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POPULAR SONGS,

Sung With Immense Success
By



GUS WILLIAMS,

THE AMERICAN STAR COMIQUE.

- 1 POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON.
- 2 NEVER LOOK BEHIND.
- 3 WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE.
- 4 TAKING MY EASE.
- 5 ALL AMONG THE HAY.
- 6 WHIFF & CHANTON

4.

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ALL AMONG THE HAY.

Composed by JESSE WILLIAMS.

As sung by
GUS WILLIAMS & J. H. MILBURN.

Tempo di Polka.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 



1. Tho' I'm what is call'd a
2. She's of hon - ny girls the



"swell"
queen, I'm with out a care, Of - ten tak - ing, to keep
Born to be ad - mlr'd; Roaming out one day I'd

31

well, Plen-ty of fresh air From a pleasant country
 Feel-ing rath-er tired. When as graceful as a

side I've just come a way, Where I
 lawn, She stood in my way, With a

met a charm-ing bride All a-mong the hay.....
 cask of bar-ley corn All a-mong the hay.....

CHORUS.
Tempo di Schottische.

All among the hay, lads, all a-mong the hay, Talking to a pretty girl up-

3

10

5

on a summer's day, All a-mong the hay, lads, all a-mong the hay,

Can't you have a "jol-ly spree" when all among the hay.

3
Of the beer I had a sup,
Feeling then "all right,"
She said "to the brimming cup
I was welcome quite,"
But she soon did me astound,
Begg'd I'd go away,
"Rakes," she said, "were often found,
All among the hay?"
CHORUS.

4
Still for all that I could see
She was shamming cold;
"Bought off" she should never be,
I would not be "sold";
Bouncing came a rival raw,
But I made him "pay"
Thresh'd him like a load of straw,
All among the hay.
CHORUS.

5
Still I press'd and she "gave in,"
Owning she was wrong;
He's no man that cannot win
Woman with his tongue;
Soon the bells will peal their notes,
On our wedding day,
Then I'll sow my wildest "outs"
All among the hay.
CHORUS.

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4