The Merry Minstrel Band.

Words by
WILLIAM JEROME.

Tempo di Marcia.

Music by
JEAN SCHWARTZ.

Gaily marching down the street
To strains of music sweet see the
At eleven forty-five That's the time that we're alive and each

mer - ry min - strel band Folks have come from near and
black face au to - crat When he hears the bug - le
far just to see their private car, it's the finest in the call. From the rack out in the hall, Grab his old Hi Henry land. Down the avenue they float with a prim-rose in each hat. Mister tambourine and bones, Start a kicking cobble coat. To a rag-time melody, Run your stones in the daily grand parade. And this eye along the line, In the bunch there's not a shine, every mid-day exercise, Fills the reuben's with surprise, It's as
one a famous star of minstrelsy.

The merry

good to them as circus lemonade.

The merry

minstrel boys The boys who fear no noise For-ty count them oh dear me

minstrel men Have come to town a-gain For-ty count them oh dear me

Im mortal shades of Hav-er-ly.

Im mortal shades of Hav-er-ly.

Danc-ing, Sing-ing Ban-jos ring-ing Laughter eve-ry where

The Merry Minstrel Band. 4.
No more sighing good crying Fare well every care

Hearts are lighter faces brighter smile with fond delight

From eight to seven just like heaven at the minstrel show to

night, at the opera house to night. night.

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