he, "let's see, old pal, I'll think I'll have cham - pagne."
And was ra - ther short of cash—Could I lend him half a crown?
Spoken—(Well, said I, if I thought I should get it back again, I would with pleasure; but, excuse me, if I say—)

CHORUS.

"Not for Joe, Not for Joe," If he knows it, Not for Jo - seph; No, no, no, "Not for Joe,"



A friend of mine, down in Pall Mall,
The other night said, "Joe,
I'll introduce you to a gal,
You really ought to know;
She's a widow you should try and win,
'Twould a good match be for you—
She's pretty, and got lots of tin,
And only forty-two."

Spoken—(Fancy forty-two, old enough to be my grand-mother,
—and you know a fella' can't marry his grand-mother,—lots of tin
though, and pretty, forty-two! No.)

CHORUS. "Not for Joe," &c.

5. I think you've had enough of Joe,
And go I really must:
I thank you for your kindness though,
And only hope and trust—
That the favor you have shown so long,
I always may retain;
Perhaps now, if you like my song,
You'll wish I'll sing again.

Spoken—(But,—)

CHORUS. "Not for Joe," &c.

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

1. T'other day, in Chatham street,
I passed a little shop,
A fellow came, with smile so sweet,
And begged of me to stop;
"Would" I come "with him and and take a peep
At vatches made of gold!"
He said he'd sell me very "sheep;"
Says I, "I can't be sold!"

CHORUS.—"Not for Joe," &c.

2. Once I took a Broadway stage,
All dressed up in the style,
A lady did my eyes engage,
So kindly did she smile;
When I take the Herald up next day,
In "Personals" I see:
"Sat opposite—in stage—Broadway—
Please call at Station D!"

CHORUS.—"Not for Joe," &c.

3. Rambling gayly up and down,
Oh, many sights I've seen:
A fellow oft is done quite "brown,"
Who happens to be "green;"
Once a woman asked me if I'd hold
Her baby for a while!
A touching little tale she told—
The dodge it made me smile.

CHORUS.—"Not for Joe," &c.

4. Oh, I've had a host of "friends,"
Who spent my money free;
Not one of them now condescends
To crack a joke with me;
But my "eye-teeth" have been cut since then,
I never open wine;
I'll never lend a cent again,
It isn't in my line!

CHORUS.—"Not for Joe," &c.

5. Now I'll end my little song;
I'd like to take a wife,
To cheer me on my way along,—
Without one what is life!
But it takes so much to dress a girl,
No matter where you go,
It sets my head all in a whirl,—
It wouldn't do for Joe!

CHORUS.—"Not for Joe," &c.