

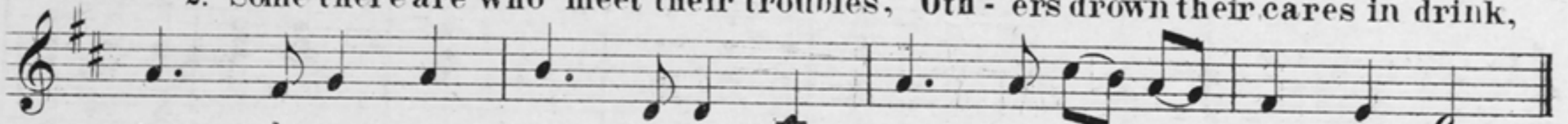
“FREE AND EASY.”

Sung by W. F. LAWLOR.

Written by HARRY SYDNEY.

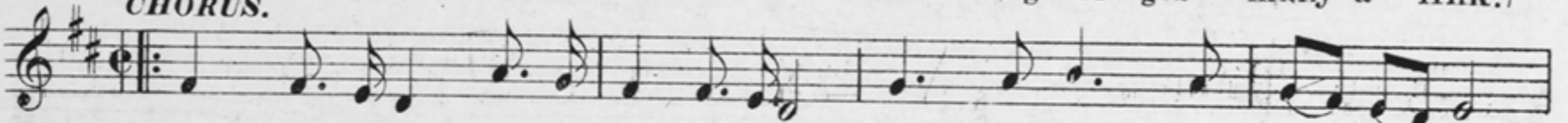


1. I'm the lad that's free and ea - sy, Where so-e'er I chanceto be,
2. Some there are who meet their troubles, Oth - ers drown their cares in drink,

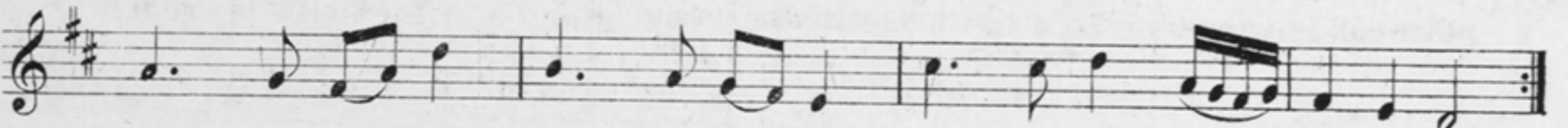


And I'll do my best to please ye, If you will but list to me.
Half our tri-als are but bubbles, Fret-ting for- ges many a link.

CHORUS.



So let the world jog a - long as it will I'll be free and ea - sy still,



Free and ea - sy, Free and ea - sy I'll be free and ea - sy still.

3

I envy neither great nor wealthy,
Poverty I ne'er despise,
Let me be contented healthy,
And the boon I'll dearly prize. *Chorus.*

4

The great have cares I little know of,
All that glitters is not gold,
Merit's seldom made a show of,
And true worth is rarely bold. *Chorus.*

5

Why then waste our days in fretting?
The longest lane must have an end,
The wealth that costs such toil in getting,
Takes but little time to spend. *Chorus.*

6

I care for all, yet care for no man,
Those who mean well need not fear,
I like a man, and love a woman,
What else makes this life so dear. *Chorus.*

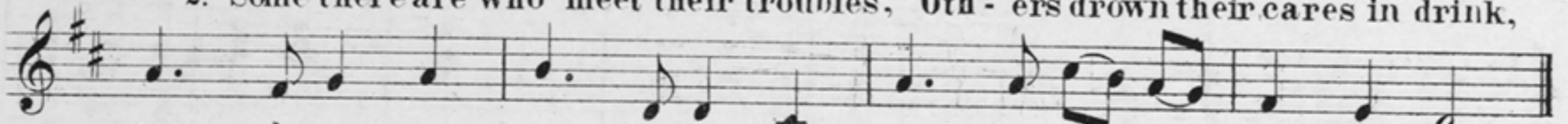
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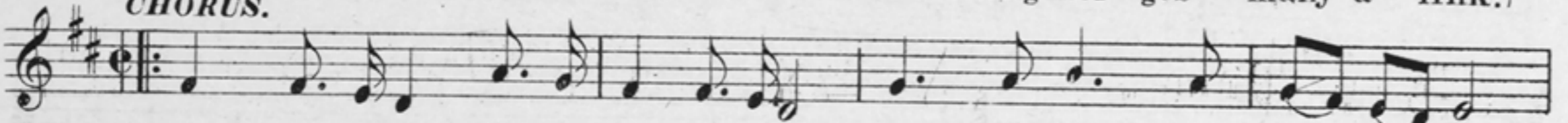


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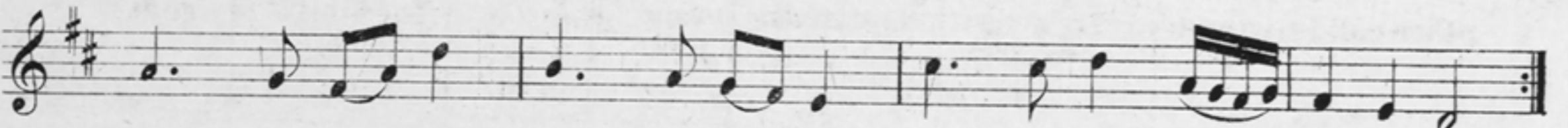


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