That Dancing Big Banshee.

Lyrics by
SEYMOUR BROWN.

Music by
SILVIO HEIN.

Moderato.

In Ireland there's a jolly ghost, They say it is a coon;
At evening when its jolly ghost, They say it is a coon;
getting dark, And everything is still, They

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steal about the country every time they have full
say his spirit it can be seen down by the vacant
moon. He doesn't ride, He doesn't walk, But
mill. He wriggles here, He wriggles there, He'll
don'tes here and there! And mothers always
take you by surprise. And so you can not
tell their children: "If you're bad beware.
see him he will throw sand in your eyes.

That dancing big banshee - 4
REFRAIN.

Oh! that dancing big Banshee—Snatch—

children, you can see—steals the girls who

make a noise, Carries off the nasty boy's, Hides them

in a hollow tree—Oh! that

That dancing big banshee—4
Dancing, big banshee. Doomed to wriggle for eternity.

By a witch he was enchanted.

Has to dance 'till he is 'planted!' Oh! that dancing, big banshee.

That dancing big banshee.