Song

The Gentlemanly Brigand

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
REGINALD de KOVEN

Allegro moderato e Pomposo

Voice

Piano

The brig- and of the days of old, Was a seow-ling, prow-ling,
The brig- and of a by-gone time, Was a skulk-ing, bulk-ing,

min-ion! From razors and from soap ex-empt; He spurned a bath with row-dy,
His un-ro-ma-nic at-mos-phere you re-cog-nized when

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fine contempt, And scorned the world's opinion, He scorned the world's opinion.
He came near, In dress he was a dowdy, In dress he was a dowdy. His dress displayed more rags than style, His manner lacked urbanity; And he drank and smoked unscathingly joked, and he pilferers;
Altho' fairly deft at puerile theft, From even used profanity, Profanity. From folk-lore and villagery.
REFRAIN

Now ev'ry man is a Brig-and more or less, Tho' his trade's not High-way

It's "bus-i-ness" they say, Till he gets found out some day, When they call it graft or job-ber-y, Tho' my methods might per-chance Be looked on a bit ask-ance. By the squeamish sen-ti-

men-tal men; Still I love the pleas-ing thought, that a brig-and till he's caught, May be. May
May be a perfect gentleman, May be a perfect gentleman.

Più Allegro e deciso

be much mortified, If my claim should be denied To rank as a perfect gentleman. As a perfect gentleman.