

A STREET-BOY'S LIFE



Alfred Concanen
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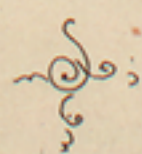
MISS NELLY FARREN

IN THE BURLESQUE OF ALADDIN AT THE GAIETY THEATRE,

WRITTEN BY

ARRANGED BY

ROBERT REECE.



W. MEYER LUTZ.

Pr. 41.

LONDON: HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, NEW BOND ST. W.

STANNARD & SON.

A STREET BOY'S LIFE.

Written by ROBERT REECE.

Arranged by W. MEYER LUTZ.

Marziale.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Marziale' and 'f' (forte). It features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and accents. The bass line uses chords and single notes to provide harmonic support.

Life has of changes ma-ny forms Most take the shape of grief and

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Life has of changes ma-ny forms Most take the shape of grief and". The piano part includes a fermata over the first measure and a dynamic marking of 'p' (piano) in the second measure.

ve - ry few of joy, Plen - ty of colds and lit - tle warm's

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ve - ry few of joy, Plen - ty of colds and lit - tle warm's". The piano part includes a fermata over the first measure and a dynamic marking of 'p' (piano) in the second measure.

Not ma - ny sweets, indeed, as like - ly us to cloy, I've just been fight - ing

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Not ma - ny sweets, indeed, as like - ly us to cloy, I've just been fight - ing". The piano part includes a fermata over the first measure.

thro' its storms, I who was yes - ter - day a poor street boy.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "thro' its storms, I who was yes - ter - day a poor street boy." The piano part includes a fermata over the first measure.

Out at dawn no_thing got to do, No_thing but skulking Round and prowl - -

colla voce.

a tempo.
- ing, Getting kick'd and howl-ing, Bobbies grimly scowling, Wretched lit_tle

fz *p*

A - - rab forced to stir. Please Sir hold your nag, Sir, Take your lit_tle

bag, Sir, Wer_ - ry hard to live, Just what you'll give! Thank you, Sir!

fz *f*

f

Now what a dif-ference there'll be Trou-bles' all fly a-way and

little worries cease, No-thing of roving I shall see Calm reign-ing

o'er us and an atmosphere of peace, Now of all pinching I am free.

No more of "moving on," or rough Po-lice, Gold ga-lore car-ria ges and four.

Nothing but skulking Round and prowl - - ing, Getting kick'd and howl-ing,

rall. *a tempo.* *rall.* *fz* *p*

Bobbies grimly scowling, Wretched little A-rab forc'd to stir. Please Sir hold your

nag, Sir, Take your lit-tle bag, Sir, Wer-ry hard to live, Just what you'll give! Thank you,

Sir, Getting kick'd and howling, Bob-bies grim-ly scowl-ing, Wretched lit-tle

A-rab forced to stir. Please Sir hold your nag, Sir, Take your lit-tle

bag, Sir, Wer-ry hard to live! Just what you'll give! Thank ye, Sir!